12570.d.9

HYPOLITUS Earl of *Douglas.*

Containing some

MEMOIRS

OF THE

Court of *SCOTLAND*;

WITH THE

Secret HISTORY

OF

MACK-BETH King of *Scotland.*

To which is added,

The AMOURS of Count *SCHLICK*, Chancellor to the Emperor *Sigismund*, and a young Lady of Quality: By *Æneas Sylvius*, Poet Laureat, and Secretary to the same Emperor, afterwards Pope *Pious the Second.*

LONDON:

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THE

Epiſtle Dedicatory

TO

Sir *CHARLES DUNCOMB* Knight, and Alderman of the City of *LONDON.*

SIR,

I *Know it is no common Method, to chuſe a Patron out of the City; but then it is as uncommon to find Men of ſuch Generous Principles, as* Sir CHARLES DUNCOMB's *there; who in his Encouragement of Letters, has in more, than one Inſtance diſcover'd a larger Soul, than any of the Other End of the Town Patrons, however exalted in Title and Dignity. It has always been the Fate of the Sons of Art to ſtand in need of the Protection and Help of the* Great *and the* Wealthy *againſt that grinding Want, which their neglect of the uſual ways of*

thriving naturally threw them into. But brib'd by a fooliſh, and very falacious Hope, the Modern Authors have ſacrific'd to Idols, that had Eyes and ſee not, and Ears and hear not: *Titular Deities, that had not Senſe or Gratitude enough to reward the Flattery, they were fond of; The Incenſe was grateful to them, but they had not Soul enough to be at the triſling Expence. Their Pride, tho' obvious and inſolent, being grounded on meer Vanity, and empty Title, or full Baggs, never cou'd exert it ſelf into a* Generous *or noble Action. Thus have I known a* Piper *receive Three Hundred Guineas for a Preſent, when the dignify'd Man of Letters has been put off with a Complement, for a Book worth all the* Pipers *in* Chriſtendom.

'Tis true, there is no Vice, nor Folly that cannot boaſt a particular Intereſt in theſe Gentlemen, on thoſe they are ridiculouſly Profuſe, but none of them

Were ever ſo expenſive yet,
To keep a Creature meerly for its Wit.

As the Ingenious Mr. Prior *ſays of one of the Patrons of the Court End of the Town, that was in the formoſt Claſſe of Wit: But for Arts, for the Support and Encouragement of Men of Science and Learning, they know nothing of it.*

In ſo many Ages ſince Learning made a Figure in the World, we find not above Two Courtiers intereſting themſelves in their Protection: Mecenas *and* Richelieu *are the only Names of Figure*

Figure that have known the true Reasons of Polity in the flourishing of those Arts, which more immediately polish'd and refin'd the Manners of the People. A trifling Present is the Extent of the Bounty of our Contemporary Patrons, which they give not to the Merit of the Performance, but to the Favour and Interest of the Author, with himself, or his Friends or Acquaintance. They use Poets and Authors like Common Whores, just pay them the Mercenary Price of the Prostitution of their Pen, and as soon as the sordid Pleasure is over, ne'er think more on them.

While Arts and Sciences are thus neglected by those, whom great Titles and great Interest qualify for Patrons; and while the Fidlers Fingers, and Dancers Heels, have more Power with, and Favour from the Great Ones, than the Poets Heads; it is but natural for the Children of Providence, *to seek a* Soil more grateful to the Tillers Care, *where their Art and Industry will not be lost, but meet a Produce equal to their Merits and Endeavours. But where is that fortunate Climate? Where, in so degenerate an Age, are Men of such Generous and* Public Spirited *Principles to be found? Tho' the Answer may seem a Paradox, yet I dare affirm, with that Boldness which Truth will warrant, that it is in the City, among the Gentlemen that Trade: For among them I have known Men of Generous Spirits, not sour'd by Age or Avarice, over-weening Pride, or subtil Ignorance; but animated with Souls more Capacious*

pacious of true Glory, than the Vanity of Titles can inſpire.

There is no Station deſerves our Praiſe ſo much, or our Court, as that of the TRADE, *which is a perpetual Benefactor to our Country. For who but the Traders bring in the Nerve of War, and Foundation of Power,* MONET? *by which we now make ſo glorious a Figure in the World; they ſet the Poor to Work, and circulate the Coin round the Nation, like Vital Blood, to give it Life and Vigour in all its Parts.* Alfred, *one of our greateſt and wiſeſt Kings, for this Reaſon made a Law, That e'ery Merchant, whoſe Ships paſt the Seas but Thrice, ſhou'd be equal to a Thane or Baron of a Town; which was indeed to give Titular Dignities to real Merit, and Public Service.*

It has been objected, —— *How can the City, which is the Scene of Avarice and Buſineſs, where every one is employ'd in raiſing or encreaſing his Fortune, and diving into the Miſteries of Stock-jobbing,* &c. *have any Leaſure or Soul to mind the Politer Studies; and having by Conſequence no Acquaintance with them, how ſhou'd they encourage their Profeſſors? The ſame Queſtions may juſtly be put to the other End of the Town, Avarice, and the making or encreaſing Fortunes; but theſe in the City are of leſs Extent, leſs Prejudice, and leſs Inveteracy: The one gets Riches by encreaſing the Public Wealth; the other by decreaſing of it. Next, let the Idolators of Titles ſhew me ever a* Greſham *or* Sutton *among them. Every*

Part

Part about the City has laſting Monuments of Public Proviſions for the Unfortunate; and Greſham's *Lectures were, in the Deſign, more for the advancing Learning, and ſpreading Knowledge, than ever yet was done by our Titulado's for Five Hundred Years.*

If Greſham's *Example will not be ſufficient, let us go to Antiquity, and there we ſhall find* Athens, *a City as buſy, and as much devoted to Trade as any in the World, which yet was the greateſt Nurſery of Arts: For* Athens *had her Miſers, Money-Broakers, Uſurers and the like in Abundance, as is evident from* Ariſtophanes, Menander, *&c. yet this buſy, trading, avaricious City, did more for the Encouragement of Arts, and brought them to a greater Perfection, than all the Monarchs and Titular Noblemen of all other Nations put together, ev'n more than* Rome *it ſelf under all the Indulgence of* Auguſtus. Athens *indeed was the Emporium of Arts, as well as Trade; and Merchants, Tradeſmen, Philoſophers, Poets, Painters, Sculptors, Mathematicians,* &c. *contributed an equal ſhare to that Glory, which has ſo long outliv'd the City it ſelf.*

If we come to the Revival of Arts, we find it in a trading City; For Florence, *in the Time of, and inſpir'd by the great* Trader Lorenzo di Medici, *made the neareſt Approaches to the Glory of* Athens *of any, when it gave us* Michael Angelo, *and divers others in all* Arts *and* Sciences, *little inferiour to the Ancients.*

Thus,

The Epiſtle Dedicatory.

Thus, Sir, I have, from Reaſon and Example, made it out, That Trade, and the Encouragement of Arts, are ſo far from being incompatible, that I have ſhew'n Arts never to have been more flouriſhing, than in Trading Cities. Why they ſhou'd not therefore be ſo in London *I can ſee no Reaſon, while Sir* CHARLES DUNCOMB *is alive to promote ſo Noble an End, and ſo Glorious for the City.*

I cou'd here, Sir, Inſtance the ſeveral Acts of your Generoſity, and thoſe Benefits you deſign'd, had you not been prevented by the Folly of ſome, and Ingratitude of others; but reſolving to preſent you with an Epiſtle quite contrary to thoſe that are addreſs'd to the Gentlemen of the other End of the Town, I ſhall delay what I have to ſay on that Head to a fitter Opportunity, when I can't be ſuſpected of ſacrificing more to my own Hopes, than your Merit.

I ſhall therefore only offer my ſelf, and my Book to your Protection: If this can contribute to the Diverſion of your leaſure Hours, I have the chief Aim of my Wiſhes, Who am,

SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant.

THE

THE HISTORY OF *Hypolitus* E. of *Douglass*.

UNder the Reign of *Henry* VII. King of *England*, *George de Neville* Earl of *Burgen*, had the misfortune to be suspected of having had a hand in the Conspiracy of *Edmund Prose:* He was taken up and Committed to the *Tower*; but being found Innocent, was discharged out of his Prison. Being sensible of his Innocence, and how ill he had deserv'd so harsh a Treatment, he might, without in in the least imparing his Honour, have quitted the King's Service, and was enclin'd to pass the remainder of his days in Tranquility in *France*, but wanting a plausible pretext to encompass that end for himself, he resolved nevertheless to have *Roger* Earl of *Warwick*, his Brother's Son, educated in that Kingdom, he being made his Guardian by the said Earl lately deceased.

'Twas not long before a favourable opportunity of sending him thither offering it self, he thought fit to delay his Resolution. *Henry* VIII. by this time being mounted on the Throne of *England*,

had a Sister named *Mary*, a Lady of an exquisite Beauty, and desired in Marriage by several Soveraign Princes; but King *Henry*, not desirous to see her Married, had refused their Proposals, till the Duke of *Longueville* being taken Prisoner by *Henry* in the Battel of *Esperias*, he proposed to the *English* Court a Marriage betwixt the Princess *Mary*, and King *Lewis* XII. of *France*.

The King of *England* received his Proposition with singular marks of Satisfaction; and the *French* King Charm'd with the Portraiture of this lovely Princess, immediately sent the General of *Normandy* into *England*, who concluded both the Marriage and a Peace in fourteen Days, and conducted the Princess to *Bologne*.

Before her departure from *London*, the Earl of *Burgen* prevail'd with her to take along with her the Earl of *Warwick* in the Quality of one of her Pages of Honour, who, notwithstanding he was then not above Eleven years old, was much respected at that Court. The *French* King sent the Duke of *Angouleme* to receive the Princess and to marry her by Proxy; and this great Lord, who was a very compleat and handsom Person, discharged his Commission with so much Gallantry and Politeness, that the young Princess was Charm'd with his Person, and secretly bemoan'd her Fate, in that Heaven had not been pleased to bestow so amiable a Person upon her for a Husband. He on the other hand began to be so far sensible of the effects of her Beauty and Charms, that he soon found the same flame to break out in his Breast, which already burnt in hers; and he would certainly have push'd on his Passion and amorous Adventure to a higher pitch, had it not bin for the prudent advice of Mr. *Duprat*: This Gentleman try'd all means to dissuade him from it upon the motives of Interest and Prudence; but finding the Duke not to give

ear

ear to them, (being two far gone to be recall'd by his Perſwaſions) he diſcloſed to him the ſecret Correſpondence betwixt this new Queen and the Earl of *Suffolk*, and that was ſufficient to cure him of his Paſſion.

The King met the Queen at *Abeville*, where the Nuptials were celebrated with the utmoſt Magnificence; but the King died in ſix years after his return to *Paris*, at his Pallace of *Tournelles*. The Queen Relict declaring ſhe was not big with Child, and the Duke of *Angouleme* being Proclaim'd King under the name of *Francis*, She with his conſent married the Earl of *Suffolk*, and ſoon after return'd into *England*.

The Earl of *Warwick* remain'd in *France* at his Uncles deſire, where the King admitted him into his Court, in the ſame quality he had ſerved in to Queen *Mary*, and he attended that King in his Journey, when the two Kings of *England* and *France* were to have an Interview betwixt *Ardres* and *Guines*. They were without all contradiction the two moſt Accompliſh'd and moſt Gallant Princes in the World, and their Court being the moſt magnificent that could well be ſeen, they ſpent ſeveral days in Courſes and Turnements in honour of the Ladies; and there being a vaſt Concourſe of People of the greateſt Quality there, to partake and be Eye-witneſſes of the Interview and the Diverſions of theſe two great Monarchs, the Plain betwixt *Ardres* and *Guines*, got the Name of *The Plain of the Golden Cloath*.

Amongſt a great number of other Ladies there preſent, the Counteſs *de Lorge* had the ſatisfaction to ſee her Daughter *Madamoiſelle de Montgomery* admired and extoll'd above all the other Ladies that aſſiſted at theſe ſolemnities. The Earl of *Warwick*, who was then not above fifteen years of Age, was charm'd to ſuch a degree with this very

Lady, that he thought he ſhould have died for Grief, when the Earl of *Burgen* told him, That the King had ordred him to reconduct him back into *England*, and that he was going to return the King of *France* thanks for the many Favours he had bin pleaſed to ſhew him. Not daring to diſobey King *Henry*'s Order, or his Uncle's pleaſure, with the greateſt diſſatisfaction imaginable he ſaw himſelf under a neceſſity of following the intentions of his ſuperiors, without ſo much as declaring his Paſſion to her who was the cauſe of it: Thus he embarqued for *England*, but carried along with him ſo violent and tender an impreſſion of the Charms of *Madamoiſelle Montgomery*, that he bid adieu to all Delights and Pleaſures, ſince the time he had left her behind him.

Theſe two Great Princes parted ſo well ſatisfied with one another, that nothing was talk'd of in all places but their inſeparable Union, and with what magnificence they had appear'd at this Interview. Among the *Engliſh* Lords the Duke of *Buckingham* had outdone all the reſt in ſplendour, but Cardinal *Woolſey*, the King's Favourite, underſtanding that that Duke, before his departure from *London*, had ſpoken againſt the King's Journey as uſeleſs and too chargeable to the Publick, he reſolved to take this opportunity to procure his Ruin, out of a motive of ſelf Intereſt, which he found means to effect: For no ſooner was the King come back out of *France*, but he told the King the Duke had conſpired againſt his Perſon and Government, whereupon King *Henry* ordred him to come to Court to juſtify his Conduct, but was no ſooner come, than he ſaw himſelf and the Earl of *Burgen* his Son-in-Law committed to Priſon; and the Cardinal had the ſatisfaction to ſee his Head cut off upon a Scaffold, and the Earl of *Burgen* was not diſcharged till after ſeveral Months

Months Impriſonment, and with the loſs of his Eſtate.

Theſe violent Proceedings ſoon put the Earl in mind, to ſend the Earl of *Warwick* once more into *France*, dreading the King's violent Temper, or rather his blind Inclinations for the Cardinal: He took the liberty to Write a Letter to King *Francis*, deſiring him to continue to honour his Nephew with his Protection, which being granted him by that King with all the teſtimonies of affection that could be, the young Earl, whoſe Heart was ſtill intirely devoted to *Madamoiſelle Montgomery*, was tranſported with joy to meet her again at Court, ſhe being then Maid of Honour to the Queen. All his applications were to her, he made his Court to no body but to her, his perſeverance flattered him, not without ſome reaſon, with hopes of a tender return from that lovely Lady.

About that time Cardinal *Woolſey*, who bare a ſecret grudge to the Emperour, put all his wits at work, to bring about a Marriage betwixt his Maſter and Princeſs *Margret* of *France*, but Love overpower'd, if not quite overturn'd his Deſign; for the King of *England* fell deſperately in Love with Mrs. *Anna Bouleign*, Daughter to the Chevalier *Rochford*. This young Lady attended Queen *Mary*, when ſhe was Married to King *Lewis* XII. into *France*, in the Quality of Maid of Honour, and after her return thence, her exquiſite Beauty join'd to a refined Wit, and ſupported by a great ſhare of Cunning, captivated King *Henry* to that degree, that he was not able to live without her; and took no other delight than how to pleaſe her; ſo that her conſtant refuſals of granting him that Favour he ſo much deſired, made him reſolve to marry her. He omitted nothing he thought might engage the Pope to diſſolve his Marriage with Queen *Catharine*, but finding him to perſiſt im-

movable in granting ſo unjuſt a demand, he was ſo exaſperated thereat, that from that time he reſolved upon the ruin of the Catholick Religion in *England*.

King *Henry* went to *Bologne*, where being met by King *Francis* I. and his Children, they there gave one another freſh aſſurances of a moſt ſincere Friendſhip. The true motive of this Interview was, that the King of *England* intended to make his Complaints againſt the Pope to King *Francis* I. in Perſon, hoping to prevail with him, to oblige the Pope by their joynt Intereſt, to call a general Council.

In the mean time the Earl of *Warwick* had, by his own Merits and conſtant Addreſſes to *Madamoiſelle Montgomery*, who had now no other dependance but on the Queen (her Mother the Counteſs *de Lorge* being dead) prevail'd ſo far upon her, that ſhe conſented he ſhould ask her in Marriage from the King and Queen, he being now of Age, and independant from his Relations. This being a very advantageous Match for him, all his Friends ſhared his ſatisfaction with him, and having without much difficulty obtained from their Majeſty's a preſent he valued above every thing elſe, the Marriage was conſummated at *Calais* with the utmoſt magnificence and entire ſatisfaction of all Parties; both Kings heap'd their Favours upon this Illuſtrious Couple, who went along with King *Henry* into *England*. The obſtacles that Prince met with in his Love for *Anna Bouleign*, ſerving only to encreaſe his flame, he Married her, and had her Crown'd at *Weſtminſter*: But the Pope darting his Thunderbolt at him upon that account, he declared himſelf the ſupream head of the Catholick Church, and perſecuted thoſe that oppoſed it, without any diſtinction of Sex and Quality, not excepting even thoſe who had

had bin his moſt intimate and faithful Friends before; nay, he carried his Reſentment ſo far, as not to ſpare the Reliques; for he cauſed that of S. *Thomas* of *Canterbury* to be burn'd among the reſt. *Edward de Neville Courtray*, Marqueſs of *Exeter*, and one of Cardinal *Poole*'s Brothers, animated with a juſt Zeal, repreſented to the King the wrongs he did to the Church; but they paid with their Heads for their Councel. The Earl of *Warwick* being a near Kinſman to *Edward Neville*, he was accuſed of having uttered ſome diſreſpectful expreſſions; ſo that to avoid a ſhameful Death, he was, notwithſtanding his Innocence, forced to leave the Kingdom. The reſt of that Family dreading more the loſs of their Lives and their Eſtates, than of their Souls and Honour, comply'd with the Kings Commands, and prov'd the moſt violent Enemies that could be to the Earl of *Warwick*, whoſe Eſtate was Confiſcated: But what moſt ſenſibly touch'd him in all his Misfortunes was, to ſee himſelf neceſſitated to leave behind him one of the handſomeſt and moſt virtuous Wives in the World; and a Daughter named *Julia*, not then above two years old. Having recommended this young Infant to his diſconſolated Lady, as the only Pledge of their Conjugal Loves, he told her, *He was reſolved to go to* Venice, *That the Pope, the Emperor and the* Venetians *being entred into a League againſt* Solyman *the* Turkiſh *Emperor, 'twas there he intended to gain Honour or elſe a glorious Death.*

The Counteſs of *Warwick* was ready to expire for Grief at the intended departure of her Spouſe; ſhe would not make uſe of the Power ſhe had over him, to diſſwade him againſt it, becauſe the hazard he muſt dayly be expos'd to if he ſtay'd in *England*, appear'd moſt dreadful to her; beſides being ſenſible that he had nothing to hope for in his native Country, and being then of an Age,

which incites great Hearts to brave Actions: Her Virtue and Courage got the Aſcendant over her Love.

He took Shipping, and in a little time got to *Venice* without any ſiniſter Accident; and being received by their General *Capello* with all the marks of particular eſteem (becauſe the Houſe of *Warwick* was very well known to him) he embark'd aboard him, in order to joyn the Pope's and *Spaniſh* Gallies off of *Corfu*. It being reſolved in a Council of War to attack the *Turks*, theſe were ſo much ſurprized at the ſight of the Confederate Fleet, that they did not know whether they had beſt to fight or not, till the brave *Barbaroſſa*, reſolved to repair his diſgrace in his Retreat from *Corfu*, advanced with his Squadron againſt the Confederates.

The *Venetian* General *Capello* leading the Van, no ſooner ſaw the *Turks* come in ſight of him, but ſtimulated by a noble Emulation, engaged the *Turks* ſo furiouſly, that they were forced to retire; and the Prince *Doria* ſeeing the advantage the *Venetians* had got over the Enemy, advanced with his Squadron; but when every one thought he was ready to Engage, he gave the Signal to Retreat to *Cape Cal.*

All the other Admirals and Generals vex'd to the Heart at this unexpected diſappointment, could not forbear to break out into violent Expreſſions, and by this time the Wind beginning to ſlacken, the *Turks*, who perceived the Diſorder in the Confederate Fleet, came out of the Gulph of *Preveſa* offering Battel to the Chriſtians, who durſt not venture upon an Engagement; their Commanders being vex'd to the Soul, to ſee ſo fair an opportunity of vanquiſhing the *Turks* out of their Hands. Above all the reſt, *Capello* and the *Venetian* Patriarch *Grimaki*, animated with Shame and

and Anger, went aboard Prince *Doria*, urging him not to ſuffer that favourable opportunity Fortune preſented to them to be ſnatch'd out of their Hands. *Come, Come, my Lord*, ſaid the Brave *Venetian*, *Let us go where Honour calls us, let us Engage an Enemy half Beaten already, witneſs their flight, I only ſtay for your Orders to Engage:* At the ſame time the whole Fleet reſounding with the joyful acclamations of the Soldiers and Seamen, who cried out, *A Battel, a Battel, Victory, Victory.* *Doria* almoſt confounded with Shame, ordred his Squadron to Advance towards the Enemy; but ſoon Retreated a ſecond time, when every thing ſeem'd to have a fair proſpect of Succeſs.

In the mean time *Dragat Rais*, a famous *Turkiſh* Corſair, intercepted and engag'd two *Venetian* Gallies, left behind at a good diſtance from the reſt; in one of which, as ill fortune would have it, was the Earl of *Warwick:* He perform'd ſuch Actions as amazed the Chriſtians, and terrified the *Turks*; never did a Man make a braver Reſiſtance; but was at laſt overcome by the great Numbers of the Enemy. Some of the *Venetians*, who ſaved themſelves by ſwimming, having given notice of his Death to the Admirals and Generals, they, as well as every body elſe that knew him, were moſt ſenſibly afflicted at his Fate. Ill News commonly flys faſter than good, and the Counteſs of *Warwick*, who was in continual Pains for her beloved Spouſe, never neglecting any Opportunity of hearing of him, ſhe ſoon was inform'd of the Loſs ſhe had ſuffer'd.

The Virtuous Lady, now no more Miſtreſs of her Paſſion, found her ſelf ſo far over-whelm'd with Pain and Grief, that ſhe ſoon perceiv'd her laſt Hour not to be far off; and her Inclinations being now altogether averſe to the World, after ſuch a Misfortune, there was nothing affected her but

but that ſhe was now to leave her dear *Julia*. This lovely Infant, which was not much above Two Years old, did already in its tender Infancy give the moſt promiſing Hopes that could be expected: Her afflicted Mother holding her in her Arms, and bathing her Face with her Tears, *O my dear* Julia! ſaid ſhe, *O my dear Child! What will be thy Deſtiny? Who will be a Father to thee? Who will be inſtead of thy Mother? Thy Father is no more, and thy Mother is at the point of Death. Alas! I muſt leave thee, and that at a time when thou wilt ſtand much in need of me; but I don't doubt, but that Providence will take care to preſerve thee againſt all Dangers thou beeſt likely to be expos'd to, and 'tis to her I deliver thee up.* At theſe Words, with her Eyes lifted up towards Heaven, ſhe implor'd its Protection for this innocent Babe.

Whilſt ſhe was labouring under this heavy Affliction, my Lord *Douglaſs* and his Lady came to give her a Viſit in the Country, where ſhe had bin ever ſince ſhe receiv'd the News of her Lord's Death: They were both Perſons of ſingular Merit, and the beſt Friends her late Husband and ſhe had in the World. The Houſe of *Montgomery* being alſo nearly related to that of *Douglaſs*, which is one of the moſt illuſtrious Families of *Scotland*; but upon ſome Diſguſt my Lord had left that Kingdom, and ſettled in *England*, where he Married Madam *Bedford*, a very deſerving Lady, and both were at that time in great Eſteem with the King.

At firſt ſight of the Counteſs of *Warwick*, they were ſo much afflicted at the doleful Condition they found her in (being almoſt reduc'd to the laſt extremity) that for ſome time neither of them was able to ſpeak for Sighing, Sobs and Tears, till at laſt my Lord forcing himſelf to ſpeak, told her whatever he could think might con-

conduce, if not to comfort her, at leaſt to allay her Grief. She then laying her Hand to her Heart and fetching a deep Sigh, broke out into ſuch doleful Complaints, as would have touch'd the moſt unconcern'd Perſon in the World. 'Oh Sir, 'ſaid ſhe, here it lies, my Recovery is impoſſible, 'let us not loſe, I beg you, that little time I have 'left in this miſerable Condition. It ſeems, Madam, 'ſaid ſhe, *turning towards the Counteſs of* Douglaſs, 'as if GOD had brought you hither on purpoſe 'to be aiding towards my Tranquility. I have 'one favour to beg of you, which if you grant 'me, I ſhall dye without regret; and I know you 'both to be of ſo generous a Temper, and of ſuch 'good Inclinations, that I dare promiſe my ſelf 'you will not refuſe it. No certainly, Madam, 'ſaid they, you may be aſſur'd of us, and be 'ſatisfied, that we ſhall think nothing too much 'for your ſatisfaction; then pray diſcloſe your 'Mind, with an entire Confidence that you will be 'obey'd in whatever you ſhall deſire from us. Alas! 'continu'd ſhe, how is it poſſible for me to make 'you ſenſible of my acknowledgment, if you, 'according to my requeſt and my hopes, will take 'this dear Infant of mine, and make it your own; 'this poor Child is a going to loſe all in loſing 'me; ſhe will fall into her Uncles Hands, who, 'to carry favour at Court, will have her educated 'in the New Religion: I know you to be true 'zealous Catholicks, and therefore without re-'flecting upon the Friendſhip you always bore to 'my Spouſe, and whereof you have given me ſuch 'ſignal Aſſurances juſt now, this Conſideration 'alone, of ſeeing her brought up in our own Re-'ligion, makes me hope you will be very careful 'to conceal her true Extraction, and to ſuffer her 'to go for one of your own Children: I have the 'Honour to be related to you, I conſider that you being

'being not born the King's Subject, you are not 'ſo eaſily expoſed to his Violences, and therefore 'are the only Perſon into whoſe Hands I can put 'this Treaſure without fear of loſing it.

The Earl of *Douglaſs* told her all that could be expected from a generous Man, a near Relation, and a true Friend: And the Counteſs proteſted to her, that the little *Julia* ſhould have a place in her Heart, equal to what *Hypolitus* and *Lucilia* her own Children had; and that, if ſhe made any difference betwixt them, it ſhould be to the advantage of *Julia*. 'I want Words ſuitable to expreſs 'the Sentiments of my Heart, *return'd the Counteſs* '*of* Warwick; for, what is it I am able to ſay, 'that bears the leaſt Proportion to ſo infinite an 'Obligation! I accept, in behalf of my dear Child, 'the kind offers you make me, Madam, and I will 'deliver up to you ſome Jewels I have, that they may 'ſerve her in caſe of Neceſſity. At the ſame time I beg 'you to believe, that in putting 'em into your Hands, 'I miſtruſt not your Generoſity, I am entirely ſatis-'fy'd, that in this regard, as well as in reſpect to her 'Education, you will do every thing for her; but 'ſince I have 'em in my Power it wou'd be a piece of 'injuſtice not to let her enjoy what is her own.

She had no ſooner ſpoken theſe Words, but taking a ſmall Trunk from under her Bed, ſhe deliver'd it to them with the Jewels in it, to the Value of Six Thouſand *Guineas*. 'Here, *ſaid ſhe*, 'this is all I have left out of a vaſt Eſtate, 'tis a 'ſlender Portion, *continu'd ſhe*, for a young Woman 'of her Quality, and who perhaps will have a 'Heart ſuitable to her Birth; but as true Felicity 'is in Virtue, I hope ſhe will never want Riches, 'Madam, being educated by you. For the reſt, 'when ſhe comes to an Age fit to keep a Secret, 'tell her, I conjure you, whoſe Daughter ſhe is, 'ſhew her her Father's and my Picture, (which I give

'give you) make her ſenſible how tender we were 'of her, and, Madam, engage her to pay the 'ſame Duty to our Memories, ſhe would queſtion-'leſs have pay'd to our ſelves, had it not pleas'd 'God to take us away from her.

Having finiſh'd theſe Words ſhe embraced the Child over and over, and then opening her Arms to the Counteſs of *Douglaſs*, ſhe bid them, all overwhelm'd with Tears, her laſt Farewel. ''Tis time 'for you to go, *ſaid ſhe, with a feeble Voice*, 'twill 'be late before you get to *London*, and tho' it be a 'great Comfort to me to ſee you, 'tis time we 'ſhould part; I find my Strength to fail me, and 'am willing to beſtow the ſmall remainder, in 'making Preparations for my long Journey.

My Lord and my Lady *Douglaſs* were ſo far overwhelm'd with Grief, that they could do nothing but ſhed Tears, without being able to utter one Word, or to leave her; But when they were juſt ready to go, this dying Lady, who had always an extraordinary preſence of Mind, told him, 'There 'was one thing more that much diſturb'd her, that 'was, How ſhe ſhould ſend her little Daughter to 'them, unknown to her Domeſticks, who if they 'ſhould know where ſhe was, would perhaps give 'notice thereof to little *Julia*'s Uncle. So, after having paus'd a while, ſhe caſt her Eyes upon her Chaplain, who being a Man capable of keeping a Secret, ſhe told them, 'She would leave that Part 'to his Care; and that with the Aſſiſtance of her 'Nurſe, who was a good Catholick, and in whom 'ſhe could confide, it ſhould be given out that 'ſhe died ſuddenly.

Every thing being thus concerted betwixt them, they took their Farewel of this virtuous Lady; Grieved to the very Soul to be oblig'd to leave her in ſo weak a Condition, they once more told her whatever they judg'd might ſettle her Mind on

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account of her dear Child, and for fear their aſſiduity might create ſome Suſpition among her Domeſticks, they durſt not ſend very often to know how ſhe did; But in Five Days after they receiv'd a Letter from the Chaplain notifying her Death, and the Place whither he had privately convey'd the Child. The Counteſs of *Douglaſs* took it to her own Houſe, unperceiv'd to any of her Family, becauſe ſhe had a Daughter much of the ſame Age with *Julia*, which being at Nurſe in the Country died not long before. When they brought her into her Mother's Apartment (for ſo now we muſt call my Lady *Douglaſs*) *Hypolitus* happned to be there, being then about Seven Years old, and one of the faireſt and wittieſt Children in the World; he was mightily taken with his little Siſter *Julia*, ſo that *Lucilia*, who was then Four Years old, was nothing to him in Compariſon of the youngeſt; he could ſcarce ever be without her, and even in that tender Age, when Nature acts without controul, his Inclinations for her were ſo ſtrong, that all his care and aſſiduities were confin'd to *Julia*.

It muſt be confeſs'd ſhe was charming to the higheſt Degree, and that to this Day never was a Woman ſeen more accompliſh'd either in Body or Mind. When ſhe was ſcarce Twelve Years of age ſhe might already paſs for the Wonder of her Time: She was tall, attended with a noble Air, yet full of Modeſty and Sweetneſs, ſhe had large Black Eyes, which caſt ſuch a Luſtre, that it was not an eaſie matter to look at them without being ſtruck to the Heart: She had a little Mouth, red Lips, a glorious ſet of Teeth: Her Complexion was exceeding fair and bright, intermixt with the moſt lively red that can be conceiv'd; and her fair curl'd Hairs were no ſmall addition to the reſt of her Charms. Moſt *Engliſh* Ladies have very hand-

handſome Legs, Necks and Cheſt; in this point alſo *Julia* ſurpaſs'd her Country Women: She walk'd ſo finely, ſhe danc'd with ſo good a grace, ſhe ſung ſo charmingly, that ſhe gain'd the Hearts and Admiration of all that beheld her. *Hypolitus* was no leſs accompliſh'd in his Kind than *Julia* was in hers: His Shape, Head, Features, his Air, his noble Fierceneſs, his Deportment, his Cunning, his Wit, his Complaiſance, all theſe, I ſay Nature had beſtow'd upon him with ſo profuſe a Hand, that no body that ſaw him could leave him, without retaining ſome Inclinations for him. *Lucilia* had a great ſhare of Wit and Pleaſantneſs, and exceeded moſt others ſo far in Beauty, that ſhe was ſcarce inferior to any but her Siſter; for both *Hypolitus* and ſhe believ'd her to be their Siſter, and they liv'd as ſuch in a perfect Union. But at laſt *Hypolitus* began to be very Melancholy, and *Julia* very Penſive, they always lov'd to be together, and would always look for one another, and at meeting ſigh and ſay little; they would ſpend whole Hours in caſting languiſhing Looks at one another, and whilſt they were indulging themſelves in this innocent Pleaſure, they would ſometimes colour, caſt their Eyes to the Ground, and fall in a deep ſtudy.

All this while the Day ſeem'd too ſhort to them, to ſatisfy their deſire of ſeeing one another; and at parting they were really ſenſible, that all their ſatisfaction really centred in being together. *Lucilia*, who was of a very pleaſing Temper, would often banter them about it: 'Brother, *ſaid* 'she to Hypolitus, you love my Siſter better than 'me, I being the eldeſt can't but be jealous of it; 'but after all, I can't blame you for doing her 'juſtice, and tho I love you entirely, yet it ſeems 'to me, as if ſhe ſtill lov'd you more than I do. 'Don't believe her Brother, *ſaid* Julia *bluſhing*, we

'love

'love you both alike. And why dear Siſter, *reply'd* Hypolitus, why ſhould you envy me the 'Pleaſure to hear you ſay that you love me? *Julia* being netled at theſe Words, ſaid no more, but fell into her former Penſiveneſs. *Hypolitus* look'd ſurpriz'd and full of Veneration; and *Lucilia*, who look'd at them with ſome amazement, knew not what to think of the matter.

One Day when the Earl of *Douglaſs* hapned to be with his Family at *Buckingham*, where he had a fine Seat, it hapned that *Julia* with her Brother and Siſter, was walking on the ſide of a Lake or ſtanding Water, in the midſt whereof being an artificial Iſle, ſhe had a mind to go thither, to ſee the Swans that uſed to build their Neſts in or near that Iſle: She no ſooner had ſpoken of it, but away runs *Hypolitus* to a place at ſome diſtance thence, where he ſaw a ſmall Boat tied with a Rope to a Tree; having looſened the Cord, into the Boat he gets and Rows to his Siſters, who immediately went into it; but having no Skill in managing the Boat, they got in among the Bullruſhes, and the young Ladies diſtracted with fear, throwing themſelves both on one ſide overturn'd the Boat, ſo that they were in great danger of being drown'd; *Lucilia* was ſav'd by a ſtrange good Fortune; and as for *Hypolitus*, he might have got off well enough, had he bin by himſelf; but we always think our ſelves in danger, if what we love is ſo; this made him think more of his dear *Julia* than of himſelf; his dexterity and ſtrength was ſo far improv'd by his Tenderneſs for *Julia*, that having got hold of her Clothes, he would not let go his hold, till he pulled her out of the Water to the Iſland, they being not far off. But 'tis impoſſible to expreſs his Diſtraction, when he ſaw her Eyes ſhut, and her Cheeks cover'd with a deadly Paleneſs, without

out either Senſe or Motion; and it being natural to imagine moſt readily what we dread moſt, he thought no otherwiſe than that ſhe had bin dead. *Oh! Unfortunate I*, cry'd he, *I am the Cauſe of my Siſters Death, ſhe ſunk to the Bottom before I came to her Aſſiſtance*; Julia, *my dear* Julia, *what will become of me?* At theſe Words he cloſed her in his Arms, and laying his Lips to hers was ready to expire there for grief; but the natural heat of his Sighs, and the Deluge of Tears, wherewith he bathed her Face, ſoon revived her from a Swoon, which ow'd its cauſe to nothing but fear.

She no ſooner open'd her Eyes, but fixing them on *Hypolitus*, who himſelf had ſcarce recover'd his right ſenſes, *What makes you ſo much concern'd*, ſaid ſhe, *dear Brother? What makes you think me worthy of your Concern to ſuch a degree, when I my ſelf ſhould ſcarce think my Life worth repining after? Oh! dear Siſter*, reply'd he, Embracing her, *never talk to me of parting, were you ſenſible of what I felt within me you would pity me.*

She was juſt going to return an anſwer, when they ſaw a Boat juſt near them; which my Lord *Douglas* had ſent to fetch them out of the Iſle: For by good fortune he hapned to walk that way when this Accident befel them; and had he not taken immediate care for *Lucilia*, ſhe had infallibly bin drown'd: For tho' her Brother lov'd her dearly, he was ſo buſy about *Julia*, that he not ſo much as thought of *Lucilia*.

When they were got home, my Lord and my Lady *Douglas* gave them a ſharp Reprimand, becauſe they had thus expoſed themſelves to needleſs danger; But *Lucilia* reflecting upon the Danger ſhe had ſo lately eſcaped, and her Brother's indifferency to her, *Truly Hypolitus*, ſaid ſhe, *it ſeems I alone are to run all hazards, for when ever my*

Siſter is with us, ſhe is aſſur'd of your Care, but as for my ſelf I don't know what to expect. Theſe words not only nettled the Brother and Siſter, but alſo ſerved to open my Lord and my Lady *Douglas*'s Eyes in reference to *Hypolitus*'s Conduct upon this occaſion, which afforded them ſomewhat of vexation, having for a conſiderable time paſt, taken a reſolution to marry *Hypolitus* with a Grand-daughter of *Guileſpie*, Lord High Chamberlain of *Scotland*, and Earl of *Argyle*, ſhe was Heireſs to a vaſt Eſtate, and educated at *Edinborrough*; and then being beſides this near Relations, my Lord *Douglas* was for ſending *Hypolitus* into *Scotland* to his Miſtreſs to gain her favour and approbation, intending at the ſame time to make a Match betwixt *Julia* and the Earl of *Bedford*, who being of the ſame Family with my Lady *Douglas*, was extreamly in Love with this young and lovely Lady.

My Lord and my Lady *Douglas* diſcourſing the matter together, *What*, ſaid they, *is it poſſible* Hypolitus *ſhould love* Julia *otherwiſe than as a Brother does a Siſter!* and recalling to mind ſeveral paſſages, which they had ſcarce taken notice of before, they agreed that the Counteſs of *Douglas* ſhould talk to *Julia* about it, as if it were by accident. One Morning hapning to come into her Daughter's Bed-Chamber, ſhe found *Hypolitus* upon his Knees at the Bed-ſide of *Julia*, ſhe being as yet in Bed; *You are very early*, ſaid my Lady *Douglas* to her Son, with an angry tone, *you had better ſpend your time in learning thoſe things 'tis requiſite you ſhould know, than be continually in your Siſters Bed-chamber.* *Hypolitus* went away full of Grief, and my Lady afterward addreſſing her ſelf to her Daughters, told them, *That, tho' it was their Duty to have a tenderneſs for their Brother, and that ſhe commanded them ſo to do, by all the power ſhe had*

over

over them, that nevertheleſs now they were beyond the age of Infancy, ſhe thought not fit they ſhould continue the ſame familiarity as before; That, tho' ſhe wiſh'd they might always live in a perfect good underſtanding, yet this did not hinder, but that they might act with Circumſpection. *Lucilia* told her, *She was ready to obey*, but *Lucilia* Bluſh'd and ſcarce durſt lift up her Eyes: And this Reprimand proved ſuch an addition to her former Melancholy, that whatever care ſhe took to conceal it, it was eaſily to be perceived.

She ſpent part of her day in the Cloſet, and towards the Evening, looking out of the Window, ſhe ſaw the Earl of *Bedford* coming into the Court; His preſence was at all times diſagreeable to her, but eſpecially at this time, She thought it would be inſupportable to her: This made her go down into the Garden, which being very ſpacious, with a ſmall Wood at one end of it, ſhe retired thither, intending to keep herſelf private for ſome time, in a very fine Grotto, adorn'd with artificial Rocks and Waterworks, and Green Turfs. 'Twas here that the fair *Julia* did abandon herſelf entirely to her Melancholy Thoughts, when *Hypolitus* drawn thither by his Spleen, which rendred him uncapable of enjoying the Company of ſeveral Perſons of Quality who were come to pay his Father a Viſit, ſeated himſelf in the ſame Grotto (without ſeeing his Siſter) leaning his Head againſt one of the Rocks, from whence aroſe a large Spring, which divided it ſelf into many ſmall branches: He remain'd for ſome time immoveable like one in a Trance; but at laſt all on a ſudden, Julia, *my dear* Julia, cry'd he, *ſince the Paſſion I have for you is a prohibited Paſſion, ſince in adoring you I commit a Crime, and that it is eaſier for me to ceaſe to Live, than to ceaſe to Love you, I am reſolved to die, and to die Innocent, by a flame*

I am not able to extinguish. At these words, drawing his Sword, he turn'd the point thereof towards his Breast, when *Julia* almost quite out of her Senses, fetching a great cry, 'Alas! Brother 'said she, throwing her self in his Arms and stopping his Hand, What is it that drives you thus 'to Despair? Can any thing be more dreadful 'than the Resolution you have taken? *Hypolitus* quite amazed at the sight of her self, threw himself at her Feet, without saying one word, till at last breaking silence, 'Sister, said he, I am no 'more Master now of my Secret, because you 'have heard it from my own Mouth; but the 'only thing that astonishes me is, that, knowing 'the true Cause of my Despair, you should have 'so much Compassion, as to desire I should live: 'I don't, dear *Julia*, deserve your Pity, and tho' 'my Crime be not voluntary, and that I have 'neglected nothing which I thought might regulate my Passion and reduce it into its due Bounds, 'that fatal Planet under which I am born, oppo-'ses it self against it with all its might, so that 'finding my Misfortune unavoidable, I was going 'to seek for a Remedy another way, just when 'you stopt me. Alas! reply'd *Julia*, Alas Brother, That Planet you complain of, has proved 'no less malignant to me than it has to you; 'know then our Misfortunes are the same, *Hypolitus* I Love you, and I love you too much, you 'being my Brother; I am willing to make this 'ingenuous confession unto you, to deserve your 'Compassion, as well as you have mine, being resolved never to see you any more. Yes Brother, 'I am resolved to go into *France* into a Nunnery, 'where I will hide both my Shame and Vexation 'from all the World: Nay, I had even taken a 'resolution you should have known nothing of it 'your self; But how is it possible for me to see

'you

'you in this Condition, without affording you 'this Conſolation? *Hypolitus* was ſo tranſported at what he heard his dear *Julia* tell him, that he was not able to ſpeak. He remained all this while at her Feet, and at laſt fixing his Eyes on her with a fearful Countenance, 'I can't, ſaid he, 'oppoſe ſo generous a Reſolution, tho' it will be 'the greateſt Affliction to me in the World to 'loſe you for ever, and ſee you ſhut up in a 'Nunnery. My Heart finds a certain Comfort in 'this Conſideration, That you are not to be 'Married to the Earl of *Bedford*. Oh! ſaid ſhe, 'wou'd you I ſhould Marry another Man? Alas 'Siſter, reply'd he, don't urge me to tell you my 'ſentiments upon that head, but reſt aſſured, 'that on my ſide I will never alter my Condi-'tion; and that ſince we muſt part, I will lead ſo 'ſad and ſo deplorable a Life, as will ſoon put an 'end to my Days.

Julia return'd no anſwer but by Sighs, and both burſting out into Tears, 'Brother, ſaid ſhe, 'with a tender look, 'tis reſolved I ſhall ſee you 'no more, let us hide our Misfortunes from all 'the World, and if poſſible even from our own 'knowledge. She had no ſooner ſaid theſe Words, but ſhe left the Grotto without daring to look upon *Hypolitus*, and he ſaw her depart without daring to ſtop her.

In the Condition ſhe was then in, ſhe thought it beſt not to appear in the Counteſs of *Douglas*'s Chamber till pretty late, knowing the Earl of *Bedford* would be there, it being an additional trouble to her, to meet with a Lover who was indifferent to her; and he finding no opportunity to ſpeak to her, went away again the ſame Evening.

Julia had a very ill Night of it, being quite diſtracted with the Thoughts of the odneſs of

their Fate; *Good God*, ſaid ſhe, crying moſt bitterly, *What is it my Brother and I have done at ſo young an Age as ours is, to deſerve ſo ſevere a Chaſtiſement?* At laſt ariſing out of her Bed very early, (which ſhe might very well do, having not ſhut her Eyes all that Night) She dreſs'd herſelf very neatly, and knowing my Lady *Douglas* to be in her Cloſet, ſhe went thither, and in a trembling poſture threw herſelf at her Feet: My Lady ſurprized at this action, *What do you want* Julia, ſaid ſhe, very tenderly? *And what makes you to appear in this poſture I ſee you before me? Madam*, reply'd ſhe, *'tis the deſire I have to crave a favour of you, which I beg you not to refuſe me: I am now fifteen years of Age, and being your youngeſt Daughter don't expect any conſiderable Fortune; I don't find my ſelf inclined to Marriage, but rather to a Religious Life; ſo that, Madam, if the deſire I have of going into* France *is not diſpleaſing to you, I conjure you to conſent to it, and that either you or my Father would conduct me to a Nunnery. Daughter*, ſaid the Counteſs with a tender Air, *have you ſeriouſly conſidered of what you are going to do? I ſhould be very ſorry to ſee you make a falſe ſtep of this kind; you are ſo very young, that you ought to take ſome longer time before you reſolve upon a matter of ſuch Conſequence. Julia* perſiſting in her requeſt, told her with a great deal of reſolution, *She had well weighed the matter, and hoped ſhe ſhould never repent of it:* So Madam *Douglas* promiſed, *ſhe would do her utmoſt with her Husband, to make him give his Conſent.*

Accordingly ſhe went immediately into the Earls Apartment; *I was always ſcrupulous*, ſaid ſhe, *to believe that* Hypolitus *and* Julia *loved one another, poor Child ſhe has quite another thing in her Head, ſhe has a mind to embrace a Religious Life, and I came in on purpoſe to conſult with you, what is beſt to be done on this occaſion, for ſhe deſires that*

either

either you or I ſhould carry her into France *in the Nunnery. I don't ſee,* ſaid my Lord *Douglas, how we can refuſe her this ſatisfaction; but if ſhe goes, it will fall to your Lot, Madam, to Conduct her her thither: However I think it requiſite,* added he, *that above all things we let her know (according to her Mothers laſt requeſt) who ſhe is, and have the thing confirm'd to her by the ſame Chaplain, who was entruſted to deliver her to us.* My Lady *Douglas* approved her Lord's advice, and having perceived ſome uneaſineſs in *Julia*, ſhe ſent for her into her Chamber, and told her, *Dear Child, your Father and I wiſh nothing more than your ſatisfaction; He grants that you deſired, and I am to conduct you my ſelf, tho' it is not without a ſingular affliction, to have you at ſuch a diſtance for ever.* *Julia* return'd Thanks with all imaginable Tenderneſs, and ſo left the Counteſſes Apartment.

She was no ſooner come back into her own Chamber, but *Lucilia* told her, *That* Hypolitus *waited for her coming in his Cloſet; he is ſo much altered,* added ſhe, *that I am much troubled to ſee him: Dear Siſter, you are his Confident, pray do all you can to Comfort him, for he ſeems to me to be full of affliction.* *Julia*, not a little diſturb'd at what had paſs'd betwixt her Mother and her ſelf, but much more at what *Lucilia* told her, went ſtraitways to his Cloſet. Here ſhe found *Hypolitus* lying upon his Couch, his Face cover'd with his Handkerchief; At her coming in he would have raiſed himſelf, but for want of ſtrength fell down again upon the Couch. *Julia* drew nearer, and ſqueezing one of his Hands betwixt hers, look'd upon him for ſome time with Tears in her Eyes: After a long ſilence, 'Brother, ſaid ſhe to him, the 'Condition I ſee you in afflicts me to the higheſt 'degree, Am I not ſufficiently miſerable already, 'that you ſhould add new afflictions to thoſe I

'I am ready to ſink under before? You are re-
'ſolv'd to die *Hypolitus*, and I would have you live.
'I require of you in the name of . . . . 'Oh!
'Dear Siſter, ſaid he interrupting her, Don't
'make uſe of that Power you have over me, to
'engage me preſerve this miſerable Life, rather
'conſider, That I am going to loſe you, that it
'is not in my Power to oppoſe it, that I ſhall ne-
'ver ſee you any more; nay, that I muſt not as
'much as endeavour to ſee you: Set before your
'Eyes the diſmal Conſequences of this Adventure,
'and let me dye without delay, this being the on-
'ly Remedy againſt that Evil I ſuffer, I can ei-
'ther find or wiſh for. Dear Brother, reply'd
'*Julia*, Reaſon will put you in mind of your Du-
'ty; you will forget me when you ſee me no more.
Hypolitus turning his Head another way, with-
drew his Hand, which *Julia* ſtill held faſt, with-
out anſwering her one word.

She look'd ſtedfaſtly upon him for ſome time,
but perceiving he would not ſpeak, *Now Brother*,
ſaid ſhe, *It ſeems as if you were quite ſeparate, you
won't as much as talk to me; Do you think me un-
worthy of your Compaſſion, and that I don't put a
great Violence upon my Inclination, in what I am
going about to do?* He return'd no anſwer, and
would not as much as open his Eyes to look at her.
You are then reſolv'd to die, my Dear Hypolitus, ſaid
ſhe, *Well let us die together, I am not againſt it; but
you muſt make great haſte, if you intend to die before me.
Oh! Siſter*, cry'd he with a deep Sigh, *Permit me
to be the only Victim to be offered at this Sacrifice;
take my word for it, you have over-done your Duty al-
ready; Live, Live, my Lovely* Julia, *what ſhould
make you die? And why will you die Barbarous Man?*
reply'd ſhe angerly, *Is it not your obſtinacy that
makes you die? Hypolitus*, now not able to bear
her Reproaches, threw himſelf at her Feet, and
taking

taking hold of her fair Hands, kiſs'd them moſt Tenderly; *Be ſatisfy'd Dear Siſter*, ſaid he, *I am reſolv'd to obey you, and to follow blindly your advice, and to convince you of the Truth thereof, I will take immediately ſome Nouriſhment, becauſe I intended to procure my Death, by abſtaining from all manner of ſuſtenance, but now will abſolutely ſubmit to your Commands.* *Julia* called to her Siſter to fetch ſomething to eat for their Brother, ſhe being not in a condition to be ſeen by any body.

She told *Hypolitus*, what had paſſed betwixt Madam *Douglas* and her ſelf, that ſhe had promiſed to Conduct her into *France*, and was making preparations accordingly for their journey. *Hypolitus* eat a little, which threw him into a violent Feaver the ſame Night. *Julia* was as much concern'd thereat as you may imagine, and in this ſad Condition, did not fail to ſee and attend him, with great aſſiduity, and her Eyes were more Eloquent than her Lips, to diſcover to *Hypolitus* what ſhare ſhe bore in his Illneſs: But that, which at another time, would have afforded him no ſmall matter of Conſolation, ſerv'd at this time only to augment his Affliction, and he would willingly have preferr'd *Julia*'s Averſion to her Tenderneſs; and this vertuous young Lady entertained the ſame Thoughts concerning him.

It being ſoon noiſed abroad that ſhe intended to be a Nun, even thoſe that had no peculiar regard to her, rejected her Fate, and it was the wonder of the whole Town, that ſo accompliſh'd a Lady, both in body and mind, ſhould ſhut her ſelf up in a Nunnery, for the whole remainder of her Life; But among the reſt, the Earl of *Bedford* was the moſt concern'd at this reſolution: He went to the Earl of *Douglas*, who

was

was by this time return'd to *London*, and told him, 'That he had ſo violent and ſo pure a Paſ-'ſion for *Julia*, that if he would but beſtow her 'Perſon upon him, he would not look for any 'thing further, both his Eſtate and Fortune being 'ſufficient to make *Julia* happy; That all his de-'ſires were Centred in her, that he adored her, 'and that if all hopes were taken from him to 'enjoy her, he ſhould be the moſt unfortunate Man 'on Earth. My Lord return'd his Complement with all imaginable Civilities; but withal, told him, 'That he could not without blaming him-'ſelf, take away from his Daughter, the Liber-'ty of making her own Choice, of what Con-'dition of Life ſhe was inclined to embrace; 'That 'twas true, 'twas ſuch a one as he had a 'great Averſion to, and that nevertheleſs he thought 'he ought not to oppoſe her Intentions, and that, 'to ſhew him the Eſteem and Regard he had to his 'Perſon and Family, (Madam *Douglas* being of the 'ſame name) if he could ſettle his Affection up-'on *Lucilia* his eldeſt Daughter, who would have 'a much better Portion, he would give her him 'with all his Heart. The Earl of *Bedford*, re-turn'd his Thanks as well as his preſent Condi-tion would permit him; and ſo returned home full of Affliction.

Thus things were carry'd on, whilſt my Lady *Douglas* was buſied in buying ſuch things as ſhe thought neceſſary for *Julia*; which done, *ſhe told her*, 'twas now time to take leave of her Friends, becauſe ſhe intended to ſet out for *France* within two days. At this news, that Courage which was ſo Natural to this young Lady, began to fail her: She run up to her Brother's Chamber, overwhelm'd with a flood of Tears; He being ſtill in Bed, ſhe bid the Servant that attended him, to withdraw, and then Seated her ſelf upon his Bed, and look-

ing

ing upon him with a very Melancholy Countenance, I am now come at laſt, *ſaid ſhe*, *Dear Brother*, I am come at laſt to bid you farewel for ever. Oh! what dreadful words! Farewel for ever. Is it poſſible it ſhould be ſo? She could ſay no more, the repeated Sighs and Sobs intercepting the uſe and ſound of her Voice. *Hypolitus*, with his Arms acroſs, and his Eyes lifted up to Heaven, *reply'd with a low and almoſt unintelligible interrupted Voice*, My Dear *Julia*, is this the day on which I am going to loſe you? Is this dreadful Moment come at laſt, and I dare not as much as to diſſwade you from what will render this Life of mine unfortunate and deplorable? Nay, I will ever endeavour to hide from you, if it is poſſible, what a miſerable Condition you leave me in, for fear your Compaſſion ſhould get the Victory of your Reſolution and Courage We muſt, we muſt part Siſter, *added he*, Fate will have it ſo. Oh! *Julia*, *Julia*, why was I your Brother? At theſe words, he turned away to conceal his Tears, which he ſhed in abundance: But *Julia* deſiring him to look at her, Don't envy me, *ſaid ſhe*, dear *Hypolitus*, this only Comfort I have left, Let me be an Eye-witneſs of all your Pains, 'tis impoſſible it ſhould encreaſe mine, but it may eaſe them. And you, *continued ſhe*, ſevere Vertue, rigorous Duty, tender Paſſions, who have infuſed into my Heart ſuch Sentiments as I ought and muſt diſown, accept of this Sacrifice I make you, of all my Paſſions and Liberty, I am going to Bury my ſelf for all the remainder of my Days; will not this be ſufficient, to free me from all ſorts of Reproaches? She was then going to ariſe, but her Strength failing, and a deadly Paleneſs overſpreading her Face, ſhe fell backward into an Elbow-Chair, and thereby reduced *Hypolitus* into

to the moſt pitiful State that can be imagined. However, ſhe ſoon recover'd her ſelf, and fixing her Eyes on her Brother, who was half dead himſelf, Farewel my Dear *Hypolitus*, *ſaid ſhe to him*, I have loved you too well, both for yours and my own Repoſe. Farewel Dear Siſter, *ſaid he embracing her, and Bathing her Cheeks with his Tears*, you leave me the moſt unfortunate, and moſt afflicted of all Men living, I have no hopes of Relief, but in a ſpeedy Death. So *Julia* left him, and retiring into her Chamber, threw her ſelf upon the Bed.

Oh! What a diſmal Night was this for the Siſter and Brother! What abundance of Tears! What Numberleſs Sighs! What a doleful Parting and violent Separation! But they muſt ſubmit to the Laws of Duty, and two ſuch great and fair Souls could not but accompliſh them. *Julia* quite tired out with ſighing and crying, ſlumbred a little towards Morning, when *Elizabeth*, her waiting Woman came to tell her, that my Lady *Douglas* wanted to ſpeak with her. She got up immediately, and going into my Lady's Cloſet, found her there with the Earl of *Douglas* and a Clergy-man. My Lady bid her to ſhut the Door, and ordering her to ſit down near her, My dear Child, *ſaid ſhe*, we are going to tell thee ſomething, which will not a little ſurprize you.

'You believe your ſelf to be our Daughter, and 'in reſpect of the Love and Tenderneſs we bare 'you, you are not miſtaken in it; But we muſt 'now diſcloſe to you a ſecret that highly con-'cerns you, You are only a Relation of ours by 'your Mother's ſide, who was of the Family of '*Montgomery*; Look, here is her Picture, *conti-'nued ſhe*, and this is that of your Illuſtrious Fa-'ther, *Roger* Earl of *Warwick*, Son to the Earl

of

'of *Salisbury*; look here are to the vallue of betwixt '6000 and 7000 *l.* Sterling, Jewels, this vertuous 'Lady were put into our hands for your uſe; and 'Mr. *Eratus*, who was her Chaplain when ſhe dy'd, 'him you ſee here before you, is the perſon whom 'ſhe intruſted to deliver you up into our hands. 'Tis 'now Thirteen years ago, when the King having 'introduced certain Innovations in point of Re-'ligion to pleaſe *Anna Boullain* whom he lov'd; 'he afterwards made her dye upon the Scaffold, 'ſuch was his fickle and inconſtant Temper, even 'in relation to thoſe things that had been once the 'deareſt to him.

'The Earl of *Warwick* your Father, a good zea-'lous *Catholick*, ſaw himſelf involved in the miſ-'fortunes of one of his neareſt Kinſmen of the 'ſame name, who loſt his Life on a Scaffold; not 'to fall under the ſame fate he retired to *Venice*, 'and went a Volenteer along with the *Venetian* 'Generaliſſimo *Capello* to *Corfu*, and thence to the '*Gulph* where the *Turkiſh* Fleet then had their Sta-'tion. The Famous *Dragut Rais*, who had ren-'dred himſelf ſo redoubtable by his many Pyracies, 'engaging two *Venetians* Gallies, took them; but 'not till the Earl of *Warwick*, after a moſt noble 'defence, was ſlain and cut to pieces: Your Mother 'quite overwhelm'd with grief at the loſs of your 'Father, being ſoon reduc'd to the laſt extremi-'ty of her Life, and fearing that, under the 'preſent moſt deplorable circumſtances of her 'Family, you would fall into the hands of your 'neareſt Relations, and that by their Authority 'they would have you Educated in the new Re-'ligion they had embrac'd themſelves, ſhe en-'truſted us with this precious Pledge, and we 'may juſtly ſay, That were you our own Daughter 'we could not love you more than we do: Keep 'this ſecret my dear Child, *continu'd ſhe*, (for I nei-

'ther

'ther can nor ought to call you otherwiſe than ſo) 'don't impart it to any Body; you ſee how un-'der this preſent young King *Edward* this new 'Religion increaſes dayly; you ſee they act not 'conformably to the laſt Will of King *Henry* VIII. 'in behalf of the *Catholicks*; you ſee that the 'Duke of *Somerſet* (who by the Rank he bears of 'being the King's Uncle, and Protector of the 'Kingdom, is in great Authority) protects pub-'lickly the *Lutherens*; that he infuſes the ſame 'Principles into the King, and that on that ac-'count the *Catholicks* are in more danger here 'than ever; all this obliges you by that love you 'ought to have for your ſelf, to conceal your ex-'traction; but at the ſame time to pay due Ho-'nours to the memory of thoſe Perſons who 'brought you into this World.

Julia troubled, confounded and tranſported with joy (tho' ſhe did all ſhe could to conceal it) ariſing and throwing her ſelf at the Counteſſes Feet moſt tenderly kiſs'd her hands, Madam *ſaid ſhe*, 'The obligations I owe you are the more valuable 'becauſe I am not actually your Daughter; had I 'that Honour, it would ſeem as if nature had in-'cenc'd you to give me that noble Education you 'have beſtow'd upon me; but as the caſe now 'ſtands, it is all owing to your own Generoſity: 'At the ſame time I loſe all I have to loſe in lo-'ſing the honour of being yours, you will be no 'more my Mother, and I know not were to meet 'with another. God forbid, *ſaid my Lord* Douglas, '*interrupting her*, you ſhould be no more my Daugh-'ter, you ſhall always be ſo my dear *Julia*, *conti-'nu'd he*, and you muſt look upon ours as your 'own Father's houſe as long as you live. *Julia* return'd her hearty thanks for this freſh Demon-ſtration of their Friendſhip, in the moſt tender and engaging Expreſſions ſhe could; and the old

Chaplain

Chaplain repeated and confirm'd to her as his Verbal Teſtimony, every thing my Lord and my Lady *Douglas* had told her before; and that with Tears in his Eyes, becauſe he fancy'd he ſaw in the Perſon of *Julia* the lively Picture of the Counteſs of *Warwick* her Mother; and to ſpeak the truth, their was ſo perfect a reſemblance betwixt both their Features, that when this beautiful young Lady caſt her Eyes upon her Mother's Picture which my Lady *Douglas* gave to her, ſhe really believed for ſome time it was drawn for her without her knowledge.

My Lord *Douglas* deſired her to take the Jewels into her own Cuſtody, and when ſhe refus'd to take them, and begg'd they would keep them for her, *he told her*, 'That they belong'd to her, and 'that therefore it was but reaſonable ſhe ſhould 'have them; but, *added he*, dear Child, that will be 'but for a ſmall time, becauſe to morrow you go to '*France* to take a Nuns Habit, which has not the 'leaſt reſemblance to ſuch magnificent Ornaments. She bluſh'd, and left them without anſwering one word.

She no ſooner was got into her Cloſet, but finding her ſelf alone, and at full liberty to abandon her ſelf of her joy, ſhe thought ſhe ſhould never have out-liv'd it; 'What, *cry'd ſhe*, am I not *Hypolitus*'s 'Siſter? Heaven has wrought a Miracle for my 'deliverance, without which I muſt have bin 'all my days the moſt unfortunate Woman on 'Earth. What would become of me had they 'kept this ſecret but a little longer? My Vows 'and the Auſtere life of a Nunnery would have 'robb'd me of all my hopes of ſeeing our Fate 'United: Alas! What makes me tarry ſo long? 'Why am I not before this time in his Chamber? 'Am I not now Miſtreſs of a thing that ſo nearly 'concerns him, and I loſe time in not telling it 'him?

'him? So she went towards his Chamber, her Eyes sparkling with joy, with an Air so lively and pleasing, that those that had seen her but two hours before, would scarce have known her now. She desired *Lucilia* to go along with her to *Hypolitus*'s Chamber, whom they found so dejected and so deeply afflicted with his Melancholly Thoughts and his Feaver, that he had scarce power to speak. They ask'd him how he did? He told them in a languishing tone, he was very ill. And observing, not without some surprize mix'd with Vexation, *Julia* in so gay and brisk a humour, which she was not able to conceal at that time; 'And as for you 'Sister, *said he*, one need not ask you how you do, 'tis enough to see you, and you never appear'd 'to me so well satisfied in your life. I never had so 'much reason, *said she smiling*. How! *cry'd he*, you 'are going to leave us, and you are overjoy'd at 'it; pray at least have so much complaisance as 'to keep within the rules of Decency, and don't 'insult over *Lucilia* and I because we are sorry 'for your departure, which, alas, being near at 'hand, will soon rid you of your pain; Don t you 'know that to morrow is the fatal day we must 'lose you?

Lucilia perceiving her to return no answer, but to make a sign to her Brother, went to the Window, which she opened, and whilst she was looking out of it, afforded them an entire freedom of entertaining one another. Then *Julia* fixing her Eyes on *Hypolitus*, who was quite confounded to see her so contented, 'What good news have I 'to tell you, *said she*, 'tis such *Hypolitus* as you will 'scarce be able to believe, you will imagine it to 'be a Fiction. I will believe every thing you tell 'me, said he, *interrupting her with somewhat of impatience*; But dear Sister what can you tell me 'that should be so pleasing to me, my misfortunes

'are

'are paſt a cure; and ſuppoſing I ſhould not be 'your Siſter, would not that go a great way in 'procuring you that ſatisfaction you now deſpair 'off? He return'd no anſwer; but only lifted up 'his Eyes to Heaven, as if he would ſay, that no 'ſuch thing could enter into his Thoughts.

Then *Julia* continuing, I blame my ſelf, *ſaid ſhe*, for ſuffering you to languiſh ſo long, after having told you, that I knew ſomething that might afford you ſome Conſolation. Dear *Hypolitus*, be aſſured you are not my Brother, nor am I your Siſter; She then told him all ſhe had underſtood concerning her Birth, ſhew'd him the Earl of *Warwick* and the Counteſs her Mothers Pictures, together with the Jewels. Every thing that can be conceived, falls far ſhort from what this Lover felt at that moment: He was ſo far tranſported with Joy as to loſe the uſe of his Tongue; his Eyes, which were fix'd on *Julia*'s, ſometimes by their ſprightlineſs, ſometimes by their languiſhment, diſcovered the different paſſions and agitations of his Soul: He took hold of one of her Hands, which he kiſs'd with ſo much tranſport, as if he would never have parted with it. He continued for a conſiderable time in the ſurprize, till at laſt recovering himſelf, like one revived from the dead, O God! charming *Julia*, ſaid he, Don't you only flatter my Pain? Is it poſſible what you tell me ſhould be ſo? Nay, it was not to be imagined that ſuch fair Eyes as yours ſhould kindle a flame that is Criminal; what a pleaſure is it, to abandon ones ſelf to all the tranſports, to all the agitations of Mind, the ſtrongeſt and moſt reſpectful Paſſion in the World is able to inſpire? But pray take your ſhare in my Felicity, my lovely Miſtreſs; pray tell me, Are not you well pleaſed with it? Ah! dear *Hypolitus*, Can you queſtion it? *ſaid ſhe interrupting him*, You are too well acquaint-

ed with my moſt ſecret Thoughts, not to be ſenſible what effect this unexpected Miracle may produce in my Heart; But can't I but confeſs to you, That my Joy is not without ſome alay of Fear, you are for a conſiderable time paſt deſign'd for my Lady *Argyle*, I have no great Fortune, and you will find that after we have eſcaped theſe dreadful Rocks at Sea, we ſhall ſuffer Shipwreck in the Port it ſelf.

No, Madam, *replied* Hypolitus, *kiſſing her Hand*, no, I will not miſtruſt my good Fortune, after ſhe has done ſo much for me, every thing will be eaſie for her for the future, provided my dear *Julia* you act in concert with her. In the mean while Brother, *ſaid ſhe*, (for I will not wean my ſelf from calling you ſo) what muſt I do to put a ſtop to that fatal Journey which is fix'd for to morrow? Conſider every thing is ready, and what a *non-plus* I am likely to be put to. You muſt, dear *Julia*, fain your ſelf Sick, and tell them, 'tis the effect of your ſurprize at ſo ſingular an Event wherein you are ſo nearly concern'd: 'Twill not be very hard for me, *ſaid ſhe*, to make them believe for ſome few days that I am ill, but healthy Countenance will ſoon betray the Cheat, there is a very apparent difference betwixt one that labours under real Sufferings, and one that only fains himſelf ſo to do. Dear Siſter, *reply'd* Hypolitus, Let us make a beginning with this, and afterwards we will conſider what is farther to be done.

Having ſaid theſe words, *Lucilia* drew near; I think, *ſaid ſhe*, you will at leaſt think your ſelf oblig'd to me for my complaiſance? I hope, *added ſhe, with a pleaſing ſmile*, you do not think I took delight for theſe two Hours paſt to look at the Birds, truly I am too good natur'd: Oh! *Lucilia, Lucilia*, ſaid *Julia, embracing her*, if I knew you could keep a ſecret, how pleaſed ſhould I be

be to repay your Goodneſs, with making you my Confident. If I could keep a ſecret, *reply'd* Lucilia *ſmiling*, you make very bold with your Elder Siſter, pray a little more reſpect *Julia*, or elſe I will deſire Juſtice from my Brother. Your Judge is ſure to give it againſt you, *reply'd* Hypolitus, ſtretching out his Hands, 'tis not in my Power to be againſt *Julia*. And who then ſhall ſtand up for me, *added* Lucilia? I will for you againſt my ſelf, *ſaid* Julia: I am already blaming my ſelf for having call'd your ſecrecy in queſtion, and for the future, I will have none but what you ſhall know off. She then related to her every thing ſhe had told her dear *Hypolitus* before, and being a young Lady of great Preſence of Mind, ſhe judg'd rightly it would be very beneficial to them, to bring over *Lucilia* into their Intereſt. She then receiv'd upon this occaſion, the moſt convincing Proofs of her Friendſhip; for, after the firſt ſurprize, occaſioned by ſo unexpected a piece of news, was over, and that ſhe had leiſure to conſider, how for the future ſhe was no more to be *Julia*'s Siſter, ſhe fell a crying moſt bitterly: Alaſs! *ſaid ſhe to her*, now you know that we don't belong to one another, I have all the reaſon to fear you will withdraw your Heart from me, and fix it on ſome body elſe, which may better deſerve it than I. I know not dear Siſter, *reply'd* Julia, *interrupting and embracing her*, where I ſhould meet with ſuch a Friend as you ſpeak off; and I believe I might look for ſuch a one in vain; then don't think me ſo frail, as to be Guilty of ſuch a change; you ſhall always be dear to me my tender *Lucilia*, and I give you the moſt convincing Proofs of it, that is in my Power to give; But I think it is time for us to retire, for fear of a ſurprize, you know what a dark Leſſon we had once on that account.

They left the Amorous *Hypolitus* to his own Thoughts, being like one Enchanted and Tranſported with Joy; His *Feaver* which ow'd its Cauſe to nothing elſe but the diſturbance of his mind, left him on a ſudden, and in ſpite of all his weakneſs, he left his Bed at the ſame time *Julia* took hers. The better to Counterfeit this Sick Woman, ſhe had all the Windows of her Chambers darkned, and ſhe engaged *Lucilia* to aſſiſt her in perſwading my Lord and my Lady *Douglas*, that ſhe was really ill, which they ſoon believed. The Phyſitians finding no Symptoms of a *Feaver*, and there being no ſigns of illneſs in her Countenance, they were not a little puzled what to preſcribe her; She complain'd of a violent *Head-ach*, and would cry out ſometimes for Pain. *Lucilia* told them, 'Twas moſt at Nights, and that her Siſter did not ſhut an Eye all Night long. So no body ſuſpecting the Truth thereof, the Phyſitians order'd her to change the Air, which was done accordingly, and they carry'd her to *Buckingham*.

Whilſt ſhe was there, *Hypolitus* was made ſenſible of a certain Pleaſure he never had taſted before, I mean, he now had the opportunity of giving vent to the moſt tender and moſt violent Paſſion a Heart ever was poſſeſtt with: He loſt not a minute, but always was with his Miſtreſs; and no body imagining otherwiſe, than that ſhe was really Sick, and every body wiſhing for her ſpeedy recovery, nothing was omitted that could contribute towards her Diverſion. This offer'd abundance of Liberty to *Hypolitus*, and facilitated his free acceſs to her at every hour of the day.

Neither my Lord and my Lady *Douglas*, in the leaſt concern'd thereat, being fully perſwaded ſhe had not altred her Reſolution, but that ſhe would purſue it as ſoon as the recovery of her Health would

would permit her to go into *France*. The Earl of *Bedford*, in the mean time flattering himſelf, that by his continual Addreſſes, he might prevail upon this fair Lady to alter her reſolution, made her frequent Viſits at *Buckingham*, not omitting any thing on his part, which he thought might be requiſite to touch her Heart with Compaſſion; though at the ſame time, ſhe always receiv'd him with ſo much indifferency, as might well make him loſe all hopes of Succeſs. Notwithſtanding all this, his repeated Addreſſes could not but cauſe ſome uneaſineſs in the Amorous *Hypolitus*, ſo that he could no longer forbear to diſcover it to *Julia*, one day as ſhe was taking a ſolitary Walk in a ſmall Adjacent Wood. Having for ſome time ſpoken in general terms of this Lover, I know, *added he*, he adores you, he carries your Fetters, and every body knows he does ſo. I can't be an Eye-witneſs of it, without much vexation. Ah! If you could be ſenſible how dear he pays for this Honour, *ſaid* Julia *to him ſmiling*, you would have nothing but Compaſſion for him; for I give him ſuch an Entertainment, as will make him not reliſh very long his importunate Perſeverance.

Whilſt they were thus diverting themſelves in diſcourſe, they came to the Grotto; and *Julia* being ſomewhat tired with walking, they went in there to reſt themſelves. The Counteſs of *Douglas* hapned to be at the ſame time in the Grotto, to conſider of ſome additional Embelliſhments ſhe had made there; but perceiving her two Children coming that way at ſome diſtance, and willing to overhear their Diſcourſe, the better to ſatisfy her Curioſity and Jealouſy concerning the pretended Sickneſs of *Julia*, and the fear ſhe lay under leſt *Hypolitus* ſhould prove an obſtacle to her intended Departure for *France*, ſhe ſlipt im-

mediately into a desart place, which being between two Creeks, made a kind of a Niche.

Julia having seated her self, *Hypolitus* threw himself at her Feet; I can't see you, *said she*, in so uneasie a Posture, and so made him sit down by her. Ah! have you forgot me, *said he*, my charming Mistress, that this is the same place where you saved my Life; and ought I not to shew you my Acknowledgment at your Feet? Alas! *Hypolitus*, *said she*, why will you recal to my mind that Melancholly Day? I shall always remember it, and I ought to do so much more than you dear *Julia*, *said he*, *interrupting her*, for that day you call Melancholly to you, proved very Charming to me, being the same day when I understood from your own Mouth, that you were not insensible of my Passion; were it possible for me to tell you, what a Comfort this Confession produced in my Soul, at the very extremity of my Despair, whilst I still thought my self to be your Brother, and that I could not reap any benefit from that Tenderness, on which depended the Preservation of my Life, you would then be more fully convinced of my Passion. Ah! my dear *Hypolitus*, *said she with a languishing look*, be satisfy'd with those Sentiments I have for you, they are such as I could wish them to be less violent; but my Heart will not hearken to the advice of Reason and I dread sometimes the dismal Consequences of your Tenderness. If your Friends, who design you for your Cousin, should get notice thereof, without doubt they wou'd send me far enough off; and 'tis possible *Hypolitus*, 'tis possible, alas! your *Julia* might never see you again. Don't disturb the Sweetness of my present Satisfaction, *said he interrupting her*, with your dismal Predictions, Madam, and rest assur'd, I will rather cease to live, than cease to be yours; no Power on Earth shall be able to alter my resolution.

I am

I am ſufficiently convinced of your Conſtancy, as not in the leaſt to doubt of what you tell me, *reply'd* Julia; but after all, ſuppoſing they ſhould force me to go into *France*, and there to embrace a Religious Life, what muſt we do then? Venture at all, *reply'd* Hypolitus *abruptly*. Venture all Madam; for rather than ſubmit to ſuch a Conſtraint, I would carry things to the laſt extremity: How! do you think I will ſee you to be made a Sacrifice to the Misfortunes of your Family, and under pretence, that Fortune has deny'd you her Favours, when Heaven has heap'd them upon you, and made you the moſt adorable Perſon in the World? Under this Pretence, ſay I, ſhould they force you to embrace a Life that is contrary to your Inclinations and my Repoſe? However, *ſaid he*, and ſo ariſing in the utmoſt fury from his Seat, and walking towards the other ſide of the Grotto, he eſpies Madam *Douglas*; and *Julia* ſeeing her as well as he, they remain'd as immovable, as if they had been two Statues.

My Lady *Douglas* ſeeing 'twas in vain to conceal her ſelf any longer, came forth out of that fatal place, and looking upon both with Eyes ſparkling with Anger, I never thought, *ſaid ſhe to* Julia, that a Young Woman ſo well born as you are, would diſpoſe of her Heart without the Approbation of thoſe to whom ſhe belongs; And, as for you, *Hypolitus*, you I ſay, who knew our Intentions concerning your Marriage, you are very Inſolent in daring to enter into an Engagement with *Julia*, at a time when we were upon the point of concluding a Marriage with my Lady *Argyle* and you; and ſo ſhe went abruptly out of the Grotto without ſaying one word more.

Who is able to deſcribe the deplorable condition theſe two Lovers ſaw themſelves reduc'd to? Certainly nothing could exceed their Trouble and

Grief: *Hypolitus* drawing near *Julia*, ſhe dropt as it were into his Arms; What will become of us *Hypolitus*, *ſaid ſhe*, What a dreadful Storm is hanging over our Heads? Every thing I foreſee is enough to confound and render me quite inconſolable; Alaſs! Why did they undeceive me? Otherwiſe I had bin in a Nunnery in *France* by this time. What makes you regret this your Deſtiny my Dear Lady, *ſaid he*, *interrupting her?* Our Misfortunes appear greater to you than really they are; a reaſonable ſhare of Conſtancy will clear our way, and deliver us from thoſe perſecutions they prepare for us. *Hypolitus*, *ſaid ſhe*, I ſhall neither want Courage nor Conſtancy; but my Duty is ſtill dearer to me than my Love, and you may be certain that when the firſt ſpeaks, the laſt muſt obey. Oh! what do I ask of you my dear *Julia*, *continu'd he*, that is contrary to your Duty? Was there ever a Paſſion more pure or full of reſpect than mine? Don't therefore diſturb your ſelf with vain Notions, at the time we ſtand in need of all our Paſſion and Strength to ſupport the War they are going to make upon us.

He then kiſs'd *Julia*'s Hands, and by his Raptures and the motions of his Heart, ſufficiently diſcover'd the true ſtate of his Soul. It was already very late, Lovers ſoon forget themſelves when they are together, and the hours of Love are very ſhort: At laſt our two Lovers parted, but not without giving all the mutual aſſurances that could be, that they wou'd Love one another till Death.

Julia intended to ſhut her ſelf up in her Cloſet, there to ruminate upon the odneſs of their adventure, and upon the future deportment towards my Lady *Douglas*; but it was not long before one of her Maids came to deſire her to come down ſtairs to her Mother, who wanted to ſpeak with her. Poor Lady, ſhe went down Trembling, and with

with ſuch paleneſs in her Countenance, that one wou'd have believed ſhe was going to recieve Sentence of Death; and when ſhe came into my Lord and my Lady's Apartment, ſhe found them ſo far chang'd in their looks from what they us'd to appear to her, that ſhe was quite ſtartled thereat. You deviate ſo far, *ſaid my Lady* Douglas *to her*, from the opinion I had conceiv'd of your tenderneſs, that I can't at this time give you the name of my Child: How! *Julia*, after you had bin receiv'd and treated by us like our own Child, can you have ſo little gratitude in you, as to endeavour the Ruine of *Hypolitus*'s Fortune, and to make his Heart Rebellious againſt his Duty to us? You have rais'd in him a Paſſion you know muſt be diſpleaſing to us; you Cajole us with the hopes of your going into a Nunnery, whilſt at the ſame time, you take quite a contrary meaſure as what is becoming *Julia*, of thoſe Diſpoſitions ſo full of Sincerity and Dutifulneſs we have infuſed into you. Are you not ſtill the ſame you always us'd to appear to us?

The fair *Julia* was touch'd to the quick at the Counteſſes reproaches; ſhe was ſo Nice in what we call Duty and Sincerity, that ſhe thought it the higheſt piece of Injuſtice that cou'd be done her, to be charg'd with want thereof: She Bluſh'd both for Shame and Spite to have ſo ſevere a Reprimand given her. She kept her Eyes fix'd upon the Ground for ſome time; but at laſt turning them upon the Counteſs, ſhe return'd her an Anſwer, containing an equal mixture of Modeſty and of a noble Haughtineſs: I dare aſſure you Madam, *ſaid ſhe*, I am not Ungrateful, and the Obligations I owe you, ſhall never be razed either out of any Remembrance or my Heart; I am willing to own to you at the ſame time, that I betray'd my ſelf by my tender Sentiments for *Hypolitus*; I thought I loved him no otherwiſe than a Brother,

and

and 'tis in vain to deny it, ſince you know it already: This Friendſhip ſhould never have made any further progreſs in my Heart than I would have wiſh'd it ſhould, had I bin Miſtreſs of it; but I was not ſenſible of my Misfortune till it was too late, and paſt cure. *Hypolitus* his caſe was as deſperate as mine; he proteſted to me in terms ſo violent and ſo convincing, that his Life depended on me; that my frailty ſeconded by certain particular motives that engag'd me in his behalf, I had not power to deny him ſome acknowledgments; and what encourag'd me in ſhewing this Indulgence both to him and to my ſelf, was, that I thought my ſelf not altogether unworthy of the Honour of being your Relation. 'Tis true Madam, my Fortune is but moderate, but that don't always make the repoſe and happineſs of our Life; I have heard ſay, That the Union of Hearts is a moſt neceſſary ingredient in Marriage, which is not to ceaſe till Death; I have the Honour to be related to you, as well as my Lady *Argyle* whom you deſign for *Hypolitus*, and——— ſo that Madam, *ſaid the Earl of* Douglas *interrupting her*, you thought it enough for my Son to love you, and you to love him, you thought that your ſatisfaction and ours muſt be the ſame; but you have flatter'd your ſelf too far, and that for the future you may take ſuch meaſures as will be neceſſary for your Repoſe; I now declare to you, that you muſt either chuſe to go into *France* in a Nunnery, or Marry the Earl of *Bedford*, there is no *Medium* to be choſen betwixt theſe two; conſider what you think moſt convenient for your ſelf, and let us know your Reſolution to Morrow.

Julia quite diſtracted at ſo rough a treatment, went out of the Room ſtrait to *Hypolitus*'s Chamber, where ſhe fell in to a Swoon like one half Dead. *Lucilia* came to give her all the neceſſary aſſiſtance, but

but as for poor *Hypolitus*, he was ſo full of Affliction, that he ſtood no leſs in need of aid than his dear Miſtreſs: But after ſome time, being recover'd out of her Swoon, ſhe told them every thing that paſs'd in her Converſation with my Lord and my Lady.

'Twas at this time they began to ſet before their Eyes all the Misfortunes they foreſaw were intended for them: Was I too happy, juſt *Heaven*, *cry'd Hypolitus*? Was I too happy, to ſee all my hopes thus overturn'd at once? But *continu'd he*, What is it I ſay my dear Lady? If you are not againſt me, who is able to ſeperate our Hearts? Believe me *Hypolitus*, *ſaid ſhe with a tender look*, 'tis Death alone can part us; I am reſolv'd to venture at All, and I promiſe you I will never alter my Sentiments; not that I am inſenſible of what I am likely to ſuffer; but all my pains will be welcome to me, ſo long as they can contribute any thing towards preſerving for you your *Julia*. This faithful Lover touch'd to the Heart with Love and Acknowledgment, told her every thing that may be call'd tender and engaging upon ſuch an occaſion as this; But they were both of them put to the greateſt Nonplus that could be, what anſwer *Julia* was to give to Morrow to my Lord and my Lady *Douglas*; at laſt they reſolved, ſhe was to deſire a longer time to conſider of the matter, or elſe to be carry'd into *France*; and if they did conſent to the laſt, then *Hypolitus* was to go thither alſo to ſee *Julia*, but that ſhe ſhould flatly reject the propoſed match with the Earl of *Bedford* in ſuch Terms, as might for ever after free her from any importunities upon that ſcore.

Whilſt they were thus framing their Projects, my Lord and my Lady *Douglas* were conſulting with themſelves what courſe they had beſt to take to be diliver'd of the fear they lay under of ſeeing their

their Son involv'd in too deep a Paſſion for *Julia*. If we carry her into *France*, ſaid they, he will doubtleſs go and find her out there, Love never wants ingenuity, and *Hypolitus* has Wit enough to find out a way to meet with her; we can't make her a Nun againſt her will, ſo that the beſt expedient will be to ſend *Hypolitus* out of the way into forreign Cauntries; perhaps he will forget *Julia* when he ſees her no more, and perhaps ſhe may alſo change her mind, and the Earl of *Bedford*'s Conſtancy may at laſt prevail with her to marry him.

Having taken this Reſolution which they thought moſt ſuitable to their preſent Intentions, they ſent word to *Julia* by her dear *Lucilia*, that they gave her ſome longer time to think of the matter. This News reviv'd in her ſome ſmall glimpſe of hopes, that my Lord *Douglas* intended to make them both happy; ſhe communicated her thoughts to her Lover, but he was not ſo eaſie to flatter himſelf as ſhe. Oh! dear Lady, *ſaid he to her*, I only am too well acquainted with the Character of thoſe that oppoſe our ſatisfaction, they will not ſuffer us to live long at eaſe; my Soul is diſturb'd, and I know not what it is that foretells me our Tranquility will be of no long Continuance. At theſe words *Julia* burſt out into Tears, and *Hypolitus* did the like; It was not long before theſe Troubles they labour'd in, produc'd ſuch a change in their Countenance, that my Lord and my Lady *Douglas* fearing they wou'd both fall into ſome dangerous Diſtemper, thought fit to haſten *Hypolitus*'s departure; for this purpoſe they got ſecretly an Equipage in readineſs, which being very ſplended, they hoped he would be well pleaſed to ſee himſelf thus ſumptuouſly equipp'd, that he might appear with the more Luſtre in forreign Courts. Things being in this forwardneſs, my Lord and

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my Lady ſent one day to ſpeak with him: My Son, *ſaid my Lord*, had we no other regard but to our one ſatisfaction, 'tis certain it wou'd be much more pleaſing to us to keep you near us than at a Conſiderable diſtance; but you are now of an Age, when it will ſeem undecent for you to ſtay at home; and therefore it will be requiſite for you to go and ſee other Countries, to Faſhion your ſelf, to Accompliſh your Deportment, and render your Converſation more Polite. We don't queſtion but that you are overjoy'd to find us inclin'd to ſecond your laudable Intentions of ſeeing the World; you ſhall firſt of all go into *France*, from thence to *Italy*, afterward into *Germany*, and ſo return home by the way of the *Netherlands*, and within Three years time we hope to ſee you again with much joy and ſatisfaction. *Hypolitus* was full of diſtraction at this propoſal, every word was like a Dagger to him that was ſtruck at his Heart, he was under the greateſt perplexity what to do; ſometimes he was for ſpeaking out boldly, and telling them of his Paſſion for *Julia*, tho' they were acquainted with it already, and that nothing on Earth ſhould part them and that; if they wou'd ſend him abroad, they muſt firſt ſecure him in the poſſeſſion of his Miſtreſs; but ſoon changing his mind, he began to conſider that this would ſerve only to bring freſh Perſecutions upon this fair Lady, and that perhaps they would carry her where he ſhould never hear any Tidings of her: To be ſhort, 'tis impoſſible to expreſs the oppoſite and various Agitations of his Soul. My Lord and my Lady were not altogether inſenſible of it, by the uneaſineſs and irreſolution they obſerv'd in him; but they thought it beſt to diſſemble, and to take no notice of what they knew caus'd his inquietude; ſo they told him they would have him go along with Monſieur *de Bois Dauphin* (the then *French* Abaſſador

Ambaſſador in *England*) into *France*, who being his intimate Friend, he could not meet with a better conveniency than this; but that he being ready to leave *England* in two days time, he had nothing elſe to do but to beſtow it in taking his leave of his Friends. *Hypolitus* concealing his Trouble as much as poſſible he could, told them coldly, he would obey; but that ſo ſodain a Departure was more like an Exilement than a voluntary Travelling; and ſo he withdrew.

He intended to have gone ſtraitways to *Julia*'s Apartment, to give her an account of what had paſs'd; but he conſidered, it would be requiſite above all other things, to ſpeak with the deareſt of all his Friends, in order to take his Meaſures with him: So on Horſeback he Mounted to the Earl of *Suſſex* Houſe in *London*, not queſtioning but that upon this occaſion he would prove as generous a Friend to him, as he had done ſeveral other times. Underſtanding he was in the Park, he went thither, and met him in Company of the Earl of *Northumberland*, and of the Son of the Earl of *Northumberland*; after the firſt Civilities, he took two or three turns with them, and took the firſt opportunity to tell the Earl with a low voice, he had ſomething of Conſequence to import to him.

The Earl of *Suffolk* ſoon parted from his Friends, telling them he would ſoon come to them again; but turning towards *Hypolitus*, you have oblig'd me very much, *ſaid he*, in giving me an opportunity of leaving their Converſation, which was not very pleaſing to me ſince it was upon State Affairs, they intending to engage me in the intereſt of the Princeſs *Jane*, who tho' ſhe be very Young and Handſome, and Niece to our King *Henry* VIII. yet I can't but think the Princeſs *Mary*, (wherein the Crown is to deſcend into the Female Line) the lawful

lawful Heireſs of this Kingdom. He was going on in the ſame diſcourſe without obſerving that his Friends hearkned to it not without much diſturbance and inquietude, till coming into a ſolitary Walk, We are now at full liberty ſaid the Earl to *Hypolitus*, *embracing him*, ſpeak my dear Friend, and don't delay to tell me wherein it is I can ſerve you. You may do me a great deal of Service, *ſaid he*, in the Condition I am reduc'd to thro' the harſh Treatment of my Father; I know not where to look for aid but from ſo true a Friend as you are: My dear Earl, *continu'd he*, I am almoſt deſperate; I am to go into *France* with *Bois Dauphin*, the *French* Miniſter, who is recall'd by his Maſter; I am to leave *Julia*, the ſame *Julia* whom I adore, and who is the only Enjoyment of my Life; you are ſo well acquainted with my Sentiments, that I need not inſiſt upon that point any further at preſent; but let come of it what will, I am reſolved to pretend only that I am a going, but will ſend my Servant to your Country Seat (if you approve of it) and will my ſelf lie conceal'd there, to take all opportunities as poſſible I can of ſeeing my Miſtreſs.

All that is in my Power, *ſaid the Earl*, is at your diſpoſal, as much as if it were your own; but give me leave to tell you, 'twill be a hard task to deceive the Earl of *Douglas* for any conſiderable time. Were it but for one Day reply'd the Amorous *Hypolitus*, it will be very delightful to me, ſince it ſhall be ſpent in ſeeing of *Julia*. But tell me whether you will oblige me in it? Whether I will oblige you, *cry'd the Earl*, truly this is a diſobliging queſtion, and I hoped you knew me much better than I find you do. *Hypolitus* embracing him, ask'd his Pardon, and having return'd him thanks for his kindneſs, he was for going away as faſt as he could, being very impatient to return to

his

his dear Miſtreſs; but the Earl wou'd needs go along with him part of the way. Whilſt they were upon the Road, alas! *ſaid he*, If an abſence of ſome hours is ſo troubleſome to me, what would become of me if it were for Years? 'Twould be impoſſible for me to live long without her, I ſhould dye infallibly for Grief. So ſoon as they came in ſight of my Lord *Douglas*'s Seat they parted, and *Hypolitus* ſoon after ſaw *Julia* looking out of a Window, and making a ſign to come to her; he made all the haſte he could, And from whence come you Brother, *ſaid ſhe to him*? What! after ſo long Conference with my Lord and my Lady, you Mount an Horſe back without giving me an account of what diſcourſe paſs'd betwixt you? Oh! Brother, is it thus you Love me! Methinks had I bin in your place, I ſhould not have done ſo.

Tho' *Hypolitus* knew himſelf not in the wrong, and that he might eaſily juſtify his Conduct, nevertheleſs *Julia*'s Anger had ſuch an influence upon him, that her Reproaches rendred him quite Speechleſs; but after having recover'd his Senſes, he told her, with an Air full of Reſpect, My Lovely *Julia*, ought not I to complain of your ſurmizes? How is it poſſible you ſhould thus ſuſpect my Heart, and that upon ſo ſlight an occaſion? Certainly you are not ſufficiently ſenſible of my Paſſion, thus to accuſe me. *Julia* had too much Tenderneſs for him, to ſuffer him to continue long under that inquietude, whereof ſhe was the cauſe; I muſt confeſs, *ſaid ſhe*, I am in the wrong to give you this trouble; we are Unfortunate enough already without my being injurious to create us new Pains. Come let us make Peace my dear Lady, *reply'd* Hypolitus, *kiſſing her Hand*, I agree with you, that our Misfortunes are ſufficiently great without any addition of our own; my Father

ther will have me leave you, he intends to ſend me into *France*, but I have taken ſuch meaſures as not to go out of *England*; the only thing we have to do now, is to conſert meaſures how we may ſee one another.

He then gave her an account of what Reſolution he had taken with the Earl of *Suſſex*, and after ſeveral deliberations, how they might now and then ſpeak to one another in Private, they deſired *Lucilia* to come becauſe they conceal'd nothing from her; Come dear Siſter, *ſaid* Julia *to her*, come to our aid, your mind is much more free from Troubles than ours, and you will therefore ſooner think of a good expedient than we, and they told her what they were conſulting about; *Lucilia* was ſilent for ſome time, but ſoon after told them, ſhe knew a pair of back-ſtairs leading out of their Apartment into one of the darkeſt Walks of the Garden, at the end whereof, juſt at the extreamity of the Wilderneſs there was a little Door looking into the Field; that they muſt get a Key to it, and that ſhe would go down theſe private ſtairs in the Evening unperceived by any body to open it and let *Hypolitus* in. Nothing could be better contriv'd, *cry'd he*; 'Tis true *ſaid* Julia, but what name will you give to this Contrivance? I am not your Siſter, and if you let him in at Night, this will be like an Aſſignation, and I think there ought a better Decorum to be obſerv'd in our Interview. Are your Circumſtances ſuch, *reply'd* Lucilia, as to inſiſt with the utmoſt nicety upon ſuch matters? Tho' my Brother is not your Brother, yet is he to be your Spouſe; I engage I will never leave you alone whilſt your Interview laſts, tho' in ſo doing, I run the riſque of expoſing my ſelf to my Father and my Mothers Anger: I will willingly do it, to give you the utmoſt Demonſtrations of my Friend-

ſhip. And as for me, my Charming Lady, *ſaid* Hypolitus, me, ſays I, who ſtay in *England* for no other reaſon than to have the opportunity of ſeeing you now and then in this place, What muſt become of me, if you will not conſent to it? I had as good go into *France*, Is that your meaning *Julia?* You have a mind to Baniſh me? You are too well acquainted with what Power you have over me to engage me; however conſider unto what danger we are going to expoſe our ſelves to, the very thought of it makes me dread it moſt cruelly. They did all they could to remove her fear, and the ſame Evening *Hypolitus* took a pattern of the Key in Wax, which he ſent immediately to the Earl of *Suſſex* by his *Valet du Chambre*, in order to have another made after it, which he intended to deliver to *Julia* before his pretended departure.

This being done accordingly, and the Day appointed for *Hypolitus*'s departure come, my Lord would needs Conduct him to *London*, intending to ſee him Aboard the Yatch; but contented himſelf to ſee him in his Barge with his Attendants and Embraſing him with all the marks of Tenderneſs at parting, he return'd well ſatisfy'd to ſee his Son take his leave of him, without the leaſt Reluctancy.

Hypolitus coming Aboard the Yatch, found Monſieur *de Bois Dauphin* to be there before him, and knowing him to be his Truſty Friend, he took him aſide, and told him, That ſince ſome irreſiſtible reaſons oblig'd him to ſtay in *England*, he would open his whole heart to him, that he conjur'd him to take Compaſſion of his preſent Condition, and that he hoped the Confidence he put in him, would produce an effect ſuitable to what he expected from his goodneſs, and diſcerning by his Countenance and Actions a favourable diſ-

poſition

poſition in him to ſerve him, he told him his intention was to engage my Lord and my Lady *Douglas* into a belief of his being ſick at *Diep*, becauſe if they ſhould pretend he lay ill at *Paris*, his Father wou'd wonder he ſhould hear no Tydings of him by the *Engliſh* Miniſter, and ſome other Gentlemen of that Nation, reſiding at the *French* Court: But that if he would write to my Lord *Douglas* to that purpoſe, and deliver it to him, he wou'd make uſe of it in due time; that laſt of all he was oblig'd to confeſs to him, That the preſervation of his Life depended upon his goodneſs in granting his requeſt. I underſtand you, *ſaid Monſieur* de Bois Dauphin *ſmiling*, you are in Love my Lord, and you would have me in order to favour your Paſſion, expoſe my ſelf to my Lord your Father's Indignation; But be that as it will, I have been Young as you are now, and I find a certain Inclination within me, rather to eſpouſe yours, than your Father's Cauſe: Come, I will write immediately juſt as you will have me. *Hypolitus* overjoy'd at his Courteſy, return'd him all imaginable thanks for ſo ſignal a piece of Service, and having received his Letter from his hands, wherein he told his Father, That his Son was forc'd to ſtay behind at *Diep* by reaſon of his Illneſs; He took leave of him, and got into one of the Ships Boats (becauſe he had ſent back his Father's Barge immediately) and ſo was carry'd to *London* where he Landed at the *Tower* Wharf, the Earl of *Suſſex* expecting his return there in his Coach; and had brought along with him a Gentleman in whom he could confide, with ſome Horſes who was to conduct his Friend and his Servants to his Country Seat, where they did not Arrive till pretty late, it being requiſite they ſhou'd come at ſuch a time, when no body might ſee and take notice of *Hypolitus*, who's thoughts

being altogether with *Julia*, began to bemoan his Fate, becauſe he could not be in the ſame Houſe with her.

I uſed to talk to her every moment, *ſaid he to the Earl of* Suſſex, *who ſtaid that Night with him in the Country*, I had the freedom to come into her Chamber Forty times a Day, and in ſpite of all my Lady's Cautions, we found out ways and means to ſee one another almoſt every hour in the Day; but at preſent we are a great many Miles diſtance, which tho' it may ſeem no great matter to indifferent Perſons, I find it too much for one that Loves: Add to this, what continual precautions I ſhall be oblig'd to take at our meetings, what fears of being diſcover'd I ſhall be expoſed to, and of a Thouſand unlucky Accidents a Man can neither avoid nor foreſee, and which too often will break all our meaſures at one ſtroak. You are very Amorous, *ſaid the Earl, interrupting him with a ſmile*, theſe falſe Alarms which thus diſcompoſe you without any real occaſion, being the effects of a moſt violent Paſſion: Pray do but conſider, *continu'd he*, Is it not much better to be here than to be at Sea in a Yatch, which perhaps at this very hour being under full Sail with a fair Gail towards the Coaſt of *France*, would ſoon carry you at a greater diſtance from your belov'd Miſtreſs? Don't you think it a happineſs to find your Attendants ſo pliable in obeying your orders, and even that ſame Gentleman, who, by reaſon of his Age, and his ſtation of being appointed by the Earl of *Douglas* for your Governor, had the moſt occaſion to be ſurpriz'd at your return, and to ask you the reaſon of it, was the firſt who gave a good example to the reſt; I proteſt to you, I wonder at your good Fortune, and find no reaſon to pity you, ſince *Julia* is contented you ſhould come and ſee her, this being in my Opinion a moſt eſſential Demonſtration of her Friendſhip. Perhaps,

Perhaps, *reply'd* Hypolitus, *with ſome impatience*, I am in the wrong not to be ſatisfy'd with my good Fortune; but Alas! my dear Earl, were you ſenſible what a violent Paſſion is, you would ſoon be of my Opinion; but you act the Coquet with the fair Sex, you tell a Thouſand pretty things to every Lady you meet with, and never Love any of them: I have often wondred, nay, have bin Angry at it. My dear *Hypolitus*, *ſaid the Earl interrupting him*, you fancy the true felicity of Life to conſiſt in Loving beyond all meaſure, but I am of a quite contrary Sentiment: I would have a Man appear Gallant among the Ladies, I would have him alſo make his Addreſſes to them, in order to merit ſome of their favours; but I would not have him engag'd ſo far as to diſturb his own Tranquility, or to make him neglect either his Duty or his Fortune. *Caſar* was Amorous in time of Peace, but indifferent to Ladies in time of War: Every Kingdom or Province he came into afforded him a new Miſtreſs, and thus Love in Great Men ought not to go beyond an Amuſement; but after all I would not have a Man be without it, becauſe we owe moſt of our Politeneſs to the Converſation of Ladies, ſince it by degrees ſmooths our Temper and takes away its roughneſs, for it muſt be confeſs'd that they are moſt refin'd in Converſation; notwithſtanding all this, I ſtill am of Opinion that nothing is more dangerous than thoſe violent frenzical Paſſions, which diſſenable us to think of any thing beſides how to adore our Miſtreſſes A Man under theſe Circumſtances ſoon grows troubleſome to all the World, nay, even to himſelf; he is unfit for Civil Society, he cry's, he ſighs, always diſturb'd, and very often jealous and peeviſh: You pay dearly for a happy Moment, which is preceded and follow'd by a Thouſand others that diſturb your reſt. For

God ſake, *cry'd* Hypolitus, *interrupting him*, your Criticiſm is too ſevere and your Palate out of taſte, two or three ſuch Interlocutions wou'd make me your irreconcilable Enemy, and I am not able to tell you what a Paſſion you have put me into, whilſt you was framing your proceſs againſt the *True Lover*. The Earl of *Suſſex* burſt out a Laughing, and told him, He would vex him no more, provided he would not contradict him in his way of loving after his own fancy.

It being day-break before they finiſh'd their diſcourſe, they did not riſe out of their Bed till it was pretty late; *Hypolitus* deſired the Earl to go to *Buckingham* Houſe, in order to ſettle matters with *Julia* and *Lucilia*, to let him in at the back Gate near the little Wood. He willingly accepted of the Commiſſion, and my Lord and my Lady *Douglas* having a great eſteem for him, they were both overjoy'd to ſee him: You come in a lucky time, *ſaid my Lady* Douglas *to the Earl*, to give me ſome Conſolation on account of the departure of my Son, which much afflicts me. You are the occaſion of it your ſelf Madam, *ſaid he to her*, ſince it was your will it ſhould be ſo, and in your power to have kept him near you, if you had thought it convenient. I take you Sir, *ſaid ſhe*, to reproach me with ſuffering him to leave us; but in truth, tho' his abſence cauſes me abundance of pain, I ſee not how we could do otherwiſe than let him go Abroad; Tenderneſs muſt give way ſometimes to Intereſt, I hope we may ſee him again with ſatisfaction within theſe Three Years. *Lucilia* and *Julia* were in the Room whilſt they talk'd thus, and the Earl of *Bedford* coming in ſoon after, the Earl of *Suſſex* entertain'd *Lucilia*, becauſe the Earl of *Bedford* had ſeated himſelf next *Julia*. Every thing being regulated betwixt *Lucilia* and him, concerning the Nocturnal Interview, he took his leave and return'd to *Hypolitus*. It

It was judged moſt expedient they ſhould go thither in a Diſguiſe, for fear of being known and diſcover'd upon the Road, which they did accordingly, hiding their Hairs under their Bonnets, and ſo they ſet out on their Journey about Ten a Clock: It happen'd to be a very fine Night, and very ſtill and quiet, they took no more than a *Valet du Chambre* along with them, who was to take care of their Horſes: They came to the little back Gate, which being open, they entred into the Garden, and the two Siſters, who were not far off, hearing the noiſe, immediately came to meet them.

Hypolitus and *Julia* felt at this meeting all that can be ſuppoſed to proceed from a violent Paſſion, their Converſation run for ſome time upon General matters, but ſoon after they parted Companies, tho' neither of them went out of the ſame Walk: *Hypolitus* leading his Miſtreſs by the Hand, as the Earl of *Suſſex* did *Lucilia*. Thanks to Heaven, dear *Hypolitus*, *ſaid ſhe to him*, our abſence has not bin very long, and you are come back in ſpite of all the precautions they have taken to ſeperate us. Were my Paſſion for you, my dear *Julia*, *ſaid he*, leſs violent than it is, perhaps I might have found it difficult to ſurmount ſo many Obſtacles; but my Love is too ſtrong, and too ingenuous to be check'd by all the Obſticles they can put in my way. You were ſcarce gone, *continued ſhe*, but your Mother talk'd to me in private, and with ſuch demonſtrations of Friendſhip as almoſt ſurprized me, conſidering how matters ſtood betwixt us; told me, She had reaſon to believe I intended not to embrace a Religious Life, and that therefore ſhe was oblig'd to adviſe me, as the beſt Friend and Relation I had in the World, to give a favourable Ear to the Earl of *Bedford*'s Addreſſes; who was a Man of Honour, of Quality, and of a

Great Eſtate; and that once for all, I muſt bid farewell to all thoughts of a Maraiage betwixt you and I; that ſhe could not but frankly tell me, That it was I that was the only cauſe of your abſence, and that neither my Lord nor ſhe would ever conſent to your return till I was Marry'd. And what anſwer pray did you give them, my dear Lady, *ſaid* Hypolitus, *with ſome impatience?* I told her, *continued ſhe*, That as for the Earl of *Bedford*, I begg'd of her never to mention any more to me, ſince nothing in the World could have a greater Averſion againſt him than I had; and, that ſince ſhe had fix'd your abſence for three Years, I might, not without reaſon, promiſe my ſelf ſhe would allow me ſome more time to conſider of the matter, ſince all the Repoſe of my Life depended on it.

She could not refuſe me ſo reaſonable a requeſt, and the Earl of *Bedford* coming at the ſame time when the Earl of *Suſſex* was here, he began to renew his Addreſſes, till at laſt I told him, That his perſeverance had quite tired my Patience; that hitherto I had conſidered him as one that was indifferent to me; but that the caſe was alter'd now, and that I could not look upon him now, but with an invincible Averſion; and that, if he had a mind to make me Unfortunate, he might continue to make his Addreſſes to me. How Madam, *cry'd he*, And will you enjoyn me not to ſee you? Yes, reply'd I, I moſt earneſtly require you would let me be at reſt. Oh! Madam, *continu'd he*, you reduce me to deſpair, Will you envy me the only Felicity I have left in the World? I Love, nay, I Adore you, and what will become of me if I ſhould not ſee you? You muſt endeavour to cure your ſelf, ſaid I, of a Paſſion which is only troubleſome to me, and which makes you ſuffer in vain: Having ſpoken theſe words I left him; but could at the ſame time

time ſee all the marks of deſpair in his Eyes. Ah! My dear Lady, how happy am I, and how much am I indebted to you for this Sacrifice, *ſaid* Hypolitus *to her?* It does not deſerve the name of a Sacrifice, *reply'd* Julia, I am very well pleas'd when I have an opportunity of treating him at that ſcurvy rate; ſo that you are not oblig'd to me upon that ſcore.

Thus having entertain'd one another for a conſiderable time, and given one another a Thouſand reciprocal Aſſurances and Oaths of an everlaſting Fidelity, they agreed to ſee one another as often as poſſibly they could, for which purpoſe a *Valet de Chambre* of the Earl of *Suſſex* was to walk every Day, once, at leaſt, through the Garden (for fear of being taken notice off if he ſhou'd come ſo often into the Houſe) and whenever he found a Flower pot with Flowers ſtanding in a certain Window of *Julia's* Apartment, this was to ſerve as a Signal for *Hypolitus* to come the next following Night to the back Gate near the Wood. Every thing being thus concerted they parted, but with ſo much regret, that had it not bin for the Earl of *Suſſex* and *Lucilia* who urged them ſo to do, they had ſtaid together till day light.

In the mean time *Hypolitus* had taken care to have Monſieur *de Bois Dauphin's* Letter delivered to the Earl of *Douglas* by an unknown hand; The news of the Illneſs of his beloved Son cauſed no ſmall trouble and vexation in the whole Family, but eſpecially to the Earl; and the Son writ from time to time Letters to the Father, as if they had bin dated at *Diep:* Sometimes he would tell him he was on the mending hand, and at another time, that he was worſe again, according as he judg'd it beſt for his purpoſe, whilſt he enjoy'd the ſatisfaction unknown to every body, of frequently ſeeing his Miſtreſs. They continu'd in this happy

State

State for above two Months, without the leaſt ſiniſter Accident or Obſtacle; but their ſatisfaction was too great to laſt much longer, Fortune envious of the ſweet enjoyments of Love, would needs diſturb their Felicity.

The Earl of *Bedford* touch'd to the very Heart with Grief at what *Julia* had told him when he made her the laſt Viſit, had taken a Reſolution never to ſee her again, and if poſſible not ſo much as to think of her any more; He upbraided himſelf, he kept more Company than he us'd to do, nay, he wiſh'd he might meet with ſome Lady or other, whoſe Perfections might efface out of his Heart *Julia's* Charms; but theſe were ſo far beyond all thoſe he ſaw or knew, that when he began to compare them to *Julia*, they appear'd diſpiſeable in his Eyes, and ſerv'd only to encreaſe his Love for her; at laſt his Paſſion Augmented to ſuch a degree, that he began to have recourſe to violent Remedies, and reſolved to carry off *Julia* by force. I am ſure, *ſaid he to one of his Friends*, my Lord *Douglas* will be very glad of the match, becauſe his Lady is deſcended of my Family, and he himſelf has offer'd me his Eldeſt Daughter in Marriage; perhaps he is unwilling to conſtrain *Julia* to Marry me, but when I once have got her in my Power, I am apt to believe he will be ſo far from being my Enemy, that he will contribute as much as in him lies to make me happy.

To put his Deſign in execution with all poſſible expedition, he pitch'd upon my Lord *Douglas's* Gardiner, who had formerly lived with him, and knowing him to be a Covetous and Daring Fellow, he look'd upon him as a fit Inſtrument to aſſiſt him in the carrying off of this young Lady: He ſent for him, gave him a good Summ of Money, and promiſed him more, if he would be aiding in bringing his deſign about. 'Twill be an eaſie matter

ter for you to compaſs it, ſaid this Fellow to him, I have the Key of the little back Gate at the farther end of the Garden, and I can conduct you through a dark Walk to a little pair of back Stairs, leading up directly into *Julia*'s Apartment; I am ſure that Door is very ſeldom lock'd, becauſe I us'd to go up in the Evening to carry her ſome Flowers and Fruits; ſo you may eaſily carry her off, without making the leaſt noiſe in the Family.

The Earl ſeeing every thing ready to favour his Deſign, appointed a certain Day for its Execution, he went accordingly, attended only by two Gentlemen, his faithful Friends, about Eleven a Clock at Night, and finding the back Door open, left one of the Gentlemen at a ſmall diſtance thence with the Horſes, whilſt he and the other entred the Garden without making the leaſt noiſe. As ill fortune would have it, this hapned juſt upon one of theſe Evenings when a Meeting had been appointed betwixt *Lucilia*, *Julia*, *Hypolitus* and the Earl of *Suſſex*; and the two firſt, as they were going to let them in, eſpied two Men by the light of the Moon, but the Walk leading thither being pretty Dark and thick of Trees, they could not diſcern whether they were the ſame Perſons they look'd for; as theſe on the other hand ſeeing two Women coming that way were for ſhunning them and concealing themſelves: What makes you ſhew ſo little concern for young *Julia*, my dear *Hypolitus*, ſaid ſhe, to the Earl of *Bedford*? You don't make haſt to meet me! nay, it ſeems as if you were inclined to ſhun me, what means this coolneſs? Theſe obliging Reproaches were ſufficient to make the Earl know his Miſtreſſes Voice, who was almoſt diſtracted that theſe tender expreſſions were not intended for him; however overjoy'd to meet with her in the Garden, he anſwered her not one

word

word for fear of diſcovering himſelf; but making a ſign to the Gentleman that was along with him, to take aſide *Lucilia*, and keep her from making a noiſe, he himſelf at once laid hold on *Julia*, and being a luſty ſtrong Perſon, he carry'd her, in ſpite of all the reſiſtance ſhe could make, to the foremention'd back Gate, juſt when *Hypolitus* and the Earl of *Suſſex* came into the Garden; and it being a very clear Moonlight-Night, and the Earl of *Bedford* not far from thence, they perceived at firſt ſight every thing that paſs'd. Who is able to expreſs the fury of *Hypolitus!* Love and Anger ſoon made him draw his Sword, and the Earl of *Bedford* letting go his hold did the ſame, and the Gentleman that came along with him was glad to quit *Lucilia:* They were all four brave, and animated by a juſt reſentment againſt one another. Poor *Julia* and *Lucilia* were put to the greateſt nonplus that could be, what reſolution to take; for if they call'd for help, *Hypolitus* muſt of neceſſity be diſcover'd; if they did not, they feared his deſtruction.

In the mean while the Gardiner fearing, not without reaſon, that the claſhing of the Swords might be heard in the Family, he went thither himſelf, and having told the Earl of *Douglas* of it, he haſtned into the Garden in Perſon, juſt as his Son was running the Earl of *Bedford* through the Body, which made him drop in an inſtant. *Hypolitus* hearing a noiſe of ſeveral more Perſons coming that way, told the Earl it was time to ſecure their Retreat; but they found the little Gate lock'd up, and all the Earls Family running that way; ſo into the Gardners Lodge they got, were they baricado'd up the Door, whilſt my Lord *Douglas* poſted his Servants round about it to prevent their making their eſcape, little thinking it had bin his Son and the Earl of *Suſſex* that were come thither in

Diſguiſe.

Diſguiſe. He order'd the Earl of *Bedford* to be carry'd into the Houſe, and for fear, in caſe he ſhould happen to dye, his Death might be laid at his door, he ſent for a Conſtable; This Night Magiſtrate with his Attendants came well arm'd after their manner at Day break, juſt when *Hypolitus* and the Earl of *Suſſex* had bin opening their way with their Swords thro' thoſe that guarded the Lodge, and had infallibly made their eſcape, becauſe they drove my Lord's Servants before them, like as two Young Lions would have done a parcel of Curs, had they not been Surrounded by the Conſtable and his Aſſiſtance, who crying out they ſhould Knock them down, and rather Kill them than ſuffer them to get off, they thought it better to Surrender themſelves, than to expoſe their Lives at ſuch vaſt odds.

Julia and *Lucilia* were ſitting all this while under a Tree, almoſt half dead with fear and vexation, which was ſuch as is paſt expreſſing it; but when they ſaw them carry'd Priſoners to the Houſe, they follow'd them at ſome ſmall diſtance, ſo as not to loſe ſight of them. The Counteſs of *Douglas*, big with expectation to ſee them, as they were brought into the Dining-room ordred their Bonnets to be taken of (which conceal'd their Hair, and in ſome meaſure hid their Faces;) but ſhe no ſooner diſcover'd *Hypolitus*, but fetching a great cry, juſt Heaven, *ſaid ſhe*, 'tis my Son, and ſo fell into a deep Swoon. My Lord *Douglas*, who had not taken notice hitherto of what had hapned, turning that way, was not a little ſurpriz'd to find his Son Priſoner in his own Houſe, when he thought him to be Sick at *Diep*: He was not able to ſpeak for ſome time, but at laſt recollecting himſelf, and looking upon him with Eyes ſparkling with Anger, Is it poſſible that what I ſay be true, Is it you *Hypolitus*? What is

your

your meaning by all this? At a time when I ſuppoſed you to be in *France*, I find you Diſguis'd in my own Houſe with Sword in Hand, and under the misfortune of having Wounded a Gentleman who was our real Friend, one who bares the ſame name as your Mother does, and who is a Perſon both of a great Eſtate and Intereſt? What do you think will be the end of this? For my Part I think you ſo unworthy of my Protection, that I am fully reſolv'd to leave you abſolutely to the ſeverity of the Law.

Julia, who till now had remain'd in one Corner of the Room, being now no longer Miſtreſs of her pain and fear, Oh! Father, *cry'd ſhe*, throwing her ſelf at his Feet, and crying moſt bitterly, no body deſerves to be puniſh'd but my ſelf, becauſe *Hypolitus* was oblig'd to fight the Earl of *Bedford* in my Defence; and had it not bin for him, he had carry'd me away, he held me in his Arms and was hurrying me away by force, and in a moſt rude and barbarous manner: Diſcharge all your Anger upon me, continued ſhe, ſpare your own Blood, and rather be profuſe of mine. Withdraw *Julia*, ſaid the Earl, endeavouring to hide part of his Reſentment, I find there is more in the bottom of it than I could wiſh for; go along with your Siſter to your Chamber, and don't ſtir thence without my Order.

The unfortunate *Julia*, as ſhe was going to her Confinement, caſt a Melancholly, but very amorous look at her Lover; who, ſoon ſenſible of the effects thereof, ſtop'd her: He, I ſay, who had not as much as ſpoken one Word in his own behalf, would not be wanting in taking his dear Miſtreſſes part: Sir, what has *Julia* done, ſaid he to his Father, you puniſh her for my faults? what is it ſhe has committed to deſerve ſo ill a Treatment at your Hands? Hold your Tongue Young Confi-

dence,

dence, *said my Lord*, don't exasperate me more, and so he parted with them.

The Earl of *Sussex* who was a Spectator of this whole Scene, was ready to run Distracted at this unlucky Accident, and my Lady *Douglas* no sooner was recover'd out of her Swoon, but she address'd her self to him: Sir, *said she*, you are a very dangerous Friend, you have shew'd too much Complaisance for my Sons frailties; you see alas! to what extremities we are reduc'd to; can there be a more deplorable case than ours? I think *Hypolitus*'s case, *reply'd the Earl, with a great deal of Resolution*, is much more worthy of Compassion, you are too rigorous in exacting so strict an Obedience, and to send him away at a time, when you knew he was so violently in Love. 'Twas done said the Countess, *interrupting him*, to cure him of this Passion; we were in hopes that absence would produce the same effect as it does in most Men; and I believe, had my Son not found you so much disposed to serve him, he had gone for *France*, and don't doubt but would have forgot *Julia* by this time.

Whilst they were thus disputing the matter, in comes the Surgeon who had dress'd the Earl of *Bedford*'s Wounds, and told them, he had no less than three; but that one appear'd to them to be mortal. The Constable understanding this, required my Lord *Douglas* to deliver up his Son to him, in order to have him examin'd and committed to *Newgate*; but my Lord found means to engage the next Justice of Peace to take Bail for his Son's Appearance to the Value of 2000 Pounds Sterling: My Lord and my Lady *Douglas*, the Earl of *Sussex* would have withdrawn with the rest, because they had conceived a singular Aversion against him, but this Generous Friend did as if he did not perceive it, and dissembling his Resentment

Reſentment at this time, told them frankly he would run the ſame Fate with *Hypolitus*; that he reſolv'd not to leave him, and that if he were to be ruin'd, he would bare his ſhare in his Deſtruction: So they were lock'd up in one Apartment, and *Julia* and *Lucilia* were as narrowly Confin'd in theirs.

Matters being thus regulated at Home, My Lord and my Lady *Douglas* went ſtraitway to *London*, and immediately waited on the Counteſs *Dowager* of *Bedford*: She was not unacquainted with her Son's Paſſion for *Julia*, and had given her Conſent that he might ſeek her in Marriage, but knew nothing of the laſt Nights Adventure; ſhe was no leſs afflicted at the danger ſhe underſtood he was in, than at the odneſs of the misfortune he had brought upon himſelf. You may perhaps Madam, *ſaid my Lord to her*, create us abundance of Trouble, but in the end it will fall heavieſt upon your ſelf; for when it ſhall be proved at his Tryal, that the Earl was attempting to carry off *Julia* by force, and that her Brother to reſcue her was forc'd to fight him, and gave him his Wound on that account, all the blame will be laid at your Son's Door; therefore I would have you conſider whether you will be ſatisfy'd with the offer I intend to make you, that is, I will condeſcend ſo far as to ſend *Hypolitus* Abroad for Three Years, that he may be no Eye ſore to you; and in caſe the Earl of *Bedford* recovers of his Wounds, and that his Paſſion for *Julia* is ſtill the ſame as 'twas before, I will do all that is in my Power to make her Marry him.

My Lady *Bedford* told them, She would reſolve upon nothing in a caſe of this nature without the advice of her neareſt Friends and Relations, who, upon this diſmal news reparing to her Houſe, and being conſulted withal concerning my Lord *Douglas's*

las's Propoſition, they willingly agreed to it, telling my Lady, ſhe could deſire no more, and that they wondred my Lord would conſent to his Son's departure out of *England*; but they were altogether Strangers to thoſe ſecret motives that induced him to make this Offer. Every thing being ſetled betwixt them, the Earl of *Douglas* went immediately in his Barge to *Graveſend*, (being inform'd that a Veſſel lay there ready to ſail for *Leghorn*) with a reſolution to ſend away *Hypolitus* aboard her, not doubting but that the *Italian* Beauties would ſoon make him forget *England*, and what he had left behind him there; He agreed with the Captain for the Price of his Tranſportation, and being told by him, that he was ready, and ſtaid only for a fair Wind, and therefore much queſtion'd whether he ſhould have time enough to ſend for his Paſſenger out of the Country, My Lord told him, he would bring his Son to *London*, to be ready to embark as ſoon as opportunity ſhould preſent.

'Tis impoſſible to repreſent the deplorable ſtate *Hypolitus* was reduc'd to. he fear'd every thing in behalf of *Julia*, and did not in the leaſt doubt, but that his Father was ſeeking means for their ſeparation; theſe ſad Reflections would certainly have thrown him into Deſpair, had not that Courage which was natural to him, triumph'd over all his Misfortunes; he could not prevail ſo far upon any of thoſe that were ſet to guard him, to connive at his Eſcape, but he found it no great difficulty to learn by them every thing that paſs'd; for looking upon him in ſome meaſure as their Maſter, and having a ſingular kindneſs for him, they told him what his Father had bin doing at *London*; ſo that being fully convinced that this *Graveſend* Voyage would produce but little good for him, he ask'd the *Valet du Chambre*, that conſtantly

ſtantly attended him, Whether he would oblige him ſo far as to deliver a Letter to *Julia*, and bring her Anſwer to him? The young Fellow pauſed a while, but at laſt, thinking there could be no great hurt betwixt a Brother and Siſters Correſpondence, he promiſed to do it; and as for *Hypolitus* he run no hazard in the Caſe, ſince his Parents were not unacquainted with his Paſſion for *Julia*, unto whom he writ theſe following Lines:

IS it poſſible, my Lovely Julia, *that the ſame Houſe where firſt of all I felt the powerful effects of your Eyes, where I ſo often have taſted the pleaſure of entertaining you, we ſhould at preſent be ſo far remote from enjoying that Felicity? I being the only Cauſe of your Sufferings, the Torments I feel had before this put an end to my Life, were it not that Love protects and ſupports me againſt my Deſpair. But, alas! what can I hope for from this Love? I am upon the point of loſing you, in ſpite of all my endeavours againſt it. What Terrors, Good God, don't I feel within me? Alas! they are going to hurry me away from the place you are in? The very Thought of this Separation touches me ſo to the quick, that nothing but your own Heart is capable of judging what a condition I am reduc'd to. If in the very depth of this Abyſs of Miſeries, I have ſome glimpſes of light left me, that may afford me ſome Comfort, 'tis the hopes I have conceived, that you will prove for ever Faithful and Conſtant to me. Is it poſſible,* Julia, *you ſhould prove treacherous to a Man who thinks every thing in the World below you, and who will never believe any thing worthy to be compar'd to you? I am free to tell you, that I think it unneceſſary to Vow you my everlaſting Conſtancy by new Oaths, you being too well aequainted with my Heart, and what power you have over it. No, my* Julia, *no, I ſhall always be the ſame, 'twon't be in my power to ceaſe to adore*

adore you, and in ſpite of all the Rage and Malice our Enemies are able to contrive to cauſe me new Vexations and Torments, my Paſſion ſhall always be as conſtant as ever it was. Write to me, dear Lady, don't leave me in this deplorable State, unto which I am reduced, you being the Soveraign Miſtreſs of my Deſtiny, and the only Object of all my Deſires and Wiſhes.

The Fair *Julia* having received this Letter, was a long time reading of it, becauſe ſhe was ſcarce able to ſee the Characters of her dear *Hypolitus*, by reaſon of the abundance of Tears that covered her fair Eyes and Cheeks; *Lucilia* had much to do to Comfort her a little, tho' ſhe almoſt ſtood as much in need of it as her ſelf, my Lord and my Lady *Douglas* being highly incenſed againſt her, becauſe they believed her to be a Confederate in the Intrigues betwixt *Julia* and *Hypolitus*; She urged her to ſend an Anſwer to her Brother, ſhe did all ſhe could to ſtop the Torrent of her Tears; but tho' ſhe did all ſhe could to refrain her Paſſion, the Letter ſhe writ was quite bathed with her Tears before ſhe could finiſh it, and was as follows:

ALas! are you at the point of being ſeperated from me, my dear Hypolitus? *And muſt I ſee you no more? Who can poſſibly comprehend my Pain, and the miſerable ſtate I am reduc'd to? Alas! Is it poſſible that Innocent Tenderneſs we conceiv'd for one another, even before we were ſenſible of it, or in a condition to reſiſt it, ſhould thus raiſe the Anger of Heaven againſt us? What Torrents of Misfortunes! How is it poſſible for us to ſtop them? I have not only loſt all my Enjoyment and Repoſe, but even Reaſon it ſelf; 'tis not in my Power to reſolve to ſee you leave me, and yet notwithſtanding all the Torments that oppreſs us, I muſt ſee you to depart. Let us then my dear Lover,*

endeavour to Tryumph over our Misfortunes by our Conſtancy; You promiſe to remain always faithful to me, and in whoſe Power is it then to render us unfaithful to one another? Nothing in this World, nay, not Death it ſelf; your Conſtancy ſhall Tryumph over our Misfortunes, we ſhall ſee one another again dear Hypolitus, *and Love will be the reward of our Sufferings.*

Theſe tender and engaging aſſurances given by the fair *Julia* to her *Hypolitus*, could never have come at a more proper time, when he ſtood in need of all his Reſolutions to ſupport his drooping Heart againſt thoſe violences my Lord *Douglas* was at that very time preparing for him; for within a few Hours after, he ſent for him and the Earl of *Suſſex*, and likewiſe for *Julia* and *Lucilia*, and in the preſence of his Lady, after a few moments ſilence, began thus to harangue his Son: I did not, *Hypolitus*, ſend for you now hither, to load you with Reproaches, ſuch as you have too much deſerved; you have withdrawn your ſelf from that ſubmiſſion you owe unto us; you have deceived us by fictitious Letters; you have blindly follow'd the firſt motions of your Heart, and *Julia* bares her ſhare in that Diſobedience you have ſhew'd us: But reſt aſſured, and I call Heavens to witneſs to what I am going to declare to you, That we will never conſent to your Marriage with her. Had your Conduct bin otherwiſe than it has bin, ſomething perhaps might have bin expected from our Complaiſance; but now it is become ſo odious to us, that rather than to give our approbation of ſuch a Match, there is nothing we would not undertake both againſt you and her; for tho' ſhe is not really our Daughter, ſhe has ſo much dependance on us, that it is in our power either to make her whole Life happy or miſerable; therefore be advis'd, and recal your Heart within the bounds of its Duty

Duty, resolve to take a Voyage to *Florence*, where to your good Fortune you will meet with some Friends, who in your Person will give me infallible Demonstrations of their affection; you will be look'd upon with a good Eye by the Illustrious House of the *de Medices*; and to make you acquainted with the true cause thereof, I will tell you, That above Forty Years ago, being a Traveller in *Italy*, just as you are going to be now, Fortune furnish'd me with an opportunity of doing a considerable piece of service to the Cardinal *de Medicis*, who was afterwards made Pope, and known under the Name of *Leo* X.

He being then the Popes Legate in the Army of the League, was taken Prisoner at the Battle of *Ravenna*, and by *Gaston de Frixy*, order'd to be sent into *France*: He was so sensibly afflicted at his Misfortune, that all his Thoughts were employ'd how to make his escape, but met with such Obsticles as rendred all his Efforts impracticable, till at last a Gentleman of his Bed-Chamber, who attended him, found means to engage the brave *Zaeti* into his Interest. I hapned to be with *Zaeti* when this Gentleman proposed the Cardinal's deliverance to him, and *Zaeti* desiring me to go along with him upon a certain secret enterprize, we came to the Banks of the *Po* just as the Cardinal was ready to pass that River in a Ferry-boat; to be short, we beat the Convoy and rescu'd the Cardinal, whom we carry'd in Disguise to the Castle of *Barnaby Melispine*; here I took leave of him with my Friend *Zaeti*, and the Cardinal assured us of his acknowledgment in the most obliging Terms that could be; and I must confess, that since his Elevation to the Papal Chair, which hapned about a Year after, he gave me sufficient reason, (upon divers occasions) to believe that he was not forgetful of what I had done for him.

Thus you ſee Son, you may expect a favourable reception from Duke *Coſmus*, unto whom you ſhall be introduc'd by the Senetor *Alberto*, deſcended from one of the moſt illuſtrious Houſes of *Florence*, my moſt intimate Friend; for tho' I am much older than he, our friendſhip is never a jot the leſs: He has bin twice in *England* and *Scotland*, and I can aſſure you, he is a Perſon of ſuch vaſt merits, that I ſhall not be in the leaſt uneaſie, after I hear you are with him, and I will take care you ſhall want nothing there that may be either neceſſary or pleaſing to you; not that we are willing to part with you, but that according to a late Agreement made with my Lady *Bedford*, I am under a neceſſity to ſend you out of *England* on account of the Quarrel betwixt you and her Son, who is not beyond all danger of his Life; if you don't go, or return into *England* before the three years are expired, I will be the firſt that will get you ſeiz'd, and perhaps the mortifications of a nauſeous Priſon will prove more prevailing Arguments with you than all our Remonſtances. Son, your Liberty is in your own hands, but we can't enjoy any till you are gone out of *England*; if my Lord *Suſſex*, who has bin ſo faithful in ſerving you of late, will ſpeak to you as a real Friend, he will certainly adviſe you to obey us, and, that your dear *Julia* may do the ſame with the leſs conſtraint, we will leave you together to bid her farewel.

At theſe words he went out of the Room without ſtaying for an Anſwer, being follow'd by my Lady *Douglas* in an inſtant. Our Lovers then drawing nearer to one another, whilſt the Earl entertain'd *Lucilla*, *Hypolitus* threw himſelf at *Julia*'s Feet, kiſs'd her Hand, not being able to expreſs his Grief but by his Looks and Sighs; a ſort of Language which proving very intelligible and endearing to *Julia*, ſhe broke ſilence firſt;

Don't

Don't be quite diſmaid, *ſaid ſhe*, my dear and too Unfortunate *Hypolitus*, if our Misfortunes are great, our mutual Tenderneſs is ſtill greater; one Moment may cauſe a great alteration in our Deſtiny; You are going at a great diſtance from me, 'tis a neceſſity I don't ſee we are able to avoid, and therefore muſt ſubmit to it with Patience; and 'tis impoſſible for thoſe that ſeperate our Bodies, to ſnatch from our Hearts thoſe Engagements that have united them; our abſence is to laſt Three Years, perhaps before they are at and End, Heaven will take pity of us. Oh! *Julia*, *Julia*, *cry'd he*, You put no ſmall conſtraint upon your ſelf, in hopes to ſupport my drooping Spirits; you would comfort me with hopes full of Uncertainty, at a time when I am going to loſe, without Reprieve, the only thing that is dear to me in this World: I uſed to ſee you, dear Lady, and now I muſt ſee you no more, what a Fatality is this? Can you reſolve to ſtay behind in this deteſted place, were you meet with ſo much ill Treatment? Is not that alone ſufficient to cauſe in me a Mortal inquietude where-ever I go? You are too Ingenuous in Tormenting your ſelf, *Hypolitus*, *ſaid* Julia, I ſhall be the ſame here I ſhould be in any other place; for my whole mind being taken up with you, I ſhall look upon all other objects with ſo much indifferency, as to make me inſenſible both of the good and ill Treatment I am likely to meet with. And will you not let me hear of you, my *Julia*, *ſaid he?* I could wiſh, *reply'd ſhe*, you could hear as often as I could wiſh; you might be ſure you would never want that ſatisfaction. But how ſhall we do to write to one another? *Lucilia* and the Earl of *Suſſex* were not ſo deeply engag'd in diſcourſe, but that they took notice ſometimes of our two Lovers; over-hearing theſe laſt words, drew nearer, and told them, They ſhould leave

that part to *their* Care, and that they would manage it well enough betwixt them; That they had nothing to do but to direct their Letters to the Earl, who was to deliver them to *Lucilia.* That cruel Moment which was to seperate these two Lovers being now at hand, *Julia* took out of her Bosom a Bracelet set with Diamonds, on which hung a small Picture, representing two Hearts pierced thro' with one Dart, made of her own Hair, with this Motto underneath: *They are joyn'd for ever.*

Keep this Present, *said she*, my dear *Hypolitus*, you are the only Man that knows the value of it. He was Transported with joy at this favour he durst scarce have ask'd; he kiss'd this dear Pledge of his lovely Mistress with all the Transports of Love that can be imagined, and then Embracing, once bid farewel to one another; but with such Agonies and Distraction of mind, that the Earl of *Sussex* and *Lucilia* were not able to forbear to mix their Tears and Sighs with those of the two Lovers. At that very instant the Earl of *Douglas* and his Lady coming into the Room, ordred *Hypolitus* to follow them out, whereat he appear'd so surpriz'd as if he had never expected any such thing; he turn'd his Eyes upon *Julia*, who kept hers fix'd on the Ground to hide her Tears. *Lucilia* and the Earl, observing *Hypolitus* unresolved what to do, took him under the Arms and so led him down stairs; he embrac'd his Sister with all the marks of Tenderness, and told her several times, That the best and the only proof she could give him of her Friendship was, to devote all her cares to be servicable to *Julia*; and to him, in speaking to her at all times in his behalf.

So he departed, and *Julia* was left at full Liberty to give vent to her Moans, Sighs, and Sobs; 'twas in vain for *Lucilia*, to endeavour to afford her

her ſome Conſolation; For, ſo ſoon as *Hypolitus* was got out of ſight, ſhe threw her ſelf upon the Ground, and leaning her Head in *Lucilia*'s Lap, ſhe expreſs'd her ſelf in Terms ſo full of Tenderneſs and Paſſion, as would have allay'd in ſome meaſure *Hypolitus*'s Grief, had he bin near enough to hear it. He on the other hand abandon'd himſelf no leſs to this tormenting Thought than ſhe, keeping a moſt profound ſilence, without ſo much as uttering one word, till coming Aboard the Veſſel, he was to take leave of his belov'd Generous Friend the Earl of *Suſſex*. The Wounds of his Heart beginning to bleed afreſh at this Seperation, I am then Condemn'd to loſe All, my dear Friend, *ſaid he, embracing him*; We muſt part, I thought after what I had left behind in *Buckinghamſhire*, I could not be ſenſible of any other loſs, ſince that firſt ſtroak would make me inſenſible of all the reſt; but conſidering the condition I find my ſelf in at this Moment, I am apt to believe, that Love even in its moſt exalted degree, is not incompatible with Friendſhip; preſerve me yours my Lord, pray do that juſtice to theſe Sentiments I have for you: He was not able to ſay any more, and the Earl was ſo highly afflicted at this diſmal parting, that he could ſay not one word, but Embraced him with ſuch extraordinary marks of affection and with Tears in his Eyes, in my Lord and my Lady's preſence, that, notwithſtanding all their anger on account of having ſupported *Hypolitus* his Cauſe, they could not but be very well pleas'd thereat. As for *Hypolitus*, he was himſelf again expos'd to the trouble of his Father's and Mother's Leſſons and Advice; but being vext to the Heart at their rigorous proceedings, he would not put ſo much of conſtraint upon himſelf as to hide his Sentiments, but broke out into ſuch mournful complaints, as would have touch'd any body's

Heart

Heart but that of his Fathers. They had taken care alſo to provide him new Servants, being not very well ſatisfy'd with thoſe that had remain'd at the Earl of *Suſſex*'s Houſe in the Country. *Hypolitus* rewarded their Fidelity with ſome Mony, deſiring his Father to take care of them, which he promis'd to do, by taking ſome into his own Service, and recommending the reſt to ſome of his Friends.

My Lord and my Lady *Douglas* return'd in their Barge towards *London*, and took the Earl of *Suſſex* along with them, to take away all hopes from *Hypolitus* of returning a ſecond time: Before they were got quite out of ſight, the Wind chopping about, they ſaw the Veſſel hoiſt their Sails, and after a diſcharge of ſome Cannon, to make the beſt of his way to purſue his Voyage for *Italy*. *Hypolitus* remain'd upon Deck as long as he could ſee the *Engliſh* Shoar, ſending forth a Thouſand Sighs towards that part of the Country where about he judg'd his dear *Julia* might be; He wiſh'd a Thouſand times, that by ſome violent Tempeſt they might be forced back into one of the *Engliſh* Harbors: And it was not many Days after they had loſt ſight of the *Engliſh* Coaſt, that they were overtaken by ſo violent a Storm, as put them in the utmoſt danger of being loſt, all the Hands they had a Board being not ſufficient to manage the Ship; for the Maſts came by the Board, the Cables broke, and the Sails were ſhatter'd to pieces, the Veſſel being ſometimes covered with Mountains of Water, which ſoon wou'd raiſe her up to the Clouds, and immediately afterwards ſeem to ſwallow her up in the Depths of the Sea; every one dreading his approaching fate, they ſent forth moſt Lamentable crys to Heaven, looking with doleful Countinances upon thoſe ſhelves on which they fear'd the Veſſel would be ſtav'd to pieces.

Hypolitus

Hypolitus was the only Perſon there, who appear'd more Courageous than all thoſe that had for a long time bin accuſtom'd to the Danger of the Seas; he ſeem'd undiſturb'd, expecting Death with an unſhaken reſolution; nay, he wiſh'd for it ſome times, as the only Remedy that was likely to rid him of his Pain: notwithſtanding which, ſuch was his preſence of Mind, that he gave Orders in every thing that fell within his Knowledge.

At laſt this terrible Tempeſt ceaſed, the Sky began to be Serene, no Thunder or Lightning to be heard or ſeen any longer, the Storm was ſucceeded by a Calm, and the Sea became ſo ſmooth as if the Wind were quite Baniſh'd from the Sea. All Hands were now employ'd in repairing the damage the Veſſel had received during the Tempeſt, and they had much ado to finiſh their Work before they were threatned with another Danger, by the ſo much celebrated and redoubted Pirate, *Dragut Rais*: He no ſooner got ſight of the *Engliſh* Ship, but he prepared for an Engagement, the *Engliſhman* refuſing to Strike at the Sign given him by the Pirate. 'Twas at this time that *Hypolitus* laying aſide all his Troubles, behaved himſelf like a Man of Action, encouraging the Captain and Seamen, not only by his Words, but alſo by his Example. After they had ply'd one another briskly for ſome time with their Great Guns, the *Turk* Boarded the *Engliſhman*, upon which occaſion *Hypolitus* did wonders in his own Perſon, appearing every where where the Danger was greateſt, carrying every thing before him where-ever he came: At laſt he leap'd into the Enemy's Ship, follow'd only by a few of his Men; but the great Actions they perform'd aboard the *Turkiſh* Veſſel, put *Dragut Rais* into ſuch a Fright, that he thought it his ſafeſt way to think of retreating, for fear of falling into his Enemy's Hands,

Hands. Accordingly he gave the neceſſary Orders for getting his Ship off clear from the *Engliſhman*, which he would have found a hard matter to effect, had not *Hypolitus* at the ſame time perceived a *Turk* aboard his own Ship laying about him moſt bravely, killing all that came in his way, and making a Baricado of dead Carcaſſes to defend himſelf alone againſt all the reſt, ſo that ſcarce any one durſt venture to come near him. Seized with a noble Emulation to fight this brave Enemy, *Hypolitus* got back again into the *Engliſh* Veſſel, and whilſt theſe two brave Men were engaged in a moſt furious Combat, the Pirate took the opportunity of getting clear, and ſhearing off: Nothing elſe could have parted theſe two valiant Men, who were both wounded in ſeveral places, and he who belonged to the *Turkiſh* Ship ſeeing himſelf left behind alone, had no other way left him than to ſurrender himſelf to *Hypolitus*, whom he judged to be moſt worthy of that Honour. Uſe me, ſaid he to him in *Engliſh*, as I have always uſed thoſe of your Nation, who hitherto have always had reaſon to be ſatisfied with my Deportment towards them. I hope, ſaid *Hypolitus* to him, you ſhall likewiſe have no other reaſon than to be ſatisfied with me; and ſo he went to the Captain of the Ship, deſiring he might be treated with peculiar reſpect, as a brave and valiant Man. We owe every thing to your Valour ſaid the Captain, and ſince without your aſſiſtance, we ſhould ſcarce have come off with ſo much Honour as we have done, the Perſon you intercede for is at your abſolute diſpoſal; the only thing I have to deſire of you, being to take care of your ſelf, and to have your Wounds look'd after without delay. *Hypolitus* return'd him thanks for his Civilities and Care, and finding himſelf much weakned, becauſe he had loſt abundance of Blood, he

was

was forced to lay himself to rest upon his Bed; but he scarce got thither, when remembring his Prisoner, he ordred a Bed to be got ready for him in his own Cabin, where he desired him to lye down and let his Wounds be search'd. None of them were found to be dangerous, and had *Hypolitus* bin as secure in all other respects, his Cure would have been both easie and short; but so soon as he had no more Enemies to encounter, he relapsed into his former Melancholy, and his Prisoner heard him cry out in his Sleep for several Nights successively, Oh! *Julia*, *Julia*, in losing thee I have lost All; nothing can Comfort me for your Absence.

After this, it was no hard matter for *Muley* (for that was the Valiant Prisoner's Name) to guess that *Hypolitus* was in Love, and overburthen'd with heavy Afflictions. *Muley* was of a middle Age, exactly well shap'd, and had most regular Features, with a certain haughty and noble, but most engaging Air, and Politeness in his Conversation. I cant well conceive, said *Hypolitus* to him one day, how a Person that makes profession of Pirating should appear with so Honourable a Character, so agreeable, and so far different in his whole deportment from what may be supposed to belong to the Life that you lead! *Muley* fetching a deep sigh, told him, that every one was not at all times Master of his own Destiny, to chuse such as he could wish; That he could not but own, that God had not sent him into this World to act the Pirate; but that he was compell'd to embrace this Life by the Barbarous usage of *Dragut Rais*. This Answer raised a more than ordinary Curiosity in *Hypolitus*, I say in the same *Hypolitus*, who ever since he had bin forced to leave his Mistress, had not shewn the least concern for any thing; but now feeling within his Breast

Breaſt a certain Emotion which made him very deſirous of being better acquainted with *Muley*; I know not who you are, ſaid he, but you appear to me to be above what you ſeem to be; if you will diſcover your ſelf upon your Honour and Faith, I ſhall take it as a ſingular Obligation, and you may be fully aſſured both of my Secrecy and of my Friendſhip. Your Duty obliges you to both, ſaid *Muley*, embracing him; for I dare aſſure you, that I am one of your Father, the Earl of *Douglas*'s beſt Friends: The firſt thing I did, was to enquire after your Name, and it ſeems to me next to a Miracle, I ſhould happen to fall into your Hands. Whilſt he was a talking, *Hypolitus* had leaſure to view him much better than he had done before, and diſcovered in him a certain near reſemblance to his dear *Julia*, both in reſpect of his Air and Features. Ah! I pray you don't envy me any longer the ſatisfaction of knowing you, *ſaid he to him*. You can ſcarce remember any thing of me except my Name, *continu'd* Muley, and perhaps you may have heard your Parents talking of my Misfortunes: I am the ſame Earl of *Warwick*, who was ſuppos'd to be Slain in the *Venetian* Service Fourteen Years ago. At theſe words *Hypolitus* fetch'd a ſudden cry, and appear'd ſo far Tranſported with Joy, that my Lord *Warwick* (for it was actually he) could not but be ſurpriz'd at his Deportment, nor gueſs at the reaſon thereof; but their firſt ſurprize being over, *Hypolitus* by thoſe extraordinary marks of Tenderneſs and Reſpect, having ſoon convinc'd him that he had ſuch Sentiments for his Perſon, as could not be the product of a few Minutes Converſation, he conjur'd him to give him a relation of his Adventures, aſſuring him, that no body in the World could take a greater ſhare in them than himſelf.

I may

I may ſoon ſatisfy your Curioſity, *ſaid he to him*, I am a Catholick, you are not unacquainted with my Family, I Married one of the moſt Handſomeſt and moſt Vertuous Women in the World; but Fortune envious of my happineſs, and the ſatisfaction I enjoy'd in her, thought fit to part us; For *Edward Navelle* my near Kinſman being accus'd of, and Condemn'd for High Treaſon, had his Head cut off; and the King being inform'd that I had let drop ſome threatning words, I ſoon became the object of his Hatred, which oblig'd me, to avoid the effects of his Vengeance, to quit my dear Spouſe and the Kingdom alſo, leaving with my Vertuous Wife one Daughter only, nam'd *Julia*, which was then no more than Two Years old, and very dear to us both. If at that very inſtant the Earl of *Warwick* had caſt but an Eye upon *Hypolitus*, he might ſoon have diſcover'd in his Countenance the various Agitations this name produc'd in his Soul; but his thoughts being taken up wholly with his Relation, he continu'd thus: I went to *Venice*, embark'd aboard the Fleet Commanded by their Chief General *Capello*, and being joyn'd by the *Spaniſh* and the Popes Gallies near *Corſo*, we engag'd *Barbaroſſa*, and the Galley I was in, more than once attack'd that wherein was the Famous *Corſaire Dragut Rais*, with good ſucceſs on our ſide, but very unfortunate for him; for I ſlew *Zinkin Rais* his own Brother, whom he lov'd as tenderly as his own Life: He Swore he wou'd be reveng'd of me, and ſucceeded in his Vow; for whilſt we were hovering about the Gulph of *Arta*, and the Prince *Doria* retreating with his Squadron to the ſurprize of all the World, *Dragut Rais* animated with hatred againſt me, took this opportunity of ſurrounding our Galley with his whole Squadron; I did all I could to defend my ſelf againſt ſo many Enemies, and was ſeconded moſt bravely

by.

by another *Venetian* Galley; but being quite over-power'd, drop't into the Sea cover'd all over with Wounds: *Dragut Rais* who ſaw it, Commanded me immediately to be taken up, not out of any kindneſs to my Perſon, but to ſatisfy his revenge for the Death of his Brother, for he put me immediately in Chains.

Whatever promiſes or propoſals I could make to him for my Liberty, it avail'd nothing: I had continued in this miſerable condition for above four Years, when we took an *Engliſh* Veſſel after a ſmart Engagement; the Misfortunes of my Country-men ſerved only to revive in me the Thoughts of my own; I ask'd them what news they brought from *England*, and whether they had heard nothing lately concerning the Counteſs of *Warwick?* There hapned to be among the *Engliſh* Priſoners, one whom ſhe had taken into her Service ſince I left *England*, and who had liv'd with her till ſhe dy'd; a doleful fatal Day to me, and which I can never call to mind without Tears. The Earl over-burthen'd with Grief, ſtopt here for ſome time, till at laſt reaſſuming the thread of his Diſcourſe, and recovering his Spirits, almoſt drooping at the remembrance of that Malancholly Hour, I underſtood by him, *continu'd he*, that my Lady *Warwick* hearing the news of my being ſlain (which ſhe believed to be too true) ſhe was ſo overwhelm'd with Grief, as to ſink quite under it paſs'd all Recovery; in ſhort, ſhe Dy'd in a few Days after. This ſad Relation was follow'd by another, *viz.* By that of the Death of my Daughter, that Innocent Babe, that was ſo dear to me, being the only thing after her Mother's Death that could incline me to live. 'Tis certain that this laſt ſtroak, quite cruſh'd me almoſt to nothing, ſuch was my Affliction as to render me quite inſenſible of all the hardſhips of my Captivity; and that to ſuch

ſuch a degree, that the *Corſair* was vex'd at it to the Heart, he renew'd his Threats continually, but theſe proved ineffectual upon me, becauſe every thing was now become ſo indifferent as to me, even my Misfortunes themſelves, that the beſt Comfort I had, was to ſee my ſelf in Chains, ſhut up in a dark Hole as like in a Grave, which put me in hopes of my approaching Death. How often uſed I to blame my ſelf, to have left my Wife and Daughter at ſuch a diſtance from me! If it had pleaſed God, *ſaid I*, to have ſpared but one of theſe Two, it would have afforded me ſome Conſolation; but, alas! all is loſt to me! And ſuch is my Misfortune, that whilſt I am debarr'd from being among the living, I can't as yet be number'd among the dead.

I will not abuſe your Patience with a long recital of my Grief, it will ſuffice to tell you, that after a moſt doleful Captivity of Eight Years, *Dragut Rais* one day remembring me again (for I am ſure he had forgot me) ſent for me, and no ſooner came I into the open Air, but I fell into a Swoon; but ſoon recovering my ſelf, Come, come, *ſaid he*, *Warwick*, take courage, I have a great mind once more to put a Sword into thy Hand, provided thou wilt ſwear to me by what is moſt Sacred among you Chriſtians, that thou wilt draw it for nobody but for me, and againſt all my Enemies without Exception; If thou agreeſt to this Propoſal, *continued he*, giving me his Hand, I will give thee my Word, thou ſhalt be as much reſpected here as my ſelf; nay, thou ſhalt Command and be obey'd here, and thou ſhalt have an equal Share in my Fortune; and to give thee a convincing proof of it, thou ſhalt be call'd *Muley*, a Name I have in great Veneration, and wear the ſame Habit as I do, tho this be a thing ſcarce ever practiſed among the *Mahometans*. Thy offers

are not ſufficient to tempt me, *ſaid I*, I diſdain thy Fortune and thy Command thou ſets ſo high a Value upon, becauſe they are all below me; but if my Services are capable of purchaſing me my Liberty, tell me what time thou wilt appoint, and I will beſides this pay thee my Ranſon. It ſhall coſt thee 6000 *Rixdollars*, *ſaid he to me*, after Ten years are expir'd, during which thou ſhalt ſerve me faithfully, and upon thoſe Conditions the Agreement is made. 'Twas this that obliged me to fight againſt you, I was engag'd upon Honour ſo to do, and could in no ways avoid it, tho my Wiſhes were all that while for you, and Heaven has bin pleas'd to hear them at laſt; *Dragut Rais* has bin forc'd to leave us, and thereby my Caprivity has bin leſſen'd for ſeveral Years. I did not think it convenient to diſcover my ſelf, being taken fighting againſt the *Engliſh* for the *Infidels*; but the good Opinion I had conceiv'd of you, *continu'd he*, made me ſoon imagine you would make as good Uſe of this Secret as I could wiſh for.

I think this a very happy Day to me, *ſaid* Hypolitus *to the Earl of* Warwick, on which you are pleas'd to judge me worthy of being your Confident, before you had any particular Knowledge of me; this Teſtimony of your Eſteem I ſhall be careful not to miſuſe, and after all, you could not have entruſted your Secret with any other Perſon in the World, who is able to repay you this Obligation ſo well as I can, by communicating to you a piece of News, which will prove no leſs acceptable than ſurpriſing to you, and which, Sir, very nearly concerns you. He then gave him an exact and faithful Account of every thing relating to *Julia*; and tho he did not think fit to tell him of his Paſſion for her, his moſt paſſionate manner of ſpeaking concerning

cerning her, and the Deſcription he gave of her, join'd to other Circumſtances the Earl had taken notice of before, and now recall'd to his Remembrance, as his Sighs, his Moans in the Night time, his calling in his ſleep upon *Julia* by her Name, eaſily convinc'd him that he was moſt paſſionately in Love with her.

Nothing can be compar'd to his Surprize and Joy, when he heard that his Daughter was ſtill alive; and it was no ſmall Satisfaction to him, to underſtand that ſhe was adopted in the Catholick Religion, and become a very accompliſh'd young Woman: His deſire to ſee her was ſuch, that had there bin a Veſſel to be found that would carry him to *London*, and had it bin in his power to appear there, he would have undertaken that Voyage immediately, with the greateſt Pleaſure imaginable. The next thing he ask'd, was, How Matters went in *England*, as well in point of Religion as the Government. *Hypolitus* told him, That not long ago *John Dudley*, Duke of *Northumberland*, had got the Title alſo of Earl of *Warwick*; That he had accus'd *Edward Seymour*, the King's Uncle, and Protector of the Kingdom, of a Conſpiracy to Aſſaſſinate him, and for that purpoſe was entred into a League with the Duke of *Sommerſet*; That *Seymour* being unable to reſiſt the Power of his Enemies, was put to Death, with his Lady and ſeveral other Perſons of note. That after this, the Duke of *Northumberland* being become abſolute Maſter of all, and procur'd a Match betwixt the Princeſs *Jane*, King *Henry* the VIIIth's Niece and his Son, and ſet her up for Heireſs apparent of the Crown, That it was generally believed they had poiſon'd King *Edward*, a very hopeful young Prince, in order to facilitate and anticipate this Succeſſion; upon whom they

had alſo prevail'd ſo far, as to conſtitute *Jane* his Succeſſor, and excluded the Princeſs *Mary* his Siſter from the Throne: But that the Legality of her juſt Pretenſions, prevailing above the King's laſt Will, ſhe now Reign'd in *England*, and was very zealous in re-eſtabliſhing the *Roman* Catholick Religion there; and that this was the true ſtate of the Kingdom, at the time of his departure from *London*.

After long and ſerious Deliberations upon what *Hypolitus* had told the Earl of *Warwick*, he thought it moſt expedient to go to *Venice*, in hopes to reap there the fruits of ſo long and painful a Captivity he had undergone for the Service of that Republick. He did not in the leaſt doubt, but that his Daughter was extreamly well at the Earl of *Duglas*'s, the generous care his Lady had taken for her hitherto, being a ſufficient Pledge of what ſhe was likely to do for the future; and little thinking that Matters ſtood in that Family as actually they did, he reſolved only to give them News of his being alive by Letters, whilſt he was to manage his Affairs at *Venice*. He imparted his Thoughts to *Hypolitus*, who was not ill pleaſed to underſtand that he intended not to go to *England* as yet. 'Tis poſſible, ſaid he to a Gentleman in whom he much confided (tho he was one of thoſe ſent along with him by his Father) that if my Lord *Warwick* were at *London*, they would be urgent with him to marry *Julia*, and in ſuch a Caſe it would prove a much more difficult Task for her to reſiſt her Father's Commands, than my Father's Arguments; ſo that, as long as I am abſent, 'tis beſt for me he ſhould be ſo to. Theſe Reaſons obliged him to confirm the Earl in the Reſolution he had taken; and from that time on they entred into the moſt ſtrict and moſt tender

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engagements of Friendſhip that can be conceived, with this difference only, that *Hypolitus* had always ſo much Reſpect and Deference to the Earl, that it could not but ſeem moſt ſurprizing, to all thoſe that were unacquainted with the true Motions thereof. *Hypolitus* moſt generouſly ſhar'd his Money and every thing elſe with his Friend, and would have given him all, but that he would not accept of it; thinking that in ſerving the Father of his Dear *Julia*, he did her an acceptable piece of Service; and he thought nothing in the World too much to oblige her.

His Inclinations and Deſire of being ſerviceable to my Lord *Warwick*, kept *Hypolitus* his Melancholy Thought as it were in ſuſpence, and the Satisfaction of ſo agreeable a Companion prov'd a great allay to his Pain. They arriv'd without any further ſiniſter Accident at *Leghorn:* Here the Captain of the Ship told *Hypolitus*, he would reſign to him all his Intereſt to the Priſoner, for he knew not that *Muley* was an *Engliſh* Man. *Hypolitus* would not be behind with him in point of Generoſity, but preſented him with a Jewel valued at 400 Piſtoles, a piece his Mother had given him at parting and told him, He hop'd to be one day in a Condition, to make him a better Preſent, to ſhew his eſteem for *Muley*, and his Acknowledgment for the Civilities they had both receiv'd at his hands.

No ſooner were they landed at *Leghorn*, but *Hypolitus* preſſed the Earl of *Warwick* to write to *Julia*, but there needed not much to engage the Earl to what he was ſufficiently inclined too before; he writ at the ſame time to my Lord and my Lady *Douglas*, giving them an Account of what had befaln him, and returning his hearty Thanks and Acknowledgment for all thoſe Favours they had heap'd upon *Julia*. *Hypolitus* encloſed a

Letter in the Earl's Packet for my Lord *Douglas*, and ſent a Packet of his own with ſeveral other Letters, among which you may ſuppoſe, That to his dear *Julia* was the firſt in Rank and Moment, the reſt being for *Lucilia* and the Earl of *Suſſex*, unto whom the Packet was directed, with advice, That he expected their Anſwer at *Florence*, whither he was to go by his Father's abſolute Orders. He had given a Letter to his Son to the Senator *Alberti*, wherein he recommended his Son to his utmoſt Care, with all imaginable Expreſſions of Tenderneſs. So the Earl of *Warwick* and *Hypolitus*, without making any ſtay at *Legborn*, *Lucca* or *Piſa*, went directly to *Florence*, where they continued to give one another all poſſible Demonſtrations of Eſteem and Friendſhip.

Whilſt theſe things paſs'd betwixt them in *Italy*, the diſtreſs'd *Julia* enjoy'd neither the leaſt Repoſe nor Health in *England*; her Grief had produc'd ſuch an Alteration in her, that ſhe was ſcarce to be known by her beſt Friends: She was ſo far from appearing abroad in the World, that ſhe ſcarce ever ſtirr'd out of her Chamber. If ſhe had any tolerable Moments, it were thoſe ſhe ſpent with her dear *Lucilia*, or with the Earl of *Suſſex*, which was not very often, for fear of creating freſh Suſpicions in my Lord *Douglas*, which would have prov'd a means to be quite debarr'd of the Earl's Company.

As for the Earl of *Bedford*, he was for ſome time ſo ill, that he was thought to be at Death's Door: But ſo ſoon as his Mother underſtood that he was in the leaſt on the mending hand, and in a Condition to be carry'd in a Litter, ſhe would not ſuffer him to ſtay any longer in the ſame Houſe where he had fought with *Hypolitus*, but ſent for him to *London*: However, before he left *Buckingham*, he deſir'd the Favour of my Lord

Douglas

Douglas, to bid Farewel to *Julia*, but could not obtain it, ſhe perſiſting reſolutely in her Refuſal of ſeeing him, in ſpite of all the Intreaties of my Lord and my Lady; nay, ſhe deſir'd them to be conducted into *France* into a Nunnery, becauſe ſhe was now reſolv'd to renounce the World for ever. But whatever ſhe could tell them upon that point, they did not believe her to be real, and were ſo far from complying with her requeſt, that not doubting, but, that if they conſented to it, *Hypolitus* would ſoon find her out in *France*, and that thereby all the Precautions they had taken of breaking their Correſpondence would be fruſtrated; they put her off ſometimes, under Pretence of their Tenderneſs to her, and ſometimes by a full Denial, and gave her to underſtand, that ſhe muſt either reſolve to Marry now, or ſtay with them till ſhe did.

So rigorous a Treatment could not but revive in her all the Pains ſhe had felt before. I am then Priſoner, dear Siſter, *ſaid ſhe to* Lucilia, they will not as much as allow me the Liberty to retire to ſome ſolitude, where I may at my own leaſure reflect upon and abandon my ſelf to my tormenting Thoughts: Here I am oblig'd to be conſtantly upon my guard to conceal my Pain; I am forc'd to ſee thoſe whoſe Importunities ſerve only to encreaſe my Affliction; Alas! what am I reſerv'd for! All other Women are permitted to chuſe what is now refuſed to me; nobody oppoſes a young Woman in her Intentions of embracing a religious Life, nay, they are often forc'd ſo to do, and I alone am ſo unfortunate as to be ſubjected to new Laws, and it ſeems as if thoſe who cauſe my Sufferings took delight in ſeeing them. Theſe different Thoughts ſo far prevail'd both over her Body and Mind, that, notwithſtanding her natural ſweet Diſpoſition, ſhe appear'd to be full

of Spleen and Vexation, tho' *Lucilia* did afford her all the Conſolation ſhe could. This young Lady being very diſcreet and prudent, alledg'd to her every thing that could be ſaid or thought on to allay her Troubles, and was no leſs aſſiduous in obliging her with any thing ſhe thought might ſerve to give her ſome Diverſion; but without any conſiderable ſucceſs.

In the mean while *Hypolitus* being arriv'd at *Florence*, met with a Reception from the Senator *Alberti*, even beyond what my Lord *Douglas* could have deſir'd or hop'd for from ſo generous a Friend A few days after his arrival, he and the Earl of *Warwick* were conducted by him to *Cajena*, to a magnificent Summer-Seat, built by *Laurence de Medicis*, where you may meet with every thing that was thought rare and curious in thoſe Times. *Coſmus de Medicis*, the then reigning Duke of *Florence*, who happen'd to keep his Court there at that time, would fain have engag'd the Earl of *Warwick* to ſtay at *Florence*; and gave ſo favourable a Reception to *Hypolitus*, that he might well have flatter'd himſelf with great Advantages to be obtain'd there, had he bin in a Capacity to employ his Thoughts upon any thing elſe but upon his preſent troubleſome State. Moſt People perceiv'd it, and *Hypolitus* finding himſelf not in a Condition to hide it, deſir'd *Seignior Alberti* not to make any long ſtay at Court.

At the ſame time my Lord and my Lady *Douglas* did, in the ſo much deſir'd abſence of their Son, taſte the Sweats of an agreeable Tranquility, there being nothing now left to interrupt it at this time, unleſs it were the Apprehenſion they lay under, of ſeeing themſelves diſappointed in theſe Meaſures they had taken, of getting all the Letters that ſhould be writ betwixt them into their Hands; For, when upon *Hypolitus* his De-

Departure, his Father gave him Liberty to bid Farewel to *Julia*; 'twas not done ſo much with an Intention to give ſome cauſe of Satisfaction to him, as to find out what meaſures they would take to maintain their Correſpondence by Letters. For this purpoſe they had placed one of the Counteſſes Waiting-women, in a hollow part of the Room, cover'd only with Tapeſtries, where ſhe could ſee and over-hear every thing that paſs'd betwixt them; and it was by her means they were inform'd, that all their Letters were to be directed to the Earl of *Suſſex*: So they reſolv'd to intercept them, not queſtioning but this might be done, provided they ſpar'd neither Pains nor Charges. To encompaſs their Deſign, my Lord *Douglas* corrupted one of the Poſt-Officers with Money, who was to deliver to him all the Letters that came from *Italy* to the Earl of *Suſſex*. On the other hand, he prevail'd with the *Engliſh* Agent, or Chief Factor, at *Florence*, who was his old Acquaintance, to ſecure for him all the Letters that ſhould be directed to his Son: He told him, that his Son being fallen in Love with a young Woman who had no Fortune, he had ſent him away on purpoſe to cure him of that Paſſion; and, that therefore he lay under a Neceſſity of making uſe of all Stratagems that poſſibly he could, to reduce him to Reaſon, and to his Duty; and that he conjur'd him to lend him a helping hand, ſince *Hypolitus* his Fortune lay at Stake.

The firſt Packet my Lord *Douglas* receiv'd from *Italy*, was actually directed to him from *Leghorn*, and in it the Earl of *Warwick* and *Hypolitus* his Letters: He was not a little ſurpriz'd to underſtand that *Julia*'s Father was ſtill alive, and he had not the leaſt reaſon to doubt of the Truth of it, after the Letter he had writ him upon that ſubject.

He

He did not think it convenient to impart this good News to *Julia*; She will, *ſaid he to the Counteſs his Spouſe*, make this a plauſible Pretence to contradict us, when-ever we ſhall propoſe a Match to her; ſhe will ſay, ſhe ought to ſtay till the return, or at leaſt for the Conſent of the Earl of *Warwick*; and, ſince he himſelf tells us of the great Obligations he has to our Son, and that 'tis probable he may have diſcover'd to him his Paſſion for *Julia*, her Father is not likely to act contrary to the Intereſt of a Friend who is already ſo dear to him. Upon theſe Conſiderations, it was reſolv'd not to let *Julia* know the leaſt thing relating to the Earl of *Warwick*; and that they might not omit any thing they thought requiſite to thwart the Deſigns of theſe two Tender and Unfortunate Lovers, they got certain Letters forg'd, and directed to the Earl of *Suſſex* (after having intercepted the true ones ſent him from *Leghorn*) to *Lucilia*, and to *Julia*, in *Hypolitus* his Name. In theſe 'twas pretended he writ them Word, That having receiv'd a Wound in the Hand, in his late Voyage, he was oblig'd to make uſe of a Friend to write to them in his behalf. This was done to remove all ſuſpicion, when they ſhould ſee their Letters written by another Hand but *Hypolitus* his own; and to play their Cards the better, that written to *Julia*, was conceiv'd in Terms full of Indifferency and Changing; whereas thoſe for *Lucilia*, and the Earl of *Suſſex*, were extreamly Tender.

On the other hand, my Lord *Douglas* caus'd other Letters alſo to be forg'd, as if written by *Julia*, her Siſter, and by the Earl, to *Hyyolitus*, ſtil'd in ſuch a manner as they judg'd moſt proper to perſwade him they were written by them; and to take away all manner of ſuſpicion from him,

him, becauſe they were not written with their own Hands, they let him know, that it was agreed among them to diſguiſe their Hand Writing, that in caſe they ſhou'd miſcary, it might not be known from whom they came.

Then my Lord *Douglas* writ again to the *Engliſh* Head Factor at *Florence*, to deſire him to intercept thoſe Letters that actually came from the Earl of *Suſſex*, and inſtead thereof to deliver to *Hypolitus* the Suſpicious ones; to diſtinguiſh theſe Letters, he ſent him a Print of the Signet wherewith the Suſpitious Letters were to be Seal'd, conjuring him to ſuffer none but thoſe come to his Sons Hands, and ſend all the reſt back to him. By this means, ſeeing himſelf Maſter of all the ſecret Correſpondence betwixt *Julia* and her dear Lover, he began now to hope to bring his deſires about according to the Scheme he had laid of them; for according to his Directions, theſe Suppoſitious Letters by degrees appear'd more and more cold on both ſides; *Julia* became inconſolable, alaſs! Siſter, *ſaid ſhe to* Lucilia, your Brother Loves me no more; pray mind how indifferently he writes, and he has miſs'd ſeveral Poſts without letting me hear from him, and when he does, it ſeems as if it were only out of Complaiſance, and as if I were forced to ſnatch from him his Demonſtrations and Remembrance of our Friendſhip; I am ſure what he does is only for a Decorum's ſake, his Heart has no ſhare in it: *Hypolitus* is chang'd Siſter, *continued ſhe*, *Hypolitus* is chang'd; at theſe words ſhe dropt from her Chair like one half Dead. *Lucilia* would willingly have ſpoken in juſtification of her Brother, and maintain'd his Conſtancy; but thinking her ſelf convinced of his Infidelity, ſhe was not a little diſcompos'd at his Inconſtancy.

Whilſt

Whilſt theſe lovely Perſons paſt whole Nights under the moſt ſenſible Affliction that cou'd be, and in their Letters loaded the Unfortunate *Hypolitus* with a Thouſand Reproaches, his mind laboured under no leſs diſtraction than theirs. Upon the departure of the Earl of *Warwick* for *Venice*, he had diſclos'd to him his Paſſion for *Julia*, without in the leaſt diſguiſing the matter, and told him, how much my Lord *Douglas* was exaſperated againſt him on that account, and he had prevail'd at laſt ſo far upon the Earl, that he brought him over quite into his Intereſt, and obtain'd from him a promiſe, That this fair Lady ſhould be no bodies elſe but his. He did not fail to acquaint his belov'd Miſtreſs with this agreeable piece of news, but to little purpoſe, ſince every thing was kept from her ſight and knowledge, except what might ſerve to encreaſe her Grief; as *Hypolitus* on the other hand obſerved that ſhe writ to him, as if it were with ſome conſtraint and diffidence, which proved the conſtant occaſion of new diſturbances in his Mind.

I told you before, that he was received with all Demonſtration of eſteem and friendſhip by the Senator *Alberti*; he had a Son much of the ſame Age as *Hypolitus*, nam'd Signior *Leander*, a Perſon well Shap'd, Witty, Obliging, of a ſweet Temper, and a pleaſing and moſt engaging Converſation: Theſe two Gentlemen ſoon diſcovered in one another ſuch a mutual diſpoſition to love one another, and their Tempers ſuited ſo exactly well, that at firſt ſight, by a certain effect of Sympathy, they contracted ſo near and ſo firm a Friendſhip, that in a very ſmall time after, they had no Secret, nay, nor ſcarce even a Thought but what they communicated to one another. 'Tis eaſy to imagine that living in ſo ſtrict a Friendſhip, *Hypolitus* could not forbear to make him his Confident of

of his Paſſion for *Julia*, and he took much delight in talking of her, and in extolling the Charms, and other great Qualities of his Miſtiſtreſs, that it wanted but little, but that *Leander* had fallen in love with her. Nothing in the World, *ſaid he*, is comparable to her for Beauty, nothing more Accompliſh'd than her Wit; ſhe has a great Soul, and an engaging Air, enough to enchant every body that converſes with her. How happy are you, *Hypolitus*, *ſaid* Leander, to be, my Dear, belov'd by ſo Accompliſh'd a Lady! As for my ſelf, I have not as yet taſted the pleaſure of a tender Love, I never met with any yet in my way but what were Coquets, who are fond of many Lovers, without loving or being cruel to any one. Thoſe are dangerous Women, *cry'd* Hypolitus, I lov'd *Julia* before I knew my ſelf, and I knew not what Love was, when I felt my ſelf in Love with her; ſo it is not experience has made me a Lover, Oh! How I ſhould dread ſuch a Woman as you ſpeak of, I ſuppoſe them to be of ſo unreaſonable and unequal Temper, that I can't but pity all thoſe that ſerve them.

After they had ſpent ſome time in ſuch like diſcourſes, he ſhew'd him the Bracelet with *Julia*'s Hairs in it, he kiſs'd it a Thouſand times with all the Tranſports of tenderneſs that can be imagined, expecting with the utmoſt impatience to have a Letter from her fair Hands: But tho' he neglected no opportunity of having his Letters as ſoon as they were delivered out, the *Engliſh* Factor took ſuch effectual care to oblige my Lord *Douglas*, that he had none but the ſuppoſitious Letters inſtead of the others; ſo that his Grief encreas'd in proportion, as he obſerv'd in his Miſtreſſes Letters a certain coldneſs he thought he deſerved leſs now than ever. Pray mind, *ſaid he, with a Melancholly Air to* Leander, what effects abſence

is

is able to produce; the longer it is, the more neglect I obſerve in *Julia*: Oh! cruel Abſence, *cry'd he*, thou haſt robb'd me of my Miſtreſſes Heart.

Leander would willingly have perſwaded him to take a turn to *Rome*, and thence to *Venice*, and to ſtay their for ſome time: No, *ſaid* Hypolitus, no, I will not ſtir out of *Florence*; for ſince my Father's deſire was to ſend me out of *England*, I will at leaſt ſtay at *Florence*, becauſe it is nearer to it than any of the other two places you would have me go to; all the Beauties in the World I can look at with indifferency only, till ſuch time I ſee that again I love; and ſince I can delight in nothing, ſince I am inſenſible to every thing, nothing can reach my Heart; all my Paſſions being centred in that lovely young Lady, I can take no other impreſſions but what proceeds from a moſt profound Grief: But tho' I Adore without intermiſſion, you ſee ſhe kills me by her Indifferency. 'Tis that, *ſaid* Leander, which obliges me to find out ſome means or other to engage you to conclude a Truce for ſome time with this Splenatick Temper, which makes you ſhun the Converſation of all the World. I can't conceal it any longer from you, That you are look'd upon at Court as if you were a *Barbarian*, every one asks me the reaſon of it, and the Ladies eſpecially ſhew very much their diſlike at your Deportment; pray at leaſt be a little more Sociable. I neither can nor will be otherwiſe than now I am, *anſwer'd* Hypolitus. Give me leave to Sigh, my dear *Leander*, give me leave to bemoan my Misfortunes at pleaſure; don't ſtraiten my Pain, alas! this is a Requeſt few will be able to deny me.

A whole Year being thus paſs'd, my Lord and my Lady *Douglas* were extreamly pleas'd to ſee their deſigns to ſucceed ſo fortunately, that not the leaſt diſcovery thereof has bin made hitherto; but

but at the ſame time they were convinc'd to their no ſmall grief and vexation, by thoſe of their Son's Letters, and by ſuch of *Julia's* Letters as fell into their hands, that abſence had made not the leaſt alteration in their Hearts; that their tenderneſs continu'd ſtill to be the ſame; and that it was evident by what they had writ to one another, that even Death it ſelf ſhould not make them change their minds. My Lord having all the reaſon in the World to fear that ſome accident or other might overturn the frame of his Structure, before he ſhould be able to bring it to perfection, went immediately to the Agent of *Florence* then reſiding at *London*, and having told him what vexation he lay under on account of his Son's Paſſion, from which neither Time, nor his poſitive Commands, had bin able to divert him hitherto; he intreated him to lend him a helping hand in bringing about a deſign he had fram'd to bring him to reaſon. Finding him ſufficiently enclining to comply with his deſires, they contriv'd certain Letters, one as if written by *Hypolitus*, the other by the *Engliſh* head Factor at *Florence*, the third by the Marqueſs *de Neri*, and the fourth by the Senator *Alberti*: Theſe Letters contain'd in Subſtance, That *Hypolitus* deſired my Lords conſent to Marry Madam *Neri*, a young Lady of Quality, whoſe Houſe was Related to the moſt Illuſtrious Families of *Italy*, and who being an Heireſs, would be a vaſt Fortune to him: They ſent alſo her Picture, which being not drawn after any Original, but meerly according to the Picture drawers fancy, he had made it a perfect pattern of Beauty, ſuch a one as no body coul'd look upon without Admiration. The Senator *Alberti* in his pretended Letter, poſitively told my Lord *Douglas*, That his Son was ſo far Enamour'd with this lovely Lady, That, if he refus'd his Conſent to

Marry

Marry her, he would certainly dye for Grief. The *Engliſh* Agent added to this, That it would be a very advantageous Match. And the ſuppoſitious Marqueſs *de Neri*, ſent a Complimental Letter to my Lord, telling him as it were *en Paſſant*, That *Hypolitus*'s Merits has made ſo deep an impreſſion upon his Daughter, and that he had given her ſuch undeniable Demonſtrations of a moſt violent Paſſion for her, that he was no longer able to reſiſt both their Prayers and Entreaties to acquaint him, that he ſhould joyfully embrace the Honour of his Alliance, provided his might not be unacceptable to him.

Every thing being thus concerted, one Day when the Earl of *Suſſex* was at Dinner with my Lord *Douglas*, in comes a Servant of the *Florentine* Agent, deſiring to ſpeak with my Lord; He told him that his Maſter might come at what hour he pleas'd, and that he would expect him all the remainder of the Day. Not long after, in he comes, and *Julia* who loved to be Solitary was going to withdraw, but this being a time wherein ſhe was to have the chief part, the Counteſs told her with a low voice, that Decency required ſhe and *Lucilia* ſhould ſtay as long as ſhe ſtay'd. After the firſt Compliments were paſs'd, the Agent told my Lord he had ſomething of Moment to communicate to him concerning *Hypolitus*; and my Lord told him he might tell it with all imaginable freedom, there being no body preſent but his Mother, Siſter, and intimate Friends. Then the Agent, who acted his pare to the Life, offer'd the beforemention'd Letters, which my Lord *Douglas* read firſt with a low voice; but ſoon after told his Wife, ſo that every body there preſent might hear him, There is nothing that is a Secret in theſe Letters, *ſaid he to his Lady*, pray mind what they write me; and then he read the Letters again aloud, and opening

opening the Caſe wherein was the Picture of the pretended Madam *Neri*, ſeem'd ſurprized at her Beauty, as well as my Lady *Douglas*, whilſt the Agent took care to extol her to the Sky, for a Thouſand other great Qualifications: At laſt he intreated my Lord to give them a favourable anſwer, and not to retard the Felicity of two ſuch Accompliſh'd and Paſſionate Lovers. Good God! Who is able to deſcribe that miſerable ſtate, unto which the Unfortunate *Julia* ſaw her ſelf reduc'd during this cruel Converſation; ſhe reſolved to put a conſtraint upon her ſelf, and would ſee her Rivals Picture; but ſhe had no ſooner caſt her Eyes upon that fatal piece, which appear'd to her moſt ſurprizing Beautiful, but ſhe fell into a Swoon, without Senſe, Voice, Motion, or Pulſe, and Death ſeem'd to have fixt his gnaſhly look in her Face. Any body leſs prejudic'd than my Lord and my Lady were, would have bin touch'd with Compaſſion at ſo Melancholly a Spectacle; but they ſeem'd unconcern'd, and only ordred her to be carried into her Bed-chamber. *Lucilia* and the Earl of *Suſſex* almoſt drown'd in Tears, ſtay'd with her; but for all the Help and Remedies they could give her, it was above four hours before ſhe recovered ſo far, as to judge whether ſhe were Dead or a Live.

Then ſhe juſt open'd her Eyes, fixing them ſteadfaſt on *Lucilia* and the Earl, but ſaid not one Word, nor ſhed one Tear; and ſoon after ſhut them again, nor would ſhe open them any more nor ſpeak one word. Dear Siſter, *ſaid* Lucilia, *embracing her very tenderly*, perhaps your Evil is not paſt cure, *Hypolitus* is not Marry'd as yet, and 'tis likely he will repent of his Inconſtancy; If he ſhould return to his Duty, would not you receive him again? And if he continues to be Ungrateful, will you ſacrifice your Life for an Ungrateful Perſon, and leave me in this deſperate Condition I am in

now? The Earl forgot not to joyn his Arguments to the Entreaties of *Lucilia*; but *Julia* would not as much as make them understand by a sign that she took notice of what they said, and it being very late, the Earl went away without having the satisfaction of hearing her speak; and *Lucilia* spent the whole Night with her in Tears and Lementations. The next Day the Earl came again, and being told by *Lucilia*, That she would take nothing at all, nay, that whatever she could tell or pray her, she would not as much as open her Eyes, nor speak one Word; he went immediately to speak with my Lord and my Lady, these seem'd not in the least surpriz'd nor touch'd with Compassion at poor *Julia's* desperate Case; they only told him carelesly, That Hunger would bring her to Eat, and that Lovers had generally but a slender Appetite to Victuals. How! *cry'd the Earl of* Sussex *in an Angry tone*, you don't only ruin a young Lady, but also insult over her Misfortunes; Can you imagine but that so unjust a proceeding will not make you blush one time or other? He continu'd to intermix most bitter Complaints with his Reproaches, but all in vain: So perceiving no good was to be done with them, he went full of Affliction to *Julia's* Chamber again.

Lucilia ceas'd not to make most pressing instances to *Julia* to take some Nourishment, but to no purpose; however, at last opening her Eyes, she told them with a feeble voice, intermixt with Sighs and Sobs, Dear Sister, and you my Generous Friend, *said she*, Don't urge me any further to Eat, I am highly oblig'd to you for all your Cares, and the Demonstrations you give me of your Tenderness; but I hope soon to see an end of this deplorable Life. Oh! Barbarous *Hypolitus*, *said she*, Oh! Barbarous Man! What have I done against thee, to deserve such cruel treatments at thy hands? What is become of all thy Oaths and Vows? Thou lovest me no longer faithless Man; and I am so frail and foolish as to afflict

flict my ſelf at it. Having ſaid theſe words, ſhe ſpoke no more, nor would take the leaſt Nouriſhment, tho' ſhe was reduc'd to a very weak Condition, having taken not the leaſt thing for two whole Days. *Lucilia* and the Earl being ſenſible her deſign was to Starve her ſelf to Death, they thought it their beſt way to touch her in her Conſcience, knowing her to be very Meek and Tender in that point; ſo they ſent for her Father Confeſſor, and having diſcours'd him in private, left him alone with her. His Authority proved more prevailing upon her, than all the Tears of *Lucilia*, and all the Intreaties of the Earl of *Suſſex* were able to do before. *Julia* ſubmitted her ſelf to the Directions of him who had always bin her Guide; and he was no ſooner gone, but ſhe ſpoke thus to her Siſter and the Earl of *Suſſex*; Don't bear me no ill will, *ſaid ſhe to them*, becauſe I was ſo poſſitive in reſiſting what you deſired of me, it was not an affect of want of Friendſhip for you, but of my deſpair only: They tell me I muſt not ſhorten my own Days, and that I muſt be accountable for it to him who gave it me. Then I will Live, *continu'd ſhe, with a deep Sigh*, Then I will Live, the moſt Unfortunate Perſon that ever was ſeen; and ſince I am under a neceſſity to Live, I would not have the Ungrateful *Hypolitus* know all thoſe troubles and grief he has occaſion'd in me. Siſter, *added ſhe*, if I dare hope that you Love me, give me this proof of it, don't ſpeak to your Brother concerning me; or if it happen you can't avoid it, tell him, I was not concern'd at his Infidelity; That Indifferency has made me ſet aſide all my Anger, and that I ſcarce ever ſo much as nam'd him. Grant me this favour, *ſaid ſhe, Addreſſing her ſelf to the Earl*, don't let him be acquainted with the pains I ſuffer for him; I make you my Confident, but don't reveal my Secret. They promiſed to do as ſhe deſired them, being overjoy'd to ſee her take ſome care for the preſervation of a Life which was very dear to them.

A conſiderable time was ſpent in bringing her to the entire uſe of her Reaſon, and *Lucilia* and the Earl of *Suſſex* in their Letters, writ ſuch bloody Reproaches to *Hypolitus*, that ſuppoſing the matter of Fact upon which they were founded to have bin ſuch as it appear'd to them, they muſt needs have reminded and perhaps alſo recall'd him to his Duty: But alas! None of thoſe, no more than all the reſt they had written before, came to his hands. In the mean while *Julia* wou'd ſometimes flatter her ſelf in the midſt of her Deſpair with the pleaſing hopes, That her Lover might repent and not conſummate the intended Marriage; ſhe cou'd not forbear ſometimes to tell *Lucilia*, Notwithſtanding what *Hypolitus* has done againſt me, *ſaid ſhe*, I am ſenſible I ſhou'd be glad to pardon him, if he could return to his Duty; but alas! when I conſider theſe rare Qualifications of Madam *Neri*, I have all the reaſon to fear he will never be mine. At this Conſideration, ſhe plung'd into an Abyſs of Pain and Torments; *Lucilia* on her ſide, being reſolved not to flatter her with ſuch uncertain hopes as will ſerve only to revive her Paſſion, and conſequently to Torment her in vain; You muſt forget *Hypolitus*, *ſaid ſhe*, dear Siſter, you ought to hate him, and notwithſtanding he is my Brother, I am abſolutely againſt him. Forget, and to Hate him, *reply'd* Julia, Oh! Siſter, Do you think me to be Miſtreſs of my own Sentiments? A Soul prepoſſeſs'd with a habit of Loving and being Belov'd, and that contracted by a long proceſs of time, a ſincere Heart engag'd in a Paſſion without diſguiſe, is not in a condition to recover it ſelf at the very Moment it finds it ſelf betray'd. Don't you ſee how Unfortunate I am, even after I was confirm'd to have loſt this faithleſs Man? I muſt own to you, my Love for him is rather encreas'd, I am very ingenious in contriving my own Torments, I call to my mind every thing he has told me, every thing he us'd to do before me, he is alwas preſent in my

my ſight, I diſcover every Day new perfections in his Perſon, all which ſerves only to increaſe my Pain; No, Dear Siſter, no, my caſe is deplorable beyond all compariſon, and 'tis impoſſible for you to be ſenſible of the Pains and Torments I ſuffer.

The News moſt of all dreaded by *Julia*, I mean that of *Hypolitus*'s pretended Marriage, being come at that juncture my Lord *Douglas* had contriv'd it ſhou'd be known, this fatal ſtroke once more revived in this fair Lady all her Diſcontents and Troubles; for tho' ſhe expected to hear of it every Moment, yet ſhe ſtill flatter'd her ſelf with ſome ſmall glimpſe of hopes to the contrary: So that now ſeeing her Caſe to be ſuch as to be paſt all cure, ſhe took a reſolution of ſhutting her ſelf up in a Nunnery, and there to linger away the remaining Days of her languiſhing Life, when on a ſudden, a certain motive of Honour and Pride overturn'd this whole deſign. How, *ſaid ſhe to* Lucilia, ſhall I leave the World for this worthleſs Lover? and ſhall he have the ſatisfaction of imagining, that it was Grief that made me take this reſolution, becauſe I was not capable to diſpence with the loſs of him? No, I can't bear the very thoughts of it; no, let it coſt me what it will, I will make him believe at leaſt, that I am contented and happy: And ſince the Earl of *Bedford* continues to make his Addreſſes, and with the ſame Paſſion Courts me to be his Spouſe, I will ſacrifice my Repoſe to my Pride. I hope you are not in earneſt, Siſter, cry'd *Lucilia*, How can you reſolve to Marry a Man whom you Love not? Do you foreſee the ill conſequences that attends ſuch a Match? I ſufficiently foreſee them, *reply'd ſhe, in a Melancholy Tone*, but I foreſee alſo that this will prove a means to prevent your Brother's being acquainted with my Frailties and tender Inclinations for him; he will then have reaſon enough to believe that I chang'd as well as he; nay, it wou'd be a kind of ſatisfaction to me, if he was perſwaded that I did ſo

firſt. All *Lucilia*'s reaſons and entreaties to diſſwade her from it, proved fruitleſs upon this occaſion, and as the Counteſs of *Douglas* let ſlip no opportunity of diving into *Julia*'s Sentiments, ſhe no ſooner underſtood her favourable diſpoſition for the Earl of *Bedford*, but ſhe acquainted him with it; nor loſt they one Moment to ſtrengthen *Julia* in her Reſolution. Dear Daughter, *ſaid ſhe to her*, tho' your Inclinations are not much for the Perſon you have pitch'd upon, you have ſo great a ſhare of Vertue, and he Adores you (if one may ſo term it) in ſo extraordinary a manner, that your Gratitude and Duty will produce in his behalf, what your Tenderneſs would engage to for another Man. *Julia* kept ſilence for a while; but when ſhe was obliged to return an Anſwer, *ſhe ſaid, with a Melancholly Air*, That ſince ſhe had reſolved upon this Match, ſhe hoped ſhe ſhould not be wanting in her Duty. So great Preparations were made for the Nuptials, and that fatal Day being come, *Julia* appear'd in a White Apparel, Brocado'd all over with Silver, adorn'd with abundance of Jewels, and her fair Hair curiouſly ty'd up in Locks and Buckles; ſhe had never appear'd more Beautiful, and at the ſame time more Languiſhing; ſhe look'd ſomewhat Pale, but without being the leaſt injurious to her Complexion; and her large Eyes containing a certain Languiſhment by reaſon of her Grief, ſeem'd rather to encreaſe than to Diminiſh her Charms. The Earl of *Bedford* thought himſelf the happieſt Man in the World, and coul'd ſcarce imagine how ſo unexpected a change could fall to his Lot. He was not able to conceal the Tranſports of his Mind; but neither his Tranſports, nor his Love, nor his Conſtancy, were able to touch the lovely *Julia*'s Heart. She was Marry'd at *Buckingham* Houſe, in the preſence of a Noble and Numerous Aſſembly; every one took notice of her Melancholly, and ſome would ask her the cauſe of it; but ſhe ſcarce return'd any anſwer to any thing, whether ſerious or otherwiſe.

The

The Earl of *Bedford* underſtood the ſame Day he was to be Marry'd to her, That *Julia* was the Earl of *Warwick*'s Daughter, My Lord and my Lady *Douglas* thinking it not convenient ſhe ſhould Marry the Earl in the Quality of being their Daughter; but he deſired the thing might be kept as a ſecret, and that he might paſs for her Father hereafter as he has done hitherto. The Earl, inſtead of bringing his new Spouſe to *London*, carry'd her into *Barkſhire*, where he had a Country Seat not inferiour in Magnificence to a Royal Palace, Art and Nature being joyn'd together to Accompliſh it; Its Situation being infinitely delightful, by reaſon of an adjacent Forreſt which furniſh'd it with the moſt Pleaſant Walks in the World, in the midſt of a Spacious Solitude: For tho' this Seat was not above Forty Miles diſtant from *London*, its Situations among the Woods, made it appear much more remote from that great City than actually it was, and tho' abundance of Gentlemen live in that Country, yet none had their Houſes within a ſmall diſtance from this Seat. This was the place whether the Unfortunate *Julia* was Conducted by her new Spouſe; ſhe deſired the Counteſs of *Douglas* to let the lovely *Lucilia* ſtay with her ſome time, which was ſoon granted. Alas! were it poſſible to repreſent to you the doleful ſtate of her Heart, you would afford certainly her ſome Compaſſion. I did not think, *ſaid ſhe to* Lucilia, that my Pain could poſſibly be encreaſed; I beleived that after what I had undergone, nothing cou'd augment my ſufferings; But how much do I find my ſelf deceiv'd? My Dear *Lucilia*, every Moment produces additional Torment to my Pains; this continual conſtraint I am forc'd to put upon my ſelf for a Husband I don't Love, theſe ſecret Reproaches I conſtantly feel within my ſelf, and theſe Remorſes, which are the conſequences of the tender remembrance of a Lover who is ſtill belov'd by me, theſe deſires of diſcharging ones Duty, and the violence of tearing

from ones Heart an Inclination which now is become Criminal, all theſe Conſiderations appear ſo dreadful, and cauſe ſuch heavy Afflictions to me, as makes me apprehend ſometimes they will reduce me to Deſpair. Whilſt I was my own Miſtreſs I had this comfort at leaſt, That I need not Bluſh on account of my Paſſion; Juſt Heaven, What a Martyrdom is this! How long ſhall I be thus Afflicted! At theſe words ſhe Cry'd bitterly; her Siſter mingling her Tears with hers, would fain have afforded her ſome Conſolation; but without Succeſs.

The Earl of *Bedford* in the midſt of all the pleaſures he enjoy'd, could not but be ſenſible that he was not beloved by his Lady; For tho' Love be blind, it is very quick ſighted and diſcerning in certain Reſpects: 'Tis true, we are apt when we are in Love, ſcarce to make a real diſtinction betwixt that which is the effect only of Complaiſance, and betwixt what proceeds from pure Inclination; we are very willing to flatter and to deceive our ſelves: But after all, there is a certain nice and delicious reliſh which effects the Heart from time to time with a mutual Paſſion; but when only one of the two happens to Love, he muſt expect abundance of Turbulent Hours, and the Object belov'd, muſt alſo bear her ſhare in them. This was the Caſe of the Earl of *Bedford*, who during theſe Turbulent Minutes, thought of nothing ſo much than who could be the Perſon that robb'd him of his Lady's Tenderneſs, tho' at the ſame time he new not where to fix the matter, ſhe being a Lady of ſo much Prudence, of ſo much Indifferency and Reſervedneſs to all the World, that he had all the reaſon in the World to believe, that if ſhe did not Love him, ſhe did not Love any thing elſe in the World; and tho' he cou'd not but look upon it as a great Misfortune to know himſelf not to be belov'd by his Wife, he thought it nevertheleſs none of the leaſt Felicities, that her Heart was not engaged another way. Time will make me happy, *ſaid he, to one of his Intimate Friends, Julia* is Inſenſible to all the World now; but when her loving Hour is come, I don't queſtion but ſhe will do that in my behalf out of Inclination, what now is purely the effect of her Duty and Virtue.

THE

THE HISTORY OF *Hypolitus* E. of *Douglas.*

PART II.

THree whole Months were now expir'd, in which neither *Lucilia* nor the Earl of *Suſſex* had written to *Hypolitus*; they were ſo enrag'd againſt him by reaſon of his Inconſtancy, that they could not forgive him, and the Earl moſt of the two; for, tho' he never us'd to keep conſtant to one Miſtreſs, he was a Man of Honour, whoſe Maxim it was, That a Man who pretends to Honour, ſhou'd never break his Word; and this it was that made him ſo angry with his Friend.

My Lord *Douglas* having now gain'd his point, writ to the *Engliſh* Factor at *Florence*, that he return'd him Thanks for his aſſiduity in intercepting his Son's Letters, but that for the future he might let them take their due Courſe; but this afforded no matter of Comfort to *Hypolitus*, becauſe thoſe Perſons from whom he expected his Letters, thought

thought fit now to ſend him none: This put him under ſtrange Inquietudes, Forty times was he upon the point of reſolving to go into *England* to ſee his dear *Julia*, had not *Leander* made uſe of all the power he had over him, to divert him from it. One Evening, when his Spleen made him quite averſe to all Converſation, even of that of his intimate Friends, he walk'd out of the Town, following for ſome time the Current of the River *Armis*, till turning off a little way, he got into a Wood of *Orange*, *Myrtle*, and *Pomegranate Trees*, he traced for ſome time the Tract of the Highway, but at laſt by ſeveral By-paths got into the moſt remote part of the Wood. He finding himſelf at full Liberty, and without the leaſt Conſtraint, he began to ſigh, and to make the moſt dreadful Reflections in the World, upon what could be the Cauſe of his Miſtreſſes not writing to him, as alſo of his Siſter's and the Earl of *Suſſex*, and that in ſo long a time: He took a fix'd Reſolution to leave *Florence* without delay, much about the ſame time when his Valet, who knew he was under the greateſt Vexation that could be, on account of his hearing no News from *England*, having now receiv'd ſome Letters, went with all poſſible haſte to find him out. Being told that his Maſter was ſeen to go into the Wood, he ſearch'd all Corners thereof, till having found him out, he deliver'd him the Packet. *Hypolitus* ſent him home again, and overjoy'd to ſee the Earl of *Suſſex*'s Hand, he open'd it haſtily, and found in it theſe Lines.

THo' I had taken a Reſolution not to write to you any more, yet I thought at laſt, Three Months ſilence a time ſufficiently long, to make you ſenſible how highly I am concern'd at your Infidelity to the Fair Julia; *and tho' all your Friends ought to be well ſatis-*

ſatisfy'd in ſo advantagious a Marriage as yours is, and that I am one of thoſe, who is moſt ſenſibly touch'd with every thing relating to you, I can nevertheleſs not forbear to own to you, that I can't be overjoy'd at it, and that I could have wiſh'd you had never changed your Paſſion. Poor young Lady, ſhe was troubled to the higheſt Degree when the Florentine *Agent deliver'd your Letters to my Lord* Douglas, *and with them the Picture of your New Miſtreſs: The Conſequence of this Affair, did reduce her to the very point of Death; and ſhe has ſince done ſomething out of meer ſpite, whereof I fear ſhe will ſoon repent. Tho' perhaps your concern may not be ſo great as it uſed to be in this Caſe, nevertheleſs I believe you can't but have ſome reſentment againſt it, when you underſtand that ſhe is marry'd to the Earl of* Bedford; *this Sacrifice has bin attended with ſo many Tears, that her Nuptial Day ſeem'd to be rather deſign'd for a Funeral, than for a Feaſt. She is now in* Barkſhire, *the lovely* Lucilia *keeps her Company in her ſolitude; and whilſt you wallow in Pleaſures, in the Place where you are, ſhe feels a Thouſand Torments where ſhe is. Don't take it amiſs, becauſe I did not write ſooner, and becauſe I write with ſo much Indifferency, my dear* Hypolitus, *I was not able to overcome my ſelf upon that point; and that I might be yours again, as entirely as I was before, it was requiſite I ſhould diſcover my Mind to you with an unlimited freedom.*

Hypolitus read with the greateſt ſurprize in the World the beginning of this Letter, not knowing what to make of it. His Marriage, his Inconſtancy, and all theſe Reproaches, ſeem'd to be nothing but Chimera's to him: But when he came to that Paſſage, where the Earl told him, that *Julia* was married to the Earl of *Bedford*, he was like one Thunder-ſtruck, he real'd down under

under a Tree, and was ſeveral times in mind, to run himſelf through with his own Sword, and ſo at once to put an End to his unfortunate Life, but that ſome ſmall glimpſes of Hopes ſtop'd his Hand: 'Tis no difficult matter for me, *ſaid he*, to ſee what they aim at; 'tis poſſible *Julia* has conceiv'd ſome jealouſy, and to put me to the Tryal, ſhe has pitch'd upon this Contrivance, to put me in fear of loſing her, and to bring me back to my Duty, in caſe I had laid it aſide. But theſe Thoughts continu'd not long, being ſucceeded by others, much more afflicting than thoſe: How! Is ſhe married, *cry'd he?* Is it poſſible I ſhould be acquainted with this fatal News, without dying out of Deſpair! *Julia*, adorable *Julia*, what is it I have done to you! What could move you to ſuſpect my Heart to be guilty of ſuch a Treachery! That Heart you have entirely link'd to yours by a Thouſand endearing Engagements! Do you think it could have any other Diſpoſition but for you? Alas! I am afraid you were inclin'd your ſelf to be unfaithful to me, and 'tis this doubtleſs that has made you give ear to thoſe Inſinuations againſt me. He paus'd a while, and ſoon after repenting himſelf to have accus'd his Miſtreſs, he ask'd her Pardon, no otherwiſe than if ſhe had bin preſent, with Tears in his Eyes, and ſuch moanful Expreſſions, as are ſcarce to be imagin'd; threatning the utmoſt of his Revenge to him who had robb'd him of his Felicity, and to all thoſe who had given a helping hand to play him ſuch a Game. In this afflicted Condition he little minded what time of the Night it was, and tho' it was pretty late, he was not inclin'd to go as yet out of the Wood; but ſometimes would be leaning againſt a Tree, ſometimes ſitting upon the Ground, but without finding the leaſt eaſe in this variety; the violent Agitations of his Mind, his

Deſpair,

Deſpair, Anger, all theſe Paſſions tormented him to ſuch a degree, that he ſeem'd to be nearer Death than living.

Signior *Leander*, with whom he was to ſpend that Evening, not a little diſturb'd becauſe he did not ſee him, ask'd the ſame Servant who had carry'd the Packet of Letters to *Hypolitus*, where his Maſter was? and being told he had left him in the Wood, he was ſomewhat ſurpriz'd and diſcompos'd at his ſtaying ſo long there, (tho' indeed the pleaſantneſs of the Place, and of the Seaſon, might have invited any Body to ſtay there ſome part of the Night) ſo he went to look for him, ſoon found him, and heard him ſend forth moſt doleful Lamentations. This faithful Friend, fearing leſt ſome ſiniſter Accident was befaln, haſtned towards the Place where he heard his Voice, and by the Light of the Moon ſaw him lye ſtretch'd along upon the Ground, like one without Senſe or Motion. Oh! my dear *Hypolitus*, *cry'd he*, I doubt you are wounded? What, were you aſſailed by Highway-Men, or ſome other Villains? *Hypolitus* looking at him with a ſad Countenance, How happy ſhould I be, *ſaid he*, were I either wounded or dead? My Misfortunes are of a much worſe Nature, my dear *Leander*, I have loſt every thing, Great God, I have loſt every thing. He ſaid no more; the Earl of *Suſſex*'s Letter lay juſt by him. *Leander* finding he could not get one Word from him, in anſwer to thoſe Queſtions he ask'd him, and not queſtioning but that that fatal News which had reduc'd him to ſo deplorable a State, was contain'd in this Letter, he took it up, and by the brightneſs of the Moon-light read it. Finding himſelf oppreſs'd with Grief at the News which he knew had caus'd his Friends Affliction, he went at ſome diſtance from him, to give vent to his Paſſion; but ſoon after, returning to the

Place

Place where he had left him, found him to be gone thence: For, *Hypolitus*, without thinking on what he did, or without remembering that *Leander* was far off, had left that Place, and was walking in the Wood as fast as he could, without knowing whether. *Leander* was much concern'd thereat; he call'd him several times by his Name, till at last he heard him sigh and speak to himself so loud, that he could easily trace and overtake him by his Voice: He took hold by his Arm, and embracing him with all the most tender Demonstrations of a sincere Friend, told him every thing that either Reason, Wit or Tenderness is able to inspire into a Man upon such an Occasion as this. He join'd with him in his Complaints, not thinking it convenient to contradict him at once; but by degrees endeavour'd to allay his Pain, sometimes by flattering him with Hopes; sometimes by representing to him, that a great and generous Soul, such as Nature had endow'd him with, ought not to suffer it self to be so far to be over-burthen'd with Afflictions, as not to be able to support it self under the weight thereof; he conjur'd him by every thing that was most dear to him, and in particular by the same *Julia*, who was the only Object both of his Love and Pain, to endeavour to vanquish himself, lest that might be attributed to his want of Courage, which actually was the effect of his Passion and of his Pain. He knew *Hypolitus* to be a Person of Honour, and that he hit him in a Point, which he was not in a Condition to contradict. He added, that since his Mistress had shewn so much repugnancy to that Marriage, it was an infallible Sign, that he was still Master of her Heart; and that his Misfortunes were not quite past remedy, because he was still belov'd.

These several Arguments produc'd this effect upon *Hypolitus*, that he gave some respite to his Sighs

Sighs and Sobs, and contented himſelf for this time to eaſe his Mind by his Moans, which ſometimes prove no ſmall Conſolation to an unfortunate Lover.

Day began to appear before *Leander* could prevail upon *Hypolitus* to go home along with him; for by his good Will he would have roav'd about in the Wood for ever, like a Mad Man. They were no ſooner got home, but *Leander* caus'd him to be put into a Bed; but would needs ſtay along with him, knowing that his preſence might ſtand him in great ſtead at this time. 'Tis ſcarce to be imagin'd, what a ſtrange Alteration this Fatal News had made in *Hypolitus*, and that in a few Hours; it was ſuch, that any one that had ſeen him then, would have ſworn he had lately had ſome violent and long Diſeaſe; and truly can there be a more violent one than Love? Or can there be a more dangerous one? Becauſe we are not ſenſible of the Danger at the Beginning of a Tender Paſſion, every thing appears pleaſing; every thing ſeems engaging; the Poiſon ſlips inſenſibly into our Heart, and is the more dangerous, becauſe we take it with delight; all our Senſes conſpire againſt us, and are as it were our Murderers.

A conſiderable time was elapſed, before *Hypolitus* could take any fix'd Reſolution, till after having fram'd a Thouſand vain Projects, he at laſt reſolv'd to travel back to *London*: His Father's Anger, his Agreement with my Lady *Bedford* that he ſhould not come into *England* within the ſpace of Three Years, were not Motives ſtrong enough to divert him from this Deſign, and he was ſo far from being concern'd thereat, that he thought it below himſelf, as much as to make the leaſt Reflection upon it; ſo that, when Segnior *Leander* put him in mind of it, Oh! theſe Treacherous People, *cry'd he*, ſent me out of the way for no other End, than that they might with

with the more ease do their worſt to me. What reaſon have I to fear them now? Juſt Heavens! there is no Danger ſo great, but what I would encounter without fear; my Misfortunes are come to their utmoſt Period; my ill Fortune has poured upon me all its Malignancy, and in that deplorable State I am reduced to, I can fear nothing, unleſs it ſhould be the dread of living too long. *Leander* ſeeing him ſo reſolute, reſolved to go along with him; and as *Hypolitus*'s Grief rendred him incapable of taking care either of his own Perſon or of his Affairs, he managed every thing with that earneſtneſs and aſſiduity, as is becoming a True Friend upon ſuch like an Occaſion: He told him, They would pretend to go no further than to *Rome*, and would take along with them each only one Servant, whom they knew to be true to them. Accordingly *Leander* ask'd his Father leave, to take this Journey with *Hypolitus*, which he eaſily obtained.

They both left *Florence* at the ſame time, and travell'd to *Bologne*; but tarried there no longer than juſt to give a Viſit to Count *Bentivoglio*, an intimate Friend of the Senator *Alberti*, who had ſent him a Letter by *Leander*; then paſſing over the *Apennines*, return'd privately through *Fieroſola* to *Florence*, and thence to *Leghorn*: But there being no Ship in that Port, then ready to ſail for *England*, they hir'd a *Tartane*, which carried them with a fare Wind to *Marſeilles*. They had ſcarce bin there two days when they embark'd for *England*; but *Hypolitus*, before his Departure thence, had the ſatisfaction to receive a Letter from the Earl of *Warwick*, with whom he had all along maintain'd a very ſtrict Correſpondence, tho' they had not very often an Opportunity of writing to one another. The Earl of *Warwick* was gone to *Venice*, with an Intention to offer his Service to that Republick, but he ſoon found that they enjoy'd the ſweets of a perfect Peace there;

there; this great and glorious City remaining an idle Spectator of all the Calamities *Europe* was then involv'd in. 'Twas about the same time, that *Cosmus de Medicis*, with the assistance of the Imperial Auxiliaries, besieged and took *Siena*, and that the *Venetians* had revenged themselves upon *Mustapha Biso*; This so much celebrated *Corsair* entring the *Adriatick* Sea with his Squadron of light Ships, ravaged the Coast of *Dalmatia*, till being engaged and vanquish'd by General *Canalis*, he had his Head cut off on the Deck of his own Galley. After this Expedition, the *Venetians* directed all their Councils to the maintaining an exact Neutrality with their more powerful Neighbours: And the Earl of *Warwick*, whose Intention was to signalize himself in the Field, soon considering with himself that there was but little likelihood to succeed in his Design, in a Place which enjoy'd the fruits of a perfect Tranquility, understood, to his no small satisfaction, that great warlike Preparations were making in the *Isle of Maltha* against *Dragut Rais*, who, by *Soliman*'s Orders, was preparing to appear at Sea with 50 Gallies. And the Knights of that Island, became so jealous of these vast Preparations by Sea, left no Stone unturn'd to put themselves, not only in a state of Defence, but also to attack the Enemy. The Earl of *Warwick*, who had not as yet forgot the ill Treatment he had receiv'd at his Hands during his Captivity, was overjoy'd at this Opportunity of fighting for his Religion, to signalize himself in so good a Cause, and to revenge himself upon *Dragut Rais*; so he desir'd *Alvisio Mocenigo*, the then Duke of *Venice*, to Honour him with his Recommendation to the *Great Master* of *Maltha*. The Duke was very ready to gratify the Earl of *Warwick* in his Request, to shew his own and the Republicks Acknowledgement of those Services he had done them: So he set sail for *Maltha*, where meeting

with a very agreeable Reception, he went aboard the Commodore *Valette*; and having perform'd every thing that could be expected from the Valour and Conduct of two ſuch brave Men, and the Gallies being laid up again at *Maltha*, the Earl of *Warwick* return'd to *Venice*, and gave immediate notice of his arrival there to *Hypolitus*, who had written to him concerning *Julia*'s Marriage, and into what a deplorable Eſtate he had bin reduced too by this terrible News. The Earl highly afflicted at the Miſery of his Friend, writ him, in anſwer to his, That he was tranſacting ſome Matters of the greateſt Conſequence at *Venice*, which he ſoon hoped to bring to a good iſſue, and that then he would make all the haſte he could for *England*, to ſnatch his Daughter out of the Earl of *Bedford*'s Arms, ſince the Match could not ſtand good, being made without his Conſent; and that therefore he might reſt aſſured, that *Julia* ſhould be nobodys but his. The amorous *Hypolitus* being willing enough to flatter himſelf with theſe pleaſing Hopes, this gave ſome preſent allay to his Pain, eſpecially ſince Signior *Leander* did not fail to put him frequently in mind, that *Julia* having ſtill a Father alive, and a Father of ſuch extraordinary Merits, and of no leſs Quality than the Earl of *Warwick*, they would be glad to reſtore her to him, ſo ſoon as he ſhould demand her.

Our Two illuſtrious Travellers meeting with a proſperous Gale, happily arrived in the Port of *London*; but *Hypolitus* bearing an Averſion to his Father's Houſe, would not as much as come in ſight of it, but went ſtrait to the Earl of *Suſſex*; who at firſt gave him but a cold Reception. Signior *Leander* ſeeing *Hypolitus* ready to run diſtracted, without being able to ſpeak one Word in his own behalf, addreſs'd himſelf to the Earl of *Suſſex*, (tho altogether unknown to him) diſcovering to him the whole Truth of the matter, how treacherouſly

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Hypolitus had bin dealt with; how he had met accidentally with the Earl of *Warwick* at Sea; and in ſhort, every thing he had underſtood from *Hypolitus*'s own Mouth. The Earl then grieved to the Heart at his Friend's Misfortune, threw himſelf about his Neck, and claſping him cloſe within his Arms, Oh! my dear and moſt faithful Friend, *ſaid he to him*, What is it they tell me? What ſhall we be able to do, to remedy your Misfortune? For you are not married in *Italy*, and yet 'tis this falſe News has occaſion'd you the Loſs of your Miſtreſs. At theſe Words *Hypolitus* reviving as it were out of his Trance, and fetching a deep Sigh, Where is ſhe, *ſaid he interrupting him?* Where is ſhe? That Miſtreſs I ſtill adore, in ſpite of all the Pain her too precipitate Reſolution has cauſed to me. She is ſtill in *Barkſhire*, *reply'd the Earl of* Suſſex, and the fair *Lucilia* ſtays with her: This young Lady is ſo generous as to comfort her continually, and to bear Share in all her Afflictions: I have bin told alſo, that ſhe has bin very dangerouſly ill, and that her Spouſe is mortally Jealous of her. The other day my Lord *Neville* having invited me, with ſeveral other Perſons of Quality, to a Hunting Match at his Country-Seat (which you know is not far diſtant from the Earl of *Bedford*'s;) I was very glad to embrace this Opportunity of ſtaying for ſome days at a Place, where, by reaſon of its Vicinity, I might viſit *Julia* without any manner of ſuſpicion of a framed Deſign: The Earl of *Bedford* being one of thoſe that were invited to this Match, I thought I would prepare him beforehand for that Viſit; but he told me, with much coldneſs, tho in Terms full of Civility, that it would be a great favour to him, but that he was ſcarce ever at home. You have, *reply'd I*, a Lady at home, who knows how to perform the Honour of the Houſe in your abſence. He bluſh'd and ſeem'd diſcompos'd at theſe Words; but ſoon recollecting him-

ſelf as well as he could, That Lady loves to be by her ſelf, *ſaid he*, and is very often out of order. This anſwer, inſtead of checking me in my Deſign, as the Earl ſuppoſed it would, produced a quite contrary Effect; for I reſolved to run the hazard of a downright Refuſal. Accordingly I went to his Houſe; but ſuch effectual care was taken, that they were always ready with ſome Excuſe or other; either that ſhe was aſleep, or that ſhe was not very well; ſo that it was impoſſible for me to ſee her nor to ſpeak to *Lucilia*. Alas! cry'd *Hypolitus*, and how is it poſſible for me to ſee her! For me, who have wounded her Husband, and whom queſtionleſs he hates more than any other Man in the Univerſe. I ſee no Way for you to ſee her, *reply'd the Earl*, unleſs it be under a Diſguiſe. They begun then to conſider, by what Means to bring this Interview about; but *Hypolitus*'s Mind was too far over-burthened with Grief, to be able to reflect duly upon the matter: *Leander* being but newly come into *England*, was unacquainted with the Cuſtoms and Manners of the Country; ſo that without the Earl of *Suſſex*'s aſſiſtance, they might have thought long enough, and that to a very little purpoſe.

A lucky Thought comes into my Head juſt now, *ſaid he to them*; My Opinion is, to get ſomebody to buy ſome Ribbonds, Gloves, Fans, and in ſhort, all manner of other Toys, ſuch as commonly are ſold by your Hawkers and Pedlars in the Country; with theſe you muſt have 2 or 3 Boxes fix'd, every way like thoſe the Pedlars make uſe of; and your Dreſs being ſuited to your pretended Profeſſion, you may under this Diſguiſe go to the Earl of *Bedford*'s Houſe, and meet with an Opportunity of ſeeing *Julia*, without the leaſt Suſpicion. *Hypolitus* deſired the Earl of *Suſſex* to go and buy what Toys and other ſmall Wares he thought moſt convenient; which being done, their Wares were put up in the Boxes, and

their

their Cloaths fitted to their Intentions; for *Leander* being resolv'd to share his Friends Fortune and Adventure with him, would act the same Persona he did, and tho he was unknown in *England*, yet thought fit to disguise his noble Air and Mien under this vulgar Habit: But, as to *Hypolitus*'s being obliged to take more especially care of himself, for fear of being discover'd by the Earl of *Bedford*, he put a large Plaister upon one Eye, which covered part of his Face.

So they set out towards night in their own Cloaths attended only by two Servants, who carry'd their Boxes and other Accoutrements. A Thousand melancholy Reflections, intermix'd with some glimpses of Comfort, of Hope, and of Despair, crouded into the amorous *Hypolitus*'s Head; What Disposition am I likely to find my dear *Julia* in? *Leander*, *said he*, do you think she will look upon me with Compassion? Do you think she will give a favourable Ear to me? Oh! the various Agitations of my Heart! What an anxiety of mind! What a Passion do I feel! What will become of me at the first sight of her? If her Husband should happen to be in the Room, how shall I be able to forbear him, and not revenge my self upon him, for all the Pains he has made me suffer? They thus pass'd their time away upon the Road, till coming to the Place where they intended to disguise themselves, they did alight from their Horses, put on their Cloaths with their Boxes, and for fear of any sinister Event, provided themselves each with a Pair of Pocket-Pistols, charged with Balls, and then left their Two Servants with their Horses in the Wood.

Julia's House was not far from thence, and *Hypolitus* having bin there before, they soon got thither, and *Leander* undertook the Task of speaking and answering all the Questions that should be ask'd him. The first Man they met with in the Court-yard was the Earl of *Bedford* himself; this fatal sight

made *Hypolitus* tremble for Anger; ſo that with much ado he could ſcarce contain himſelf within due bounds. *Leander* accoſted him in *Italian*, (a Language the Earl underſtood perfectly well) and told him he had abundance of fine Toys and Rarities to ſell: The Earl ordred them to be brought into a ſpacious Room, where having taken a View of their Wares, he was ſo well pleas'd with them, that he ſent a Page immediately to deſire his Lady and *Lucilia* to come down Stairs. They came in a few Minuets after, *Julia* leaning with one Hand upon a Cane, and the other being ſupported by *Lucilia*, like a ſick Perſon; beſides, there appear'd a certain Paleneſs in her Countenance, her Eyes full of Langniſhment, and an Air full of Melancholy and Sadneſs: But, good God, notwithſtanding all theſe diſadvantages, *Hypolitus* thought her ſo ſurprizingly handſome, that had he not bin leaning againſt the Wall, he had certainly not bin in a condition to keep himſelf upright.

An Elbow-Chair being brought in for *Julia*, ſhe over-look'd all the Rarities in a careleſs way, neither did ſhe ſhew the leaſt Inclination of buying any thing, unleſs it were a piece of Miniature, repreſenting *Love* ſeiz'd with a violent Diſeaſe, and *Reaſon* ſtanding near her and offering to her a Viol with Liquor; but *Love* puſh'd it back with her Hands; underneath were theſe Words: *Nothing can cure me.*

She could not forbear to ſhew this little Picture to *Lucilia*, which *Hypolitus* (who narrowly watch'd every Action and Motion of hers) ſoon obſerving, felt a ſtrange Emotion in his Heart; and perceiving the Earl of *Bedford* very buſie in viewing what *Leander* ſhew'd him, and fearing leſt *Julia* ſhould withdraw before he could ſpeak to her, he drew nearer, and pretending to look for ſome extraordinary rare Things in his Box, he brought out among the

the reſt, the ſame Parapet and Picture *Julia* preſented to him, when they took leave of one another, upon his going for *Italy*; he gave it into her Hands, and without much diſguiſing his Voice (which was ſufficiently changed already, by the various Agitations he felt within himſelf,) Pray, Madam, *ſaid he*, buy this Piece, which repreſents Love, perhaps you never ſaw any thing ſo fine in your Life: She took it carelesly, but no ſooner caſt her Eyes upon it, but ſhe appear'd ſo much ſurprized, that had her Husband but taken never ſo little notice of her at that inſtant, he muſt needs have ſuſpected there was ſome Miſtery in the Caſe. After having for ſome time view'd, with much Attention, the Hairs, the Colours, the Device, and the Hearts: Where did you buy this Piece, *ſaid ſhe to him with a low Voice*, as not to be underſtood by any body elſe but by him? *Leander* ſeeing his Friend engaged in Diſcourſe with his Miſtreſs, took care to keep the Earl of *Bedford* from over-hearing them: So that *Hypolitus* finding himſelf ſomewhat at liberty, *reply'd*, You ask me, Madam, where I bought it? But there are certain things not to be purchaſed for Money; I remember the time, which was the Happineſs of my Life, when I adored a certain Lady, and ſhe was pleaſed to accept of my Services; but that time is paſs'd and gone. Divine *Julia*, continu'd he, drawing nearer to her, as if he intended to ſhew her the excellency of the Workmanſhip of the Piece, that time ſo dear and charming to me, is now no more: She ſuſpected my Conſtancy, ſhe believed me unfaithful, and I am come to proteſt at her Feet, that I never was ſo. Theſe Words, which touch'd *Julia* to the very Heart, ſoon putting her in Mind of her dear *Hypolitus*, ſhe fetch'd a deep Sigh, and leaning her Head on one of her Hands, could not refrain from ſhedding ſome Tears: It would be a great additional Misfortune to this Lady, *ſaid ſhe to him*, if it

be true, that you are innocent upon that account. Whilſt they were thus diſcourſing together, Signior *Leander* ſhew'd the Earl of *Bedford* a moſt curious *Quadrant*, and told him, that the better to obſerve its exactneſs, they would make Trial of it upon the Terraſs-walk that was without the great Room: So that *Hypolitus* ſeeing nobody with *Julia* but her dear Siſter, could not forbear throwing himſelf at *Julia*'s Feet, and taking hold of her Fair Hands, kiſs'd them with ſuch a tranſport of Tenderneſs and Paſſion, that it was thought he would never have ſtirr'd from the place again. *Lucilia* was over-joy'd at her Brother's return, and *Julia* was not able to utter one Word, being quite confounded with Joy, Fear, and Pain; neither had ſhe Courage enough to make a more narrow Enquiry into the Truth of the matter, (notwithſtanding ſhe felt within herſelf a great Eagerneſs of upbraiding him with his Infidelity) but he was beforehand with her. My lovely Lady, ſaid he to her, caſting a moſt Amorous Look at her, no, I am not guilty; thoſe Trayors that have deceiv'd you with a ſuppoſitious Marriage, (a thing I never as much as thought of) made this Contrivance on purpoſe to render the remainder of my moſt doleful Life inſupportable to me: I am Faithful to you, *Julia*, but you are not ſo to me. Don't encreaſe my Pains, my dear *Hypolitus*, *ſaid ſhe to him ſobbing and crying*, What I am convinced of to day, is a ſufficient Revenge to you, and a Puniſhment to me, for having bin ſo unfortunate, as to ſuffer my ſelf to be thus catch'd in the Snare. Tho' my Paſſion, and the Reſpect I bear to you, will not ſuffer me to reproach you, my dear *Julia*, I can't however but tell you, that you were too haſty in conſummating that fatal Marriage, and that it ſeems to me, as if ſome other Reaſons, beſides your Anger, had had a great Share in it; For, what could make you ſo far neglectful of your Duty, as not to ask your Father's Conſent, and

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ſtay for his Approbation? At theſe Words *Julia* look'd upon him with Eyes full of Compaſſion, for ſhe verily believed no otherwiſe than that he was diſtracted: What do you tell me of my Father, *ſaid ſhe*, whom, as far as I can remember, I never ſaw in all my Life time? Alas! had he bin alive, I ſhould not be ſo unfortunate as now I am. *Hypolitus*, by this Anſwer, ſoon underſtood, that my Lord *Douglas* had intercepted and kept both the the Earl of *Warwick*'s and his Letters. You ought not to be ignorant any longer, my dear Lady, *continu'd he*, raiſing himſelf from the Ground, for fear of being ſurpriſed, that that ſame Fortune which has bin ſo contrary to me in every thing elſe in my Voyage, would however oblige me with one Favour that moſt nearly concern'd me; I mean in that ſtrange Adventure of meeting with your illuſtrious Father at Sea. He was a Slave to the Famous Corſair *Dragut Rais*, the ſame againſt whom he fought in the *Venetian* Service, when he was ſuppos'd to be ſlain; I delivered him from his Captivity, and he acquainted you with it in his Letters directed to you——— Here the Earl of *Bedford* came back into the Room, deeply engaged in Diſcourſe with *Leander*, concerning the Price he was to give him for the *Quadrant*; for it being his buſineſs to keep him upon the Terraſs-walk as long as he could, had ſet ſo high a Price upon his Ware, that they were above a Quarter of an Hour arguing the matter, before they could agree about the Price; which they did at laſt, *Leander* being unwilling to carry the Jeſt too far with the Earl. Scarce were they got into the Room, where *Hypolitus* was entertaining *Julia*, but in comes the Counteſs of *Neville*, who was actually *Julia*'s Aunt, without knowing it; for ſhe was ignorant of her being the Earl of *Warwick*'s Daughter; but ſhe had always ſhew'd her as much Tenderneſs, as if ſhe had bin acquainted with the Secret of her Conſanguinity:

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Their Seats were at no great distance from one another in the Country, so she came to invite her to her Daughter's Wedding, who was to be married to my Lord *Howard*, descended from one of the most noble Families in *England*. Tho' I expect but little Company there *said she to her*, I don't question but we shall be very merry. I must frankly tell you, Madam, most obligingly, *reply'd* Julia, that unless it be the Pleasure of seeing you and your dear Family there, nothing will divert me; for give me leave to tell you, that I am scarce recover'd of a very long Distemper, which makes me still so weak and faint, that I am much afraid my presence will only prove troublesome to so agreeable an Assembly. You may tell me what you think fit, *return'd the Countess of* Neville, but unless you are there the Match shall not be consummated; we shall not enjoy our selves without you, and therefore am resolved to carry you immediately along with me to my House. My Lord *Howard* being a near Relation of the Earl of *Bedford*'s, he so effectually join'd his Entreaties with my Lady *Neville*, that *Julia*, not being able to refuse them, went immediately along with the Countess of *Neville*, without having the least Opportunity of speaking with *Hypolitus*, or of knowing where the Earl of *Warwick* now was; so she, as well a *Lucilia*, contented themselves for this time, with telling the suppos'd Pedlars, that they should not fail to come again another time, because they intended to buy several Things of them they lik'd. They took mutually their Leaves with the most tender and passionate Looks that could be; and so soon as the Ladies were got into their Coaches, they likewise went their ways.

Leander as well as *Hypolitus* walk'd along for some time, without speaking one Word, both their Minds being quite taken up with their Thoughts, which made them very pensive: At last *Leander* addressing

sing himself to his Friend. You have, *said he to him*, brought me to day to the Sight of Two of the handsomest Ladies in the World; I am of Opinion, 'tis impossible for any one to behold them without Admiration: I look'd upon *Julia* as the Object of your Love, but *Lucilia*, the Charming *Lucilia*, is become the Object of mine; But that you are her Brother, *continu'd he*, I should fear, lest you should be my Rival: She has quite enchanted my Senses, her whole Deportment, her engaging Air, her regular Features, her Shape, her goodly Mien, all these Perfections she is Mistress of beyond all other Women, have rais'd such an Amazement in my Soul, that I must confess to you, I never felt that for any other Person in the World, what I feel within my self for her. *Hypolitus* overjoy'd to hear him, threw his Arms all on a sudden about his Neck; I could find but one Fault in you, dear Friend, *said he to him*, that was, your want of Love; I sometimes relented my being in Love, unless you would be in Love as well as I; it seem'd to me, as if what I told you, was not very intelligible to you, and as if my Pains did not effect you sufficiently, because you had never felt any thing like it. I am overjoy'd to hear, you have at last met with an Object, that is capable of touching your Heart, and it shall not be my Fault, if my Sister does not inspire into you a most violent Passion. But what do you think of the lovely *Julia*? Have I not sufficient reason to dye for her? Did ever you see any thing that comes near her for Beauty? For my part, I must confess, I am quite enchanted with it; That Languishment, that Sadness you observe in all her Actions, only serve to augment her Charms, and to render me the more unfortunate. Alas! all these things taken together, serve only to make me the more sensible of my Loss in her.

Their Conversation lasted till they came to the Wood, where they were to change again their Cloaths;

Cloaths; but whilſt their Two Servants were getting them ready, they on a ſudden heard a great Noiſe of Men and Horſes, who ſoon ſurrounded them. They were not a little ſurprized, and had no reaſon to queſtion, but that they aim'd at them, when they ſaw ſome with Swords drawn, others arm'd with Guns and Piſtols, approaching on all ſides, and (without ſhewing their Authority) calling to them to ſurrender. They were ſenſible it would be in vain to withſtand ſo great a Number; but being reſolved not to ſubmit tamely, they pull'd out their Pocket Piſtols, and wounded no leſs than Four, and then clapping their Backs againſt ſome Trees, (to avoid being ſurrounded) they fought it out moſt bravely, and were ſucceſsfully ſeconded by their Two Servants; but at laſt, finding the Number of their Enemies encreaſe, as their ſtrength begun to decay by degrees, and that they aim'd not at their Lives, becauſe they call'd to them without intermiſſion to ſurrender, they ſaw themſelves under a Neceſſity of doing ſo. No ſooner had they got them into their Clutches, but, to revenge themſelves and their Comerades, that were wounded, they tied *Hypolitus* and *Leander*, and their Two Servants, Hand and Feet, for fear they ſhould either once more fight againſt them, or make their Eſcape.

In this Condition they carry'd them before a neighbouring Juſtice of the Peace, upon whoſe Warrant they had ſeiz'd them; tho (being mad and in drink) they had not produc'd nor nam'd it: The thing hapned thus, Juſt as Signior *Leander* and *Hypolitus* were changing their Cloaths in the Wood, when they were going to the Earl of *Bedford*'s Houſe, ſome Butchers happening to paſs by that Way, and ſeeing them pull off their embroider'd Coats, and inſtead thereof to put on others of a quite different make, and one clapping a Plaiſter to his Eye, they did not in the leaſt queſtion, but that

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these were the same Highway-Men, who had of late committed many Robberies in that part of the Country. Several Constables, with their Attendants, had bin abroad in Search after them, and were just come back to the Justice of the Peace's House, when these Butchers came in, to give an account of what they had seen: There needed no more to satisfy them that these were the Men they look'd for; and when after the return of *Leander* and *Hypolitus* from the Earl of *Bedford*'s House, they found them again busied in changing their Cloaths, they thought themselves so certain that these were the Highway-men, that without any further Ceremony they fell upon them, seiz'd and carried them to the Justice of the Peace's House.

Whilst they were carried along, *Hypolitus* made the most melancholy Reflections that can well be imagin'd, upon the oddness of this Adventure; not being able to conceive unto whom to attribute, or whom to blame for this Mishap. Is this the Effect of my Father's Aversion, *said he to himself?* Am I found out, and has somebody or other discover'd to him my return into *England!* Or perhaps, has my Lady *Bedford* and her Son taken the Advantage of my Father's Agreement with them! As he was under a great uncertainty as to his Enemies, so he could not but be surpriz'd, what should make them to seize *Leander*, being vex'd to the Heart, he should prove the Occasion of his Friend's ill Treatment. They had taken care to part them, so that they had not the Satisfaction of speaking to one another, and no sooner were they brought before the Justice but he examin'd them each apart; Guess at their surprize, when he ask'd them, Whether they had not kill'd such and such Persons and robb'd them? They disown'd the Fact, but you may believe, this would not discharge them; so far from that, that they were put, Hands and Feet tied, into a deep Cellar, the

Door

Door whereof was narrowly watch'd by a Conſtable and his Attendants.

Being now at Liberty to ſpeak, they told one another, every thing that can be thought tender and kind, or what can poſſibly be conceiv'd to proceed from a moſt ſincere Friendſhip upon ſuch an Occaſion as this. Be not diſturb'd, my deareſt Friend, *ſaid* Leander *to* Hypolitus, you ſee the whole thing is no more than a Chimera, and that let the worſt come to the worſt, you need only diſcover your ſelf, and they will be glad to ſet us at Liberty. Would you have me not be diſturb'd, *cry'd* Hypolitus? Oh! *Leander*, I ſee you are far from being fully acquainted with the Sentiments I have for you, and with what may be the Conſequence of this Miſchance: I ſee you tied Hands and Feet like a Criminal, in a dark Hole, upon the bare Ground; you follow'd me into my own Country, after you had ſhew'd me a Thouſand Courteſies in yours; The firſt place I bring you to is a Priſon, pray conſider what Entertainment I give you in my Native Country? And would you have me remain inſenſible at ſuch a Misfortune? Yes, I would, *ſaid* Leander, *interrupting him*, I would not have you carry things to that Extremity of Tenderneſs, and aſſure your ſelf that in bearing a ſhare in your Misfortunes, I don't feel my own; beſides, let me tell you my Friend, I am above ſuch an Accident as this; a dark Hole, ill Treatment, thoſe are things I value not in reſpect to my ſelf, and were you thoroughly acquainted with the Sentiments of my Heart, this Miſhap would not give you the leaſt Diſturbance. I ſhould be very unworthy of the Goodneſs you ſhew me, my dear *Leander*, *reply'd* Hypolitus, where I not highly ſenſible of it; and not to conceal from you my further Inquietudes, pray conſider, what will be the Conſequence of it, if I am forc'd to tell my Name; and if the Earl of *Bedford* ſhould be inform'd of our Diſguiſe and all its Circumſtances, what

what Constructions do you think he will make of it? He will lay the blame at *Julia*'s Door, he is a violent Man and full of Jealousy: Neither her Virtue nor her Innocence will be sufficient to remove his Jealousy. What will be the End of this! Alas! 'tis I, that perhaps shall prove the Instrument of troubling her Tranquility for ever! Can there be any thing in the World beyond this, to reduce a Lover to the utmost Despair? Add to this, that in case the thing comes to my Father's Ears, he will think nothing too much for my Punishment; and, so soon as I am discharg'd by the Justice, I must expect to take up my Lodging in some other Prison, as he often has threatned me: So that at once I ruin *Julia* in respect to her Husband, and lose *Julia* in respect to my self. Truly, *reply'd* Leander, these are very cruel Extremities; and what is worse, I see not which way we shall be able to avoid them. I have thought of something, *added Hypolitus*, you know these Justices of the Peace are sometime covetous, I will try him that way, perhaps that may prove the best at last. *Leander* approv'd of his Thought; and so they past away the Night, as well as they could, in this unfortunate Condition.

It was almost Noon, when they came to take them out of the Cellar, to carry them up into the Justice's Room. Instead of examining them, as they thought he would have done, he ask'd them whether they had Courage enough to fight? They not being able to guess at his Meaning in asking them that Question, *Hypolitus* told him, He ought to propose that Question rather to those that came to assault them, than to them; But, *continued he, speaking to him softly*, if you will set us at Liberty, you need only tell us your own Terms, you shall have whatever you can desire. I am not to be brib'd, *said the Justice*, I will discharge my Duty with Honour, and there being so many People concern'd in this matter, you ought

to

to be made an Example to others. *Hypolitus* almoſt reduc'd to Deſpair to ſee his Project fail him, after ſeveral repeated Inſtances, to no purpoſe, at laſt reſolved to tell him his Name; My requeſt of Diſcharging us, *ſaid he to him*, will not turn in the leaſt to your Prejudice, for I am willing to tell you my Name, and am ready to give you what Reward you pleaſe, provided you will keep the Secret, becauſe I have ſome weighty Reaſons, to remain *incognito* here: I am *Hypolitus*, Son to the Earl of *Douglas*, and I am contented to ſtay with you, till I have made you actually ſuch a Preſent as you ſhall require. You are very bold, *reply'd the Juſtice, with an angry Countenance*, to dare to take upon you ſuch a Name before me, as if I did not know poſſitively, that the Perſon you mention is at preſent in *Italy*; and ſo out of the Room he went, ordering thoſe that guarded the Priſoners, to keep themſelves in readineſs to carry them away. 'Twas not long before the Juſtice put himſelf at the Head of theſe Guards, who had *Hypolitus* and *Leander* in the midſt of them; they had not walk'd far, before they diſcover'd on the top of a Hill a very ſumptuous Structure, the Arches whereof being planted on both ſides with very fine Trees, affording a very agreeable Shade, and extended even from the Hill into the Plain; they could perceive at a diſtance a great Concourſe of People, and as they came nearer, heard the pleaſing Sound of various Muſical Inſtruments. What does this mean, my dear *Hypolitus*, *ſaid* Leander? Are we to be carried to this glorious Houſe, where all the Pleaſures ſeem to have fix'd their Seat; What Part are we likely to act in this Scene? *Hypolitus* caſting a melancholy Look at him, I ſuppoſe, *ſaid he*, we ſhall only be Spectators of this Feaſt at a diſtance; for I believe they intend to carry us to the next great Town, or perhaps to *London*.

Whilſt

Whilſt they were thus diſcourſing together, they ſaw a Perſon coming towards them, who appear'd to be a Perſon of Note, as well by his noble Air, as by his numerous Attendants. *Leander* ask'd his Friend, whether he knew him? *No*, ſaid he, *but I believe him to be ſomebody of this Country:* So he drawing nearer, the Juſtice of the Peace alighted from his Horſe to pay his Reſpects to him. 'My Lord, *ſaid he*, I am come on pur-'poſe to beg your Pardon, and teſtify my Unea-'ſineſs at the Diſappointment I am forced to give 'you. The two Prize fighters that promiſed to 'be at my Houſe yeſterday, have fail'd of their 'Promiſe; I ſtaid for them till Noon, but they not 'appearing, I know not what to do. My Lord told him with an angry Countenance, 'Had you 'not given me your word, I would have taken care 'to have ſome others provided for me, and the 'Company that is at my Houſe, in full expectati-'on of being entertain'd with this Divertiſement, 'according to my Invitation; What muſt I do in 'this caſe? My Lord, *reply'd he*, here I have 'brought along with me four ſuppoſed Highway-'men, and ſome of them being Foreigners, and no 'poſitive proof againſt them, it will I believe prove 'no hard Task, either by fair or foul means, to 'make them fight together, provided they may 'be put in hopes of being diſcharged. My Lord told him, that if he would take the thing upon himſelf, he would be contented; and caſting his Eyes upon them, was extreamly taken with the goodly Mien and Air of *Leander* and *Hypolitus*; he told the Juſtice theſe two might give ſufficient Diverſion to his Company, deſiring him to make what haſte he could, whilſt he would go and give order to make the neceſſary Preparations for the Combat; and accordingly the Juſtice

ordered his People to walk on as faſt as they could.

Leander being not ſo well verſed in the *Engliſh* Tongue, as to underſtand what they were contriving againſt them; *Hypolitus* fetching a deep Sigh told him, 'Oh! my dear *Leander*, what do you 'think they are preparing for us, the ſtrangeſt 'Cataſtrophe that ever was ſeen; Good God, to 'what Misfortunes are we reſerved? They would 'have us fight againſt one another. Pray explain 'your ſelf, *ſaid Signior* Leander, for I don't un-'derſtand your meaning. You know, *reply'd* Hy-'politus, that the *Romans* uſed to divert the Peo-'ple with Publick Spectacles, in theſe certain Cri-'minals uſed ſometimes to fight one another. 'This Cuſtom was introduced into *England* when 'they made themſelves Maſters of this Iſland, 'and has been tranſmitted to our Times; with this 'difference however, that our Gladiators or Prize-'fighters, devote themſelves voluntarily to this 'Trade: I ſay devote themſelves, for there have 'been Examples of their having dy'd of their 'Wounds they received in theſe Combats, and I 'call that a Trade, which is made uſe of to get 'Money by it; they are commonly dreſs'd only 'in a Shirt and a pair of Drawers, with a Scarfe 'about their middle, and a Bonnet on their Heads. 'Thus prepared, they make their Appearance in a 'place covered with Sand, upon a ſpacious 'Theatre or Stage, with broad Swords but blunt 'at the Points, being intended only for cutting and 'ſlaſhing, and promiſe the Spectators not to quit 'the Stage, till they draw Blood from one ano-'ther two or three times. So to work they go, 'wound one another moſt miſerably, cut off a 'piece of the Skull or Shoulder, and don't ſpare 'one another in the leaſt at that time, tho' other-

'wiſe

'wiſe they are very good Friends, and go ſnacks 'in the Money that is given. They have alſo a 'way of fighting with pointed Sticks almoſt like 'ſmall half Pikes, wherewith they prick one ano-'ther's Eyes out; to be ſhort, it is a moſt terrible 'Sight, and thoſe that are the Spectators of it, are 'no leſs to blame, than thoſe that do it. This 'Tragedy, dear *Leander*, they intend we ſhould 'act againſt one another. I, my dear *Hypolitus*, 'to fight and to wound you, *cry'd* Leander, I will 'rather die on the Spot than do't.

They had juſt finiſh'd their Diſcourſe, when coming to the beforementioned fine Houſe, they were conducted into a ſpacious Room, without being unty'd; ſome Victuals was ſet before them, but they would eat none, which the Juſtice (who was an ill natur'd ſurly Fellow, and in theſe Times of Treuble, preſumed he might ſtretch his Authority beyond its due Bounds) being acquainted with, he came to them, and told them, they had beſt to comply with what was deſired of them; that their Deliverance or Death was in his Hands, as the caſe ſtood, and that he ſwore to them by all that was holy and ſacred, that in caſe they would not do what was propoſed to them, they might make no other account, than upon a certain Death, and therefore he would adviſe them not to put it to the Tryal. They requeſted ſeveral times to ſpeak with the Maſter of the Houſe; but the Juſtice, who had obſerved there was a ſtrict Friendſhip betwixt *Hypolitus* and his Friend, ſoon perceiving that their intention was to beg of him, not to ſuffer them to fight againſt one another, would not let them ſee any Body. Nothing can be comparable to the Deſperate Condition they ſaw themſelves reduced to, the appointed Hour was come, and the more reſolute they appear'd in not complying

with the Juſtice's Demands, the more he threatned them with Death and Deſtruction. At laſt theſe two Friends dreading the Effects of an Arbitrary Power, reſolved, that as ſoon as they got the Swords into their hands, inſtead of employing them againſt one another, they would make uſe of them to ſell their Lives at the deareſt rate they could; ſo they took their Arms and appeared within the Barriers where they were to fight.

Notice being given to all the Company there preſent, that two Highwaymen, who had fought ſo deſperately in the Wood before they were taken, were to fight, every one was very deſirous to ſee the iſſue of this Combat; but no ſooner were they entred within the Barriers, but you might have heard a confuſed murmuring Noiſe among the Spectators, every Body there looking upon them with Admiration; their Youth, their Beauty, their goodly Mien gain'd the Inclinations of all that were preſent. There was not one Body who could have the leaſt knowledge of *Signior Leander*; but there were not a few who ſtood almoſt amazed, there ſhould be ſo great a Reſemblance betwixt a Robber, ſuch a one as they ſuppoſed *Hypolitus* to be, and my Lord *Douglas*'s Son: were he not in *Italy*, ſaid they to one another, who could believe otherwiſe, but it was himſelf in Perſon? Theſe two faithful Friends view'd firſt the whole Aſſembly with a noble and fierce Countenance, and then caſt their Eyes upon thoſe Wretches they were to engage; of theſe there were thirty in number headed by the Conſtable and the Juſtice of the Peace, who little imagined there would be any danger in the caſe. Soon after *Hypolitus* and *Leander* cloſely embraced one another, imagining (as they had great reaſon to do) that they were to go to a certain Death; but they

were

were too courageous to dread the Event; and *Hypolitus* had this particular ſatisfaction in this Miſfortune, to think he ſhould remain undiſcover'd, and that it would never be known, that he had diſguiſed himſelf, with an intention to ſee *Julia*.

Purſuant to what was concerted betwixt them, they leapt both together over the Rails, and running with Sword in hand towards the Juſtice, the Conſtable and his Attendants placed along the Barriers to guard them, they ſnatch'd their Swords out of their Hands(becauſe they would prove more ſerviceable to them than thoſe they had) and fighting like two enraged Lyons, you might have ſeen them in an inſtant covered all over with Blood, and wounded in ſeveral places? *Julia* and *Lucilia*, who were not preſent at this Spectacle, becauſe they being naturally of a ſweet Diſpoſition, took no delight in ſo cruel a Divertiſement, hearing an extraordinary noiſe that way, and the Cries of the Ladies, (ſome out of fear others out of pity) run ſtraightways to a ſpacious Terraſs where the Spectators were placed, which had divers Marble Steps leading into the Place where the Tumult was: They caſt their Eyes, tho' not without much Reluctancy upon the pretended Gladiators, whom at firſt they could ſcarce diſtinguiſh in this Confuſion from the reſt: But alas! 'twas not long before they diſcovered their dear *Hypolitus* and his Generous Friend: Gueſs what a ſight what a ſtroak this muſt be to them! What words are able to expreſs their Surprize, their Fear, their Affliction: Juſt Heavens! 'tis *Hypolitus*, 'tis him, cry'd they both at once, ſo running headlong down the Steps, made all the haſte they could to ſecure what they lov'd from ſo imminent a danger. There was ſcarce any Body there but what was

ready to eſpouſe their Quarrel, every one follow'd them with their Swords drawn. They kept cloſe to their Lovers, and theſe ſeeing them come to their Relief gathered new Strength and Courage, ſo that Mr. *Juſtice* with his Guard ſeeing ſo many Swords ready to be turn'd againſt them, were glad to ſeek for their Safety in their Heels, leaving theſe two Champions and dear Friends abſolute Maſters of the Field of Battle; but their ſtrength hitherto ſupported by their Anger, now beginning to fail, *Hypolitus* almoſt drown'd in a whole Rivulet of Blood, drop'd down half dead at *Julia*'s Feet, and *Leander* drawing near to aſſiſt his Friend, had the ſame Fate. *Julia* and *Lucilia* at this moſt deplorable ſight, being no more Miſtreſſes of themſelves, *Julia* was altogether taken up with her deareſt Lover, whoſe Head leaning upon her Knees, ſhe held upright in her Arms, bathing his Face with her Tears, breaking forth into moſt paſſionate Moans and Lamentations, and endeavouring to ſtop with one of her Hands the Blood that guſh'd out of one of his Wounds; whilſt *Lucilia* apply'd all her care to the aſſiſtance of *Leander*; and this young lovely Lady, ſhew'd already ſo particular a concern for the Preſervation of this Stranger, as might well be ſuppoſed to own its Origine to another Principle and Motive, than to Generoſity alone. They were going to carry *Hypolitus* into a Chamber, to dreſs his Wounds, but he not conſidering before whom he ſpoke, and caſting a Languiſhing Look at *Julia*, told her with the utmoſt Paſſion; 'Permit me, 'dear Miſtriſs of my Heart, to die in your Arms; 'this Death will be more agreeable and more hap-'py to me than my Life: There were but few who could hear theſe Words, and thoſe that heard it, look'd upon it as an effect of a Frenzy, which is often

often the forerunner of approaching Death; but the Earl of *Bedford*, who was one of those that heard it, was struck with it as with a Thunderbolt; he knew *Julia* and *Hypolitus* to be no Brother and Sister; he knew that they were educated together, that it was he who had wounded him in the Garden, when he was attempting to carry off *Julia* by force; in one Moment every thing presented it self before his Eyes, which he had to fear, and these Surmizes were in his Mind changed into undeniable Realities: But so soon as he was told by the Justice of the Peace, that these two Gentlemen were taken disguised in Pedlars Habits, he had the curiosity to look into their Boxes, and there needed no more to convince him that there was a mutual Love betwixt *Julia* and *Hypolitus*, but he had so much Prudence, as to hide the Dart that had pierc'd him through the Heart.

Both these Loving Friends were carry'd into one Chamber, where their Wounds being search'd and dress'd immediately, were found to be much larger than dangerous. In the mean while *Julia* considering with her self, but too late, that her Spouse would be heartily vexed to see her so much concerned at *Hypolitus*'s Misfortune, to repair in some measure this Fault, she desired *Lucilia* to tell her Brother, how she was obliged to act with much Circumspection, and not to see him unless it were in the Earl of *Bedford*'s Presence; that he himself might easily judge, what violence she put upon her own Inclinations, since she was so unfortunate as not to be able hitherto to efface out of her Heart the Impressions he had made there, and that she conjur'd him, to let her hear where her Father was.

My Lord *Nevil* was almoſt inconſolable, that ſo unfortunate an Accident ſhould fall out in his Houſe, bearing a moſt profound Reſpect to the Earl of *Douglas*, and conſequently to his Son; and being inform'd of the true Quality of *Leander*, he omitted nothing that might convince both of them, of his uneaſineſs on that account, and of the particular Eſteem he had for them. *Hypolitus*, unto whom he addreſs'd himſelf in a moſt peculiar manner, deſired him not to acquaint his Father with what had happened, and told him frankly, that it was his Love Paſſion that had haſten'd his return out of *Italy* and made him diſguiſe himſelf in a Pedlar's Habit; that if his Family got to know of it, it would prove the occaſion of great Conteſts betwixt them and him, till he might have time and opportunity of ſetling Matters upon a better Foot; and my Lord promiſed to do all he deſired of him.

Several of the Company were mighty ſollicitous to know what could induce theſe two Gentlemen to diſguiſe themſelves thus, and there were very few but what ſuppoſed there was a Love Intrigue in the caſe, but they could not gueſs at the Perſons concerned therein; for every Body believing *Julia* to be *Hypolitus* his Siſter, there was not the leaſt room for any ſuſpicion upon her account, ſo that every Body gueſs'd according to his Fancy, but no Body hit the Mark.

In the mean time the Juſtice of the Peace being ſenſible how far he had abuſed his Authority, and dreading the Revenge of thoſe he had ſo groſly miſuſed, with the utmoſt Submiſſion beg'd *Julia*'s and *Lucilia*'s Pardon, and that they would be ſo generous as to intercede in his behalf with *Hypolitus* and *Leander*, which they promiſed to do, judging it moſt convenient, at this time, to ſacrifice their

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Reſentment to other more weighty Conſiderations.

Lucilia frequently came into her Brother's Chamber, becauſe *Julia*, as well as ſhe, was impatient to hear, almoſt every Minute, how he did, he call'd her to him and ſaid, 'Why, dear Siſter, 'will you always come alone? Does not the 'Lovely *Julia* think fit to come alſo ſometimes to 'afford me ſome Conſolation under my preſent 'Affliction? Were ſhe to conſult her own In-'clinations only, *reply'd ſhe*, you would have 'ſeen her oftner than me; but ſhe is obliged to 'be ſo much upon her Guard, that ſhe dares not 'venture to ſee you, unleſs it be when her Jea-'lous Husband is preſent. She has enjoyn'd me 'to tell you ſo, and to give you from her a thou-'ſand aſſurances of an eternal Friendſhip, and to 'deſire you to let us know, in what place you 'parted with her Father, becauſe you were inter-'rupted yeſterday before you finiſh'd your Relation. 'Oh! my dear *Lucilia*, *ſaid he interrupting her*, 'excuſe me if I make the beſt uſe of her Curioſity, 'pray tell her, the Amorous *Hypolitus* will tell 'no Body but her ſelf where the Earl of *War-'wick* is; this will at leaſt engage her to come to 'ſee me. After theſe words he pauſed a while, but ſoon reaſſuming his former Diſcourſe, 'Is it 'poſſible, *ſaid he*, ſhe can refuſe me a Favour I 'ſtand ſo much in need of at this time. Dear 'Siſter, I conjure you, neglect nothing to make 'her grant me this Requeſt; I know not but that 'my Life may depend on it, or at leaſt do you 'perſwade her as much as you can, that it does; 'perhaps, that may prevail upon her to come. *Lucilia* promis'd ſhe would do all that lay in her power, to engage *Julia* to give him a Viſit in his Chamber.

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The Aſſembly at my Lord *Howard*'s Wedding, was ſo numerous, that being ſomewhat ſtraitned for room, *Julia* and *Lucilia* lay together in one Bed; they went into their Chamber very early that Night, and no ſooner were got into Bed and their Maids gone, but finding themſelves at full liberty to talk together, *Julia* fetching very deep Sighs, intermingled with Sobs, and claſping *Lucilia* very cloſe in her Arms; 'Oh! dear Siſter, '*ſaid ſhe*, did ever any Body ſee ſuch a Series of 'odd Adventures as theſe? Wonder with me at 'the fatality of my Stars; ſcarce had I got the 'firſt Taſte of that Satisfaction of ſeeing again a 'Man who has remain'd always faithful to me, in 'ſpite of all the Reaſons I had given him to hate 'me, ſcarce had he acquainted me with the happy 'News of my Father's being alive, but this Feli-'city is overturn'd by a thouſand ſiniſter Acci-'dents. Here you ſee me at a Feaſt, where I had 'the Affliction to ſee him almoſt ſlain before my 'Face, and the ſingular concern I ſhew'd in his 'Preſervation, has proved a ſignal Prejudice to 'me with my Husband; I could diſcern his Seri-'ous Thoughts in his very Eyes and Countenance, 'in ſpite of all my Diſtraction, and the Pains he 'took to conceal them: I dare not flatter my ſelf 'any longer upon that Score, he is certainly con-'vinced at this very Minute, that *Hypolitus* is 'dearer to me, than my own Life, and that he is 'the ſole Maſter of it: Add to this, that moſt 'cruel neceſſity I lie under of not ſeeing him, and 'conſider, if you can —— You muſt overcome 'thoſe Niceties which thus diſturb you, dear Si-'ſter, *ſaid* Lucilia *interrupting her*, my Brother's 'Life lies at ſtake, he has charged me to make 'you acquainted with it, and to conjure you in 'his behalf, by that Paſſion he has ſo inviolably

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'preſerved for you, not to refuſe him this on-
'ly Conſolation he has left. Oh! dear Siſter,
'*cry'd* Julia, he has not rightly conſidered of
'what he deſires, if you could be ſenſible of
'the Anguiſh I am likely to feel within me,
'whilſt I am with him, you would pity me,
'and not deſire it; for, what I owe to my
'Duty, I am afraid will not agree ſo well with
'my Sentiments for him, but that I may either
'be too favourable or too cruel to him: But
'Julia, *ſaid* Lucilia, if you don't go you will
'hear no further News concerning your Father;
'of your Father I ſay, who being as it were re-
'covered from the dead, ought to be very dear
'to you. If you can be ſo rigorous to poor *Hy-*
'*politus*, certainly your Curioſity to know what
'is become of the Earl of *Warwick*, will make
'you the more pliable; for my Brother proteſts,
'*continued* Julia, he will tell it to no body but
'to your own ſelf. Alas! dear Siſter, *ſaid* Julia,
'you need not take ſo much pains to perſwade
'me, my Heart declares for your Brother without
'it, it ſeconds your endeavours, and will prove
'too ſtrong for my Reaſon: O! how difficult is
'it to keep from ſeeing that which is dearer to
'one than one's own Life; how weak a Creature
'is a Woman upon ſuch an Occaſion as this, and
'how much in vain is it to ſtruggle againſt what
'one loves; muſt I at laſt make a frank Confeſ-
'ſion to you, dear Siſter, I find my ſelf ſuffici-
'ently inclined to follow your Counſel, provided
'you can find out a way to do it with ſecrecy.
'Unleſs we go to him immediately, *ſaid* Lucilia,
'we may be in danger of being ſurprized; I
'left a Candle a burning on purpoſe, and I have
'found out this very Evening a pair of priva e
'back Stairs which lead up to the upper end of

'the

'the Gallery, near our Chamber; we may go 'that way if you pleaſe, without making the 'leaſt noiſe. What Siſter, *ſaid* Julia, *interrupting her*, what, in the Night time, what if we 'ſhould be diſcovered? That would ſignify nothing to the World, *ſaid* Lucilia, for all the 'World believes us both to be *Hypolitus*'s Siſters. 'But the Earl of *Bedford* knows to the contrary, '*ſaid* Julia *ſighing*. You are too fearful, *anſwered* Lucilia *ſomewhat impatiently*, come, 'come, Siſter, let us go; come, don't pauſe any longer upon the matter. *Julia* got out of Bed trembling all over, and throwing a looſe Gown about her, *Lucilia* took her by the Hand, and conducted her to her Brother's Chamber. It was by this time pretty late, but he had not ſhut Eyes as yet that Night: Hearing the Door to make a noiſe, and ſeeing his beloved Miſtriſs coming in, he was ſo far tranſported with Joy, that it had almoſt coſt him his Life; for all his Wounds opening a freſh, he was covered with Blood, before he was ſenſible of it himſelf. *Julia* ſeated her ſelf near his Bed ſide; 'Dear *Hypolitus*, ſaid ſhe, with Tears in her Eyes (which ſhe was not able to retain, in ſpite of all the Pains ſhe took to keep them back) 'you have this day been made 'ſenſible by the exceſs of my Grief, that the Unfortunate *Julia* in changing her Condition, has 'not changed her Sentiments for you: Yes, my 'dear *Hypolitus*, I am willing to own it to you, 'you are at all times dearer to me than my own 'Life; which I would willingly part with, to 'purchaſe your Tranquillity; I think of nothing 'but you, I lament you, and bemoan my ſelf, 'and I ſhall always be inconſolable under my 'Misfortune; but ſince 'tis paſt all Cure, we muſt 'ſurmount it by Vertue: You ſee I come to pay

'you

'you a Viſit, and it is in order to bid you my laſt 'Farewel; we muſt, *Hypolitus*, we muſt ſubmit 'to this cruel neceſſity my Duty impoſes upon 'us: Death ſhall always be more preferable with 'me, than a ſhameful Life; and were I the only 'Perſon now living in the World, I would act as 'if the whole Earth had their Eyes fix'd on me: 'Don't go about to ſhake my Reſolution, it 'would ſerve only to augment my Pain. No, 'my dear *Julia*, *ſaid he to her*, no, I will not 'pretend to ſhake it: I own my ſelf highly in-'debted to you, becauſe you would ſoon free me 'from this Languiſhing State; you could not 'have pitch'd upon a more convenient time to 'put a ſpeedy end to my Miſery. The weak 'Condition I am reduced to by my Wounds, and 'by what you have told me, will ſoon deliver 'you from an Unfortunate Lover, whom you 'would not have abandon'd as you have done, 'had you truly Lov'd him. I will not reproach 'you, Madam, you wiſh for my Death, you 'have wiſh'd for it long ago, and I do ſo too, ha-'ving more preſſing Reaſon for it than you. He ſaid no more, *Julia* obſerved him to turn quite Pale, his Eyes half ſhut, and his Silence threw her into a Mortal Anguiſh; ſhe call'd *Lucilia*, who was diſcourſing with *Signior Leander*, to his aſſiſtance, who coming to *Hypolitus*'s Bed-ſide, found him ſwiming in his own Blood: they were ſo ſurprized at the ſight thereof, that at firſt they knew not what to ſay unto him, but at laſt call'd for *Leander*. Tho' he was as yet very ill himſelf, he got out of Bed and found means to bind up his Wounds again. *Julia* was ready to run diſtracted, to find what diſmal Effects her rigorous Proceedings had produced in her Lover, ſhe took him by the Hand and bathing it with her

Tears,

Tears, 'You did miſtake my Words, *ſaid ſhe*, and 'ſince there can be no medium betwixt your ſee-'ing me and your Death, we will chuſe the firſt, 'my dear *Hypolitus*, becauſe the loſs of your 'Life would be beyond all other things to me. At theſe words he was going to kiſs *Julia*'s Hand, but ſhe would not ſuffer him, 'I muſt own to 'you, *ſaid ſhe*, that every thing appears extraor-'dinary to me, and that the leaſt Favour I ſhould 'grant you, would ſeem a Crime to me. Dear '*Hypolitus*, reconcile your Paſſion with my Du-'ty, and then I ſhall reſt contented. That won't 'be ſo difficult a thing as you imagine, Fair *Ju-'lia*, *ſaid he*, you have a Father alive, you have 'been Marry'd without his Approbation, he did 'not give his Conſent to your Marriage; if you 'doubt it, I have a Letter he writ me on that 'Subject, will convince you of it. He then deſi-red *Lucilia* to aſſiſt him in opening a ſmall *Spa-niſh*-Leather Caſe, that was faſtned to his Arm, and with it the formentioned Letter of the Earl of *Warwick*, which he gave *Julia* to read, where-by ſhe was fully convinced of the Truth of what he had told her. 'Tis certain, *added he*, 'he will ſnatch you from the Arms of that Un-'worthy Raviſher; ſo that, Madam, if you 'pleaſe, 'tis ſtill in your Power to make me hap-'py. *Julia* was not a little nettled, and under no ſmall uncertainty what anſwer to make, tho' her Inclinations ſufficiently told her what to ſay; ſhe thought, that being once Married, ſhe was obliged to ſtay with her Husband, that ſhe had no force put upon her, when ſhe Married him; ſhe conſidered what the World would ſay of her, and theſe Conſiderations made her to delay her Anſwer. *Hypolitus* ſoon perceiving her Irreſolu-tion, 'I am undone, Madam, *cry'd he*, all that

'Ten-

'Tenderneſs you had for me is gone, you are unreſolved to teſtify your Satisfaction in a matter which ought to be yours, were you not altered from what you uſed to be. Alas! *Hypolitus*, *reply'd ſhe*, I am not changed, you deal unjuſtly with me, let me ſee my Father, and I will obey him in every thing he ſhall command me, provided it be not againſt my Conſcience and my Reputation; you are no leſs dear to me than my Life. My Adorable Lady, *ſaid he*, do you think I could entertain a thought that might be diſpleaſing to you? Pray be better acquainted with my Paſſion and its Motions. I will do you Juſtice on that account, *ſaid ſhe*, and 'tis that that engages me to make theſe Steps which are not very common, I hope you will think your ſelf obliged to me for it, and not make the leaſt ill uſe of them, my dear *Hypolitus*; and let me know all the Circumſtances relating to my Father's Adventures. He gave her an account of it, and ſhe was ready to give him freſh Proofs of her Acknowledgment and Love. 'I am indebted to you, *ſaid ſhe*, for my Father's Liberty, *continued ſhe*, nay perhaps for his Life, and therefore can't deny you, without Ingratitude, all the Acknowledgment I am able to give you. Whilſt they were thus talking together, *Lucilia* interrupting them ſaid, it was near Daybreak, and that it was more convenient to afford ſome time of reſt to theſe two Gentlemen under their preſent Circumſtances. *Hypolitus* and *Leander* blamed her for breaking off their Converſation, which was ſo precious to them; but *Julia* being willing to follow *Lucilia*'s Advice, conjured her Lover to think of nothing elſe but of his Cure. 'Tis the utmoſt of my Wiſh at this time, dear Brother, *ſaid ſhe to him*, giving him her Hand which he kiſs'd moſt tenderly,

tenderly, 'and you can't doubt much, without do-'ing me injuſtice, that it concerns me to the high-'eſt degree. She ſhew'd abundance of Complai-ſance to *Leander*, and then returned with *Lucilia*, to her own Bedchamber. The Earl of *Bedford* had not ſlept one Wink all that Night, his Jealouſie and Inquietude being ſuch as would not ſuffer him to take the leaſt reſt; all his Thoughts were taken up in contriving a Deſign, ſuch a one as he knew would revenge him ſufficiently upon thoſe two Lovers, and the better to ſucceed in it, he reſolved to bring it about with all imaginable Secreſy. He pretended the next day to be very ill of a Fever, got not out of Bed till prerty late, and then ſaid he would go home. *Julia* not daring to contradict him, went immediately into *Hypolitus*'s Chamber: 'Dear Brother, *ſaid ſhe*, I am obliged to leave 'you, the Earl of *Bedford* is reſolved to go away 'immediately. I once more put you in mind, 'manage Matters with my Father as you think 'fit; I have no time to tell you any more, but 'pity and love me. I leave *Lucilia* with you, 'till your Wounds are cured. And will you leave 'me, *Julia, cry'd he full of Anguiſh*, muſt that 'Tyrant of my Repoſe ſnatch you from me. Oh! 'thou too charming Felicity, what makes thee 'turn away from me ſo unexpectedly? And when 'ſhall I ſee you again, Madam? Alas! *reply'd ſhe 'ſighing*, that is more than I am able to tell you; 'I ſhall be ſufficiently guarded, and ſufficiently 'unhappy. *Lucilia* came that Moment to tell her that every thing was ready, and that her Husband only ſtaid for her coming. Then the Amorous *Hypolitus* kiſſing her Hands bathed them with his Tears; 'Farewel, *ſaid he*, continue faithful to your 'faithful Lover. *Julia*, without ſpeaking one word, gave him a fine Turquoiſe ſhe drew from her Fin-

ger;

ger; 'Pray Heavens ſoon bring the Earl of *War-*
'*wick* into *England*, *cry'd he*. I wiſh it with all
'my Heart, *reply'd Julia*, and you may promiſe
'your ſelf every thing from this tender Heart;
'but act ſo, as not to leave the leaſt Scruple or
'Nicety to my Vertue, to my Honour, to the
'World, all theſe muſt be fully ſatisfy'd. She left him immediately, and taking leave of my Lady *Nevil*, recommended in very preſſing terms her Brother to her care, and then embracing *Lucilia* ſeveral times, they parted, with ſuch evident marks of trouble in their Countenances, as if they had had ſome foreſight of the Misfortunes that were likely to befal them.

Julia was no ſooner arrived at her own Seat in *Barkſhire*, but her Husband privately made all the neceſſary Preparations for the putting in execution his Project of carrying her into *France*. Three days were ſpent before every thing could be got ready, notwithſtanding which, he carry'd Matters ſo cloſely, that ſhe knew nothing of her intended Departure, till he ordered her to go into the Coach; and ſhe had enough to do, to get ſo much time as to carry her Jewels along with her. Is it poſſible to expreſs the Anxiety of this Fair Lady? For being a Perſon of a quick Penetration, ſhe perceived at that very moment, what ſhe muſt expect from her Husband; ſhe would willingly have writ to *Hypolitus* and to *Lucilia*, to give them notice of her Diſgrace, to deſire their Aſſiſtance, and even to afford them ſome Comfort under that Affliction ſhe foreſaw they would lie under; but was too narrowly watch'd by the Earl of *Bedford*, to be in a condition to attempt any ſuch thing. *Iſabella* her Woman was the firſt who told her what ſhe had underſtood concerning the Reſolution her Husband had taken of carrying her into *France*; and in ſpite of all her Tears and Entreaties, he

made her go along with him, without any further delay. 'In what is it I have diſpleaſed you; *ſaid ſhe*, with an Air ſo full of Goodneſs and Sweetneſs as would have moved a Heart of Stone; 'Ought not you, Sir, to be better ſatisfy'd 'before you condemn me? 'Twill be always in 'your Power to Puniſh me; but after you have 'puniſh'd me, it may be too late to repair the 'wrong you have done me, both in reſpect to 'the World, and to your ſelf. Enter into your 'own Heart, Madam, *ſaid he in an angry Tone*, 'tis that which will juſtify my Proceeding; and 'if I don't enter with you into a long Debate, 'tis 'not, that I act upon my own Head, or that I am 'not ſenſible upon what foundation I act, but be-'cauſe at this inſtant it is not a proper time to 'ſpend our time in trifling Arguments. So he remain'd Deaf to all her Complaints, and all her Tears and Lamentations did not produce the leaſt effect upon him; and without having the leaſt opportunity of advertiſing *Hypolitus* and *Lucilla* of her Misfortune, ſhe was forced to ſee her ſelf carry'd to *Dover* by her Jealous Husband, attended only by *Iſabella* her Woman. She ſpoke not one word to him all the while they were upon the Road, but ſighed without intermiſſion. They embark'd at *Dover* for *Calais*, whilſt *Julia* ſent forth her Prayers to Heaven to favour them with a Storm that might force them back into *England*, and that with much more ardour than ſhe would at another time have pray'd for a favourable Wind and Weather. She lay above Deck, her Head reſting upon her Hand, her Face covered with a Veil, and her Eyes turn'd toward the *Engliſh* Coaſt, which ſhe left behind with the greateſt Anxiety of Mind. 'I am carry'd away by force, 'my dear *Hypolitus*, *ſaid ſhe*, whilſt thou flatter-

'eſt

'eſt thy ſelf with our good Fortune. See how 'all our hopes are vaniſh'd, all our Projects over-'turn'd at one Stroak! Perhaps we ſhall never ſee 'one another any more: Perhaps I ſhall be ſo 'Unfortunate as to prove the Cauſe of your 'Death, for I am afraid you will not be able to 'ſupport your ſelf againſt ſo fatal a Stroak, as 'that of my Abſence will prove to you. Thus ſhe paſs'd away her time in anxious Reflections, when the Earl of *Bedford* told her, ſhe muſt go into the Boat, in order to be carried a Shoar. It being very late before they arrived at *Calais*, they ſtaid that Night there, and finding her ſelf in her Chamber with *Iſabella* only, whom ſhe knew ſhe might confide in, ſhe writ with a Diamond theſe following Words, in one of the Glaſs Windows.

If Chance ſhould bring you to this place, dear H—— *and your Heart diſcovers to your Eyes the Character and Hand of the Unfortunate* J—— *let this be an unfeigned Teſtimony of her everlaſting Conſtancy to you: Remain Faithful, and do not Afflict your ſelf, if you will give me real Proofs of your Paſſion for me.*

Day no ſooner appear'd, but her Husband carry'd her forward to *Paris*, but without affording her ſo much leiſure as to reſt a few Hours in that great and fine City, tho' ſhe ſtood much in need of it, being much tired with her Affliction, and the Fatigues of ſo long a Journey. He went thence towards *Bourbon*, where ſome Years before he had made uſe of the Waters, which are much in requeſt among the *Engliſh* againſt the Conſumption, but they muſt be taken upon the Spot. Before he reach'd *Burbon*, he ſtop'd at a

very ancient Abbey of young Ladies, named St. *Menvick*, ſituated betwixt *Moulins* and *Bourbon* at a ſmall diſtance only from the laſt of theſe two Towns. Its ſituation is ſufficiently pleaſant, but in a very ſolitary Ground; ſo that were it not for the Company that reſorts thither, at two different Seaſons to drink the Waters, it might be ſtiled a Deſart. The Earl of *Bedford* had formerly contracted an Acquaintance with the Abbeſs, being as yet very young and deſcended of the noble Family of *Amboiſe*, one who had a great Value for her ſelf, and not a very great ſhare of Senſe; ſo he doubted not but to prevail with her to take *Julia* into her Cuſtody. He thought it no great difficulty to ſucceed in his Intentions, for having promiſed her a conſiderable Yearly Allowance, ſhe ſoon promiſed him his Wife ſhould be watch'd as narrowly as a Priſoner of State, nor ſhould ſhe ſee or write to any Body, this being all the Earl deſired of her: So he delivered up *Julia* to the Abbeſs, as likewiſe her Woman that attended her, and at parting told her with a ſcornful Smile; 'I hope the Fair *Hypolitus* will ſcarce venture himſelf ſo far for your 'ſake; he will ſcarce take ſo much Pains again 'to diſguiſe himſelf, in hopes of ſeeing you, 'and he will ſcarce run the hazard of another Imprisonment. She was pierced to the Soul at theſe Scoffing Expreſſions: 'Do not make theſe 'things a Pretence, wherewith to cover the unworthy Treatment I am forced to take at your 'Hands: I had no hand in *Hypolitus*'s Diſguiſe, 'and under this preſent Misfortune, the only 'Comfort I have is, that I have nothing wherewith to reproach my ſelf. You treat me with 'the utmoſt Injuſtice; but Time will juſtify my 'Conduct. He return'd no Anſwer, but left her,

being

being very well satisfy'd to have settled this Matter according to his Desire.

Julia was treated not altogether with so much severity by the Abbess, as she had promised her Husband; but none of all the Religious Ladies, except those who were set to watch all her Motions, were suffered to speak to her; *Isabella* being the only Person in whom she could put some Confidence. This was a young Woman, not unhandsome, very Prudent, and one who bore an extream Love to her Lady; and this made her set all her Wits to work to find out means to afford her some Consolation. 'You ought, Madam, 'said she, to expect every thing from Time, and 'from *Hypolitus*'s Love; your Husband may 'happen to die; my Lord *Warwick* may get your 'Marriage annull'd, as you hope he will, and e-'ven the greatest Misfortunes have their certain 'Turns. The End of my Life, *said* Julia *in a 'Languishing Tone*, will be the Period of my Mi-'series. I am not so much as permitted to sue 'for my Liberty; I have a hundred and fifty Jay-'lors instead of one, about me: Thus you see 'me a Prisoner by my Husband's Capricious Tem-'per; and as to what relates to the annulling of 'my Marriage, that is at too great a distance to 'make any account upon it; and I don't know 'even whether I should be desirous of it, were it 'not that my Honour and Conscience are concern-'ed in that matter. How am I sure but time may 'make *Hypolitus* alter his Sentiments for me; 'and supposing my self to be at Liberty to leave 'the Earl of *Bedford*, and that *Hypolitus* should 'continue faithful, how do you think shall I get 'out of this Place? No body knows of my be-'ing here, and I have no opportunity of acquaint-'ing any of my Friends with it, because all my

'Letters I endeavoured to ſend, have been inter-
'cepted; ſo that hitherto I have reap'd no other
'benefit from all the endeavours I have made that
'way, but the Shame and Vexation of ſeeing them
'miſcarry. This was poor *Julia*'s daily Enter-
tainment, and the Nights ſhe ſpent in Sighs and
Tears; Sleep ſeldom robb'd her of any time, to
improve her Pain, which at laſt preſs'd ſo hard
upon her Spirits, that ſhe was ſeized with a moſt
violent Diſtemper.

Whilſt theſe things were tranſacting at St. *Me-
neaw*, let us ſee what is become of the Amorous
Hypolitus, who was one of the laſt that got intel-
ligence of his beloved Miſtreſſe's Misfortune. *Lu-
cilia* ſent to her Houſe in *Barkſhire*, to know how
ſhe did, but my Lord's Servants, according to their
Maſter's Orders, ſent word that *Julia* was gone
along with him on a ſudden to *London*, upon a
Buſineſs of Conſequence. *Lucilia* was not a little
diſturbed at ſo haſty a Departure, whereof ſhe
could not comprehend in the leaſt the Cauſe, e-
ſpecially ſince ſhe had not given the leaſt notice of
it to her; ſo that not queſtioning but that ſome
Myſtery of very ill Conſequence lay concealed
under this unexpected Journey, to be fully ſatis-
fy'd in the Point, ſhe told her Brother, that *Julia*
had ſent word ſhe deſired to ſee her; that ſhe
would go accordingly, and return in a little time.
This Paſſionate Lover conjured her to tell her e-
very thing that could be thought moſt tender and
engaging; and that he was ready to die with im-
patience to ſee her again. His and *Leander*'s
Wounds began to have a promiſing Aſpect, and
neither of them being very dangerous, they ho-
ped for a ſpeedy Cure.

Hypolitus

Hypolitus living now in certain hopes of hearing from *Julia*, by his Sister, he appear'd much more satisfy'd than he used to be, and 'twas that that engaged him to say to *Leander*; 'Come, 'dear Friend, *said he*, give me a faithful account 'of the present State of your Heart: What Pro'gress have you made with *Lucilia?* I can pro'test to you, that to give you the more Leisure 'to entertain her, I often deprive my self of the 'Satisfaction of talking to her about *Julia*. O! 'my dear *Hypolitus*, cry'd he, *Lucilia* acts with 'a great deal of Circumspection: hitherto I have 'not been able to dive into her Sentiments, or 'whether her Heart is capable of Tenderness, or 'not: I have discovered to her my Passion, with that 'Fear which is the constant Attendant of a truly 'Passionate Lover; she always turn'd it into Jest, 'and whatever I could tell her, it has been im'possible for me to engage her into any Serious 'Conversation upon that Point. The first time I 'saw her, I was extreamly delighted with her 'pleasing and diverting Air, but at present it does 'not at all agree with me, and I am under most 'dreadful Apprehensions, least she has no more 'than a general Esteem for me. I have better 'skill in Physiognomy than you, *answered* Hy'politus; besides this, I look upon this Affair 'with somewhat more of cool Blood than you do; 'and if you will take my word for it, you are not 'indifferent to her. She has spoken to me, con'cerning you, with a more than ordinary esteem, 'and in such Terms, as need not the Interpreta'tion of a Conjurer to explain them. She ask'd 'me positively, whether I was sure you had lo'ved no Lady in *Italy*? And when I told her, you 'did not; Is it possible, Brother, *added she*, that 'a Person of such extraordinary Deserts should be

'without an Amorous Engagement? For, if one 'may judge by his Looks, he has a Tender Heart. 'Tis possible, *said I smiling*, Sister, that since he 'has seen you, his Heart may be full of Tender- 'ness; and if it should be you that has inspired 'these Sentiments into him, would you not lend 'me a helping Hand to discharge the Obligations 'I owe him? Pray, Brother, *said she*, don't en- 'gage me to pay your Debts, your Gratitude will 'be more acceptable than mine, and your Friend, 'I suppose, has too nice a Palate to wish for 'this Exchange. And, dear *Hypolitus*, said *Le- 'ander*, did you discourse with her in such a 'manner as this? I actually did, *said he*, as I tell 'you; and I can assure you, she is very well 'pleased, when we talk concerning you.

Lucilia being by this time got to *Julia*'s House, in *Berkshire*, had much ado to discover the real Truth of what she desired to know; most of her Servants were ignorant in the thing, and those few that knew it, durst not tell it; till at last she made her application to the Steward: This Man being much obliged to her, because she had, by her intercession, procured him this Place in my Lord's Family, could not forbear to give her an Account of *Julia*'s Journey.

This sad News put her under no small Trouble; her Lamentations and her Tears, were undeniable Proofs of the Tenderness and Affection she bore to her Sister. She threw her self upon the Bed, and continued there distracted with Thoughts, to the highest degree, for a considerable time; and that which proved no small addition to her Fear, was, that she knew not how to acquaint her Brother with this Misfortune: She was afraid least his Wounds might grow worse, at the recital of so unexpected an Accident; and

on the other Hand, lay under as great Apprehenſion, that if ſhe ſhould keep it conceal'd from him, it might prove prejudicial to her dear *Julia*'s Affairs. Whilſt ſhe was under this uncertainty, it came into her Head, that ſhe would conſult with *Leander*, what courſe ſhe had beſt to take in this Critical Point.

Hypolitus was expecting her return with the utmoſt Impatience; and he was no ſooner told ſhe was come; but he ſent to deſire her to come into his Chamber: She did all ſhe could to diſguiſe her Grief, notwithſtanding which, he diſcovered ſufficiently the Marks thereof in her Eyes and whole Countenance. 'Don't flatter me, dear Si-'ſter, *ſaid he*, with a great deal of Confuſion and Diſturbance of Mind, 'ſome Accident or other is 'befal'n *Julia*, I find you are inclined to conceal 'it from me; but this will cauſe me at leaſt as 'much pain, as if you diſcloſed the whole Secret 'to me. 'Tis not my intention, *ſaid ſhe*, to con-'ceal any thing from you, *Julia* is fal'n Sick; 'her Weakneſs ſince her laſt Diſtemper joyn'd to 'what has happened here, has thrown her into a 'violent Fever. At theſe Words the Tears aroſe in her Eyes, in ſpite of all ſhe could do to keep them back. 'O! *Lucilia*, cry'd *Hypolitus*, my Mis-'fortune is greater than what you tell me of; I 'am ſure ſome very ſiniſter Accident is happen'd 'to *Julia*, your Tears will ſcarce let you ſpeak: 'Sifter, *continued he ſeeing ſhe gave him no An-'ſwer*, will you ſee me expire before your Eyes? 'I am under ſuch an Anguiſh of Mind, as is paſt 'all apprehenſion; tell me what Misfortune has 'befal'n us? For it is certain, that her and my 'Intereſt are inſeparable, and that I forebode ſuch 'cruel things, that 'tis impoſſible for me to aug-'ment my Pain. *Lucilia* perſiſting in what ſhe had

had told him before; 'You know, *added she*, 'what Tenderneſs I have for *Julia*, and yet you 'are ſurprized to ſee me concern'd at her being 'Ill. You might with much more reaſon wonder, if you ſhould ſee me to be otherwiſe. My 'Heart has too quick a foreſight, *reply'd* Hypolitus *ſetching a deep Sigh*, Siſter, 'tis not an eaſie matter to deceive a true Lover: I am reſolved 'to riſe immediately out of Bed, and to go into '*Barkſhire*; I will be ſatisfy'd in every thing; 'I will hazard all, and dive into your Secrets at 'the Expence of my Life, if it muſt be ſo. He had ſcarce ſpoken theſe Words, but he call'd for his Gentleman to help him to get out of Bed: he was but juſt come back from *London*, whither he had been ſent by *Hypolitus* to the Earl of *Suſſex*, to acquaint him with every thing that had happened at my Lord *Nevil*'s Houſe; and at the ſame time, deſired him in his Letter, to inquire whether my Lord *Douglas* had heard any thing of this Adventure; and to let him know immediately how Matters ſtood there, that he might take his Meaſures accordingly.

Lucilia perceiving her Brother reſolved to riſe out of Bed, in ſpite of his Wounds, ſhe drew as near as ſhe could to *Leander*: 'Good God, Sir, 'what muſt we do? *ſaid ſhe to him very ſoftly*; 'the Unfortunate *Julia* is no more in *Barkſhire*, 'her Husband has carry'd her away into *France*; 'How ſhall I do to acquaint my Brother with 'this ſad News? And without it you ſee he will 'certainly go to look after her. *Leander* remain'd for ſome time under ſuch a Conſternation, that it could not poſſibly be greater, had this Misfortune happened to *Lucilia* her ſelf; however recovering himſelf as ſoon as he could, becauſe he ſaw ſhe expected his immediate Anſwer. 'Alas! Madam,

ſaid

'*ſaid he to her*, I don't ſee how we ſhall be able 'to conceal it from *Hypolitus*; his Diſtraction is 'ſuch, that it would be a piece of Cruelty to 'leave him longer under ſuch an Uncertainty.

Hypolitus perceiving them to talk ſoftly, drew nearer to them, being ſupported by his Gentleman, and then ſeating himſelf in an Elbow Chair, near *Leander*'s Bed-ſide, with a Countenance, in which appeared all the Marks of Deſpair, '*Lucilia*, *ſaid he*, tells you what has happened, and 'I, who am the only Perſon concern'd in it, muſt 'be the only Man from whom ſhe thinks fit to 'conceal it. Brother, *ſaid ſhe*, ſince you have 'diſcover'd in my Eyes, that Affliction which 'oppreſſes my Spirits, I am willing to tell you 'the true cauſe of it. The Earl of *Bedford* be'came jealous and enraged at what happened in 'your Diſguiſe, and has carry'd away *Julia* into '*France* ſome days ago; but we know not where 'or how he intends to diſpoſe of her: he had ta'ken care to charge ſuch of his Servants as knew 'of it, to keep the Secret, but the Steward diſ'cloſed it to me. This it is that afflicts me, and '*'tis* this I was willing to keep conceal'd from 'you, at leaſt for ſome days. *Hypolitus* laying his Arms acroſs, with his Head hanging down upon his Breaſt, ſtood like a Statue without ſaying one word. 'My dear Friend, *ſaid* Leander, this 'miſhap is not paſt Reprieve, we ſhall hear where 'this Treacherous Man has carry'd her, we will 'fetch her thence; you will have the Satisfaction 'of being her Deliverer; and you will ſee your 'ſelf ſeconded by the Earl of *Warwick*: You 'know *'tis* not juſtifiable for a Man who takes a 'Chimera into his Head, to treat a Lady of Qua'lity at that rate. O! why will you flatter me 'thus, *cry'd the Diſconſolate* Hypolitus, my

'Thoughts

'Thoughts are far different from what you can 'tell me upon this Head; 'tis I that am the occa- 'sion of *Julia*'s Misfortune; 'tis I, and my impa- 'tient Desires, that have plunged her into this A- 'byss of Troubles; you have recourse to time to 'allay both our Misfortunes; But what a slender 'Comfort is this? What is likely to become of 'me, Great God! What is likely to become of 'me? Whilst he was thus giving way to his Affliction, and rendered *Lucilia* and *Leander* al- most as inconsolable as himself, word was brought them, that the Earl of *Suffex* was come, whereat they were not a little surprized. He came imme- diately after into the Chamber, and stood almost amazed to read in all their Faces such lively marks of Grief. *Hypolitus* embracing him, without be- ing able to arise from his Seat, desired him to sit down by him; 'Are you come, dear Friend, *said* '*he to him*, to bear your share in my Affliction? 'Tis impossible you can imagine any thing that 'could more nearly concern me. I did not know, '*said he*, of any new cause of Dissatisfaction you 'had; but I thought I ought not to forget to come 'to give you notice my self, that my Lord *Dou-* '*glas* having got intelligence of your being here, 'intends to come to Morrow to fetch you from 'hence; he is most furiously angry with you; 'so you had best to consider what is to be done 'upon this Occasion: My Advice is, you should 'without losing a Moment's time, tell my Lord '*Nevil*, that I am sent by him, on purpose to 'fetch you away, and I will take care to conduct 'you to some House in the Country, where we 'may be at leisure to reflect further upon what is 'best to be done according to your own Inclina- 'tions.

Hypolitus,

Hypolitus, instead of returning an Answer to his Friend, cry'd out like a distracted Man, 'And 'must I see her no more! That Tyrant has 'snatch'd her away from me! I must fall under 'this fatal stroak! The Earl of *Sussex*, surprized at these Words, look'd stedfast upon *Lucilia*, to make her sensible of his Curiosity to know the meaning thereof; she had no sooner given him an Account of *Julia*'s being carry'd into *France*, but embracing *Hypolitus*, 'This is a new matter of 'Trouble and Vexation, *said he*, but your Courage must surmount all these Obstacles, take my 'Word for it; Let us depart hence without de-'lay, it would not do well to meet my Lord *Douglas* here; when we are at a greater distance and 'in a less suspicious place than this is, we have 'nothing else to consider of, but the Deliverance 'of *Julia*.

They were all of the same Opinion; 'I am go-'ing to part from you, Lovely *Lucilia*, *said Sig-'nior* Leander, *with a low Voice, so as to be heard 'by no Body but her self*, Friendship, for once, 'has got the better of Love; but I hope you will 'be obliged to me for this Sacrifice I offer to 'him, it being made in behalf of a Brother 'who, as you have told me, is dearer to you than 'your own Life. I make his Fortune my own, I 'follow him wherever he goes, I leave you be-'hind me, and yet I Adore you. Pray give me 'to understand, that you are not insensible of 'those Sentiments I have both for you and him; 'that will afford me the greatest comfort I am ca-'pable of receiving at this Juncture. I stand in-'debted to you for every thing, *said* Lucilia *blush-'ing*, and I am of too great a Soul and Temper, 'to look with indifferency upon that Friendship 'you shew to my Brother: after this don't urge

'me

'me to enlarge my ſelf any farther upon my Sen-
'timents for you, but be ſatisfy'd I ſhall always
'do Juſtice to your Merits, and that I can't ſee
'you leave us without Pain. The Amorous *Le-
ander* ſeem'd to be overjoy'd to ſee himſelf bleſs'd with ſo engaging a Farewel.

His Wounds had no leſs impair'd his Strength, than thoſe of *Hypolitus* had done his; notwithſtanding which, my Lord and my Lady could not prevail upon them, with all their Intreaties, to ſtay a little longer, for they were not acquainted with my Lord *Douglas*'s Intention of coming thither the next day, and how careful they were to avoid the ſight of him: *Hypolitus* and *Leander* returned their moſt hearty Thanks for all the Obligations they had received at their Hands: *Lucilia* could not part from her Brother without Tears, who promiſed to let her hear from him; and *Leander* deſired to give him leave to write to her what Reſolutions ſhe ſhould take; as ſhe, on the other hand, was very well pleaſed to have a plauſible Pretence to grant him a Favour ſhe was very deſirous to beſtow upon him.

The Earl of *Suſſex*, mounting on Horſeback, left his Coach for the two wounded Lords to be carry'd in, and being provided with a good Quilt, they went on pretty commodiouſly; but that *Hypolitus*, under his preſent Circumſtances, took very little care of his Eaſe or Health; and Signior *Leander* was ſo deeply in Love with *Lucilia*, that her abſence cauſed in him all that Pain which a Lover is capable of feeling upon ſuch like occaſions. They talk'd very little, and what they ſaid ended all in Lamentations.

The Earl of *Suſſex* conducted them to a magnificent Seat, about 40 Miles diſtant from my Lord *Nevil*'s, it belonged to the young Dutcheſs of *Nor-*

Northampton, a Lovely young Widow, but then under the ſevereſt Affliction, on account of her Husband, who was executed with the Duke of *Northumberland* and *John Dudley*, whom the King had made Earl of *Warwick*; ſhe had choſen this Country Seat for her Retirement, in order to ſpend the beſt of her Days there in her doleful Reflections and Melancholy Thoughts. Queen *Mary* had not as yet thought fit to recal her to Court, tho' the Earl of *Suſſex*, as well as many other great Lords, uſed all their Intereſt with the Queen for that purpoſe. To be ſhort, the Earl, with all his Indifferency, had not been able to ſtand it out againſt the Charms of ſo Fair a Lady: He had paid her frequent Viſits ever ſince the Misfortune of her Family. Her engaging Temper, her Vertue, her Generoſity, all theſe great Qualifications had made ſo deep an Impreſſion upon the Earl's Heart, that he ſoon found thoſe Sentiments of Compaſſion, (as he thought they were) changed into the moſt tender Effects of Love.

She received *Hypolitus* and *Leander* with all poſſible Civility, being taught and diſpoſed by her own Afflictions to compaſſionate and comfort the Afflicted, and this made her take ſhare with a great deal of Goodneſs in *Hypolitus*'s Misfortune.

The Earl of *Suſſex* knowing her to be a Lady of much Diſcretion, thought it fit to conceal from her Knowledge his Friend's Paſſion; and ſhe deſired him to aſſure him, in her behalf, that he might reſt aſſured of her Services, and be welcome to her Houſe as long as he pleaſed, and even command part of her Eſtate. Tho' *Hypolitus*, at that time, was ſcarce ſenſible of any thing, he could not but be touched with a moſt profound Senſe of this Lady's Generoſity; and notwithſtanding all the Anxiety of his Mind and his Sadneſs, he returnd

turn'd her his hearty Thanks with all imaginable Acknowledgment.

In the mean time my Lord *Douglas* coming to my Lord *Nevil's* Houſe, and finding his Son gone, 'tis almoſt impoſſible to expreſs his Fury and Reſentment: He ſpared no pains to find out which way he had taken; but the Earl of *Suſſex* had provided againſt all this, by traveling all Night long, and that in By-Roads; and no ſooner were they come to my Lady *Northampton's* Houſe, but he took all poſſible Precautions not to be diſcovered there. Poor *Lucilia* was forced to ſtand the Brunt alone, and feel the effects of her Father's Fury; he loaded her with Reproaches, he told her ſhe had conſpired with *Hypolitus* to do every thing they thought would vex him; and ſo he carry'd her to *London*, without ſhewing the leaſt Concern at the Misfortune of *Lucilia*; the Conſiderations of his private Intereſt having ſtifled in his Heart all thoſe Tender Sentiments he ought to have had for this Fair but Unfortunate Lady.

Hypolitus conſulting with his two Friends, they pitch'd upon the only way they had left them under their preſent Circumſtances. They were all ſenſible that the Earl of *Bedford* having got the ſtart of them for ſeveral days paſt, it would be impoſſible to overtake him, and eſpecially ſince they knew not what way he had taken to go into *France*, it would be in vain to follow, or hope to meet with him before he came to his Journey's end; ſo it was thought convenient they ſhould ſeparate, and to go to the three Sea Ports for *England*; and not queſtioning but that they ſhould meet with him in one of thoſe Places upon his return thence, it was agreed betwixt them, that which of them ſhould find him out firſt, ſhould revenge *Julia's* Wrongs with his Sword.

So

So soon as *Hypolitus* and *Leander* found themselves strong enough to travel, they writ to *Lucilia*, desiring my Lady *Northampton* to convey the Letters to her Hands; and then returning her all imaginable Thanks for her Goodness, took a most tender farewel of one another. 'How much stand 'I indebted to you, my dear Friends? *said* Hypo- 'litus *embracing them*, you espouse my Quarrel; 'and instead of opposing your Intentions as I 'ought to do, I conjure you not to neglect any 'opportunity of finding out my Enemy. They told him, he might rely upon them; and that they would convince him at the peril of their Lives, that they loved him above all other things. Last of all they came to this farther Agreement; That after a Month's stay in that place where each of them design'd for, they should return to *London*, and meet at the E. of *Sussex*'s House, who went to *Diep*; *Hypolitus* took the way to *Calais*, in the Company of his Friend *Leander*, as far as *Dover*, where having seen him embark'd for *Calais*, he did the same in another Ship bound for the Isles of *Guernsey* and *Jersey*, because sometimes Passengers return that way out of *France* into *England*.

They happily arrived at their several Ports, but we leave the other two for this time, to follow *Hypolitus* to *Calais*. He happening to lodge in the same Inn where *Julia* had lodg'd before, the first thing he ask'd after was, Whether they had not seen such and such a Lady, describing to them her Features and Shape, as well as possibly he could, as likewise her Husband. The Woman of the House told him, she had lain there one Night. Then he ask'd her many more Questions, such as Lovers are apt to do; Whether she seem'd to be Melancholy? Whether she Eat heartily? What

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ſhe heard her ſay? And whatever elſe his Curioſity could prompt him to. At laſt he deſired he might have the ſame Chamber where ſhe had lodged, which he took poſſeſſion of with ſuch an agitation of Mind, as if ſhe had actually been there preſent: He was walking very faſt up and down the Room, ruminating with much Anxiety upon the oddneſs of *Julia*'s Adventure, and at laſt caſt his Eyes upon the Glaſs-Window, on which *Julia* had written the beforementioned Words with a Diamond; Good God, how ſurprized was he at the ſight thereof! How he ſtood amazed! And what a Comfort did this prove to him under his preſent Circumſtances! He kiſs'd the Hand-writing, and took out that piece of Glaſs on which it was written, looking upon it as a more precious thing to him, than if it had been the fineſt Oriental Diamond in the World; and as this Demonſtration of his not being forgotten by his beloved Miſtreſs, much encreaſed his Paſſion and Acknowledgment; ſo he took all poſſible Precautions not to miſs the Earl of *Bedford* in his return for *England*, in caſe he ſhould take the way of *Calais*.

He had ſtaid three Weeks, expecting his coming with the utmoſt impatience and eager deſire of revenging *Julia*'s Wrongs upon him, when one Night walking near the Sea-ſide, he ſaw him coming towards the Port, where a Boat lay ready to carry him on Board the Veſſel that was to Tranſport him into *England*. *Hypolitus* tranſported with Rage, pull'd him by the Arm; 'Before you 'go into *England*, *ſaid he fiercely to him*, I have 'ſomething to ſay to you. The Earl exaſperated at his haughty Carriage, and ſtill more upon divers other Accounts, followed him immediately: Neither of them ſpoke one Word, but caſt moſt

moſt furious Looks at one another, their Eyes ſparkling with Anger like Fire. No ſooner did they ſee themſelves at a ſufficient diſtance from the Town, but without any further delay they drew their Swords, and the one being animated by Love and Rage, the other by Jealouſie and a deep Reſentment, they fought with ſo much Deſperation, that it was likely this Combat would ſcarce end but with the loſs of one, if not both their Lives. They fought with ſo much eagerneſs, that both of them were ſoon wounded in diverſe places; till at laſt *Hypolitus* enraged to meet with ſo much reſiſtance from a Man whom he mortally hated, cloſed and threw him upon the Ground: He ask'd for Quarter, which *Hypolitus* moſt generouſly promiſed him, on Condition that he ſhould ſet *Julia* at Liberty; when a Servant of the Earl of *Bedford*'s, who had follow'd his Maſter at a diſtance, and lay concealed behind an old Boat upon the Sands, near the Sea-ſhoar, ſeeing his Maſter reduced to this Extremity, came from behind and ran his Sword into *Hypolitus*'s Back, ſo that he drop'd down for Dead; and the Fellow ſuppoſing no otherwiſe than that he had been actually ſo, ran preſently to the aſſiſtance of his Maſter, and ſupporting him with his Arms, carry'd him to a Fiſher's Hutt hard by, where he lay down upon an old Quilt, till they could get Surgeons to ſearch and dreſs his Wounds. They having no farther Buſineſs at *Calais*, reſolved to get on Board the Ship that was to carry them into *England*, as faſt as they could, which they did accordingly; and engaged the Surgeon to go along with them, for fear his Wounds ſhould open afreſh, by the violent agitation of the Sea.

In the mean while the too unfortunate *Hypolitus* left deſtitute of all help, was wallowing in his own Blood, and that at ſo conſiderable a diſtance from the Town, and pretty late at Night, that there was but little hopes of his meeting with any ſeaſonable Aſſiſtance in that place. But his Gentleman, who loved him entirely, fearing ſome ſiniſter Accident ſhould befal him, and not ſeeing him return by that time it was dark, he took ſome along with him with a Flambeaux, who diſperſing into ſeveral parts, enquired after *Hypolitus*. He having been already three Weeks at *Calais*, began to be pretty well known there, ſo they were directed into the Road, which ſome Country People had ſeen him take, in Company of another Perſon. They firſt of all eſpy'd the Fiſher's Hutt, and approaching near it, found ſome Blood upon the Ground, (which iſſued from the Earl's Wounds as he was carrying thither) and following the Tract, came at laſt to the place where *Hypolitus* lay extended upon the Ground, without the leaſt ſenſe or motion. They cut ſome Branches and Twigs of Trees, which they twiſted and joyn'd together, and ſo carry'd him to his Inn. *Hypolitus*'s Wounds proved ſo dangerous, that his Gentleman thought fit to give Advice thereof to my Lord *Douglas*. He was infinitely concerned at this diſmal News; he was his only Son, and a Son of ſuch extraordinary Qualifications, as made him beloved even by Strangers; judge then how much his Family muſt be afflicted at this Accident,

My Lord *Douglas*'s Lady and *Lucilia*, went immediately for *Calais*, where they found him almoſt at the laſt Extremity. Now it was that his Father and Mother, mortally afflicted at this Caſualty, began to repent, but too late, of all the Seve-

Severities they had laid upon him, to ſuppreſs a Paſſion ſo juſt and ſo innocent as that of *Hypolitus*, who, notwithſtanding all the Hardſhips he had endured upon their account, was ſo far affected with their Grief, that he conjured them to moderate it, unleſs they intended to encreaſe his Misfortune. The Earl of *Suſſex* and *Leander*, returning to *London* much about the ſame time, heard the News of their Friend's Quarrel and its fatal Conſequences, and reſolved to go thither immediately to ſee him.

Hypolitus at the ſight of them, felt within himſelf all that Exceſs of Satisfaction, a Man under his Circumſtances can be capable of; as they on the contrary, could not but be ſeized with the utmoſt Grief, to ſee him ſo near his End. Notwithſtanding the utmoſt Extremity he ſtruggled under, he neglected not to preſent *Leander* to my Lord *Douglas*, and to my Lady his Mother; conjuring them to look upon him no otherwiſe than their own Son; and praying them, that in caſe it pleaſed God to call him out of this World, they ſhould adopt him in his ſtead: He ſpoke theſe words with ſo engaging an Air, that they drew Tears from all that heard them. However, at the End of two Months, his Life was judged to be out of danger.

In the mean while Signior *Leander*, who was infinitely in Love with *Lucilia*, had prevail'd upon the Earl of *Suſſex*, to ſpeak to my Lord *Douglas* in his behalf, and to ask his Conſent for a Marriage with his Daughter, that accordingly he might, without loſs of time write to his Father the Senator *Alberti*. The intimate Friendſhip which had been cultivated betwixt my Lord and the Senator *Alberti*, and the Perſonal Merits of *Leander*, ſupported by a conſiderable Eſtate, proved ſuch

powerful Temptations with my Lord *Douglas*, that, considering he could not easily bestow his Daughter better than so, he very favourably received the Propositions made to him upon that account.

Leander transported with Joy, writ to his Father about it, and at the same time engaged one of his best Friends to intercede in his behalf with him. First of all he beg'd his Pardon for having undertaken so long a Voyage, under pretence of going only to *Rome*; then told him all the Reasons he thought most expedient to plead his Excuse; and at last extoll'd the great Qualifications of *Lucilia* to the Sky, and what Advantages he might expect from my Lord *Douglas*, in case he Marry'd her, desiring him to give his Consent to the only thing he most of all desired in the World, and which would prove the Happiness of his Life.

The Senator *Alberti* was not a little surprized to understand his Son was gone to *England*, instead of going to *Rome* (for hitherto he had managed Matters with so much dexterity, that his Father actually believed him to be at *Rome*) but considering that his Son's Welfare depended on this Proposition, he would not suffer his Anger to get so far the Ascendant over his Paternal Love, as to obstruct this Match. He knew the Family of the *Douglas*'s, and my Lord Personally. He had seen *Hypolitus* and loved him, and guessing at the Sister by the Brother, he could not but suppose her to be an accomplish'd young Lady. To be short, he readily gave his Consent, and ordered whatever was requisite to make *Leander* appear upon this occasion according to his Quality and Estate.

Hypolitus

Hypolitus was pretty well recovered when this News was brought to his Friend and Sister; he was no leſs ſenſible of their ſatisfaction, than if it had been his own, and this contributed not a little towards the advancement of his Cure; but he was adviſed by his Phyſicians and Surgeons to accompliſh it by drinking the Waters of *Bourbon*: He was abſolutely againſt it, all his Thoughts being now bent upon Revenge; he could ſcarcely ſtand upright when he was contriving already to get into *England*, to find out the Earl of *Bedford*, and either to periſh under his Hands, or make him fall by his. But my Lady *Douglas*'s Tears, his Father's Entreaties and Commands, and *Lucila*'s Prayers, at laſt ſo far prevailed upon him, that he could not refuſe any longer to comply with their Deſires. 'Alas! *ſaid he, when he found himſelf alone with* 'them, what would you have me do for you? 'You would have me look for proper Remedies, 'and at the ſame time little conſider that I have 'within my Heart a languiſhing Poiſon, which 'will never let them take effect, but will ſoon 'bring me to the Grave: Is it not much better, 'I ſhould beſtow that ſmall remainder of Life to 'puniſh him who thus tyrannizes over *Julia*? But theſe Arguments were of little weight with his Friends, they oppoſed others of much more force againſt them, and ſo ſoon as he found himſelf in a condition to leave his Bed, the Marriage of *Lucilia* with *Leander* was conſummated to the mutual Satisfaction of both the young Lovers.

Four Months were now already paſt ſince the Earl of *Bedford* and *Hypolitus* fought upon *Calais* Sands, and his Wounds being now compleatly healed up, ſo as to be able to ride in a Coach, and *Lucilia*'s Equipage got ready, my Lady *Douglas*,

her Mother, resolved to conduct her to *Florence*: My Lord *Douglas* and the Earl of *Sussex* were for going back to *London*; and at parting, gave their Friend all the real Demonstrations of a tender Friendship; and the Earl, on his part, faithfully promised *Hypolitus* to write to him to *Bourbon*, and to give him an account of every thing that might concern him. 'Let me hear, *said he*, 'how the fair Countess of *Northampton* does, your 'Sentiments for that Lovely Person, and the Ob- 'ligations I owe her in particular, will not per- 'mit me to be indifferent in relation to any thing 'that concerns her; and if any thing in this World 'was able to allay the Anguish of my Heart, and 'make this Life tolerable to me, it would be to 'see you both happy together. Signior *Leander* having also contracted a very intimate Friendship with the Earl of *Sussex*, he told him at parting, in a most obliging manner; 'You take from us, 'that which we look'd upon as most amiable a- 'mong us; but how can a Friend grudge you that 'Happiness Fortune has put into your Hands? 'You are so worthy of it, that no Body can envy, 'without Injustice, your Felicity. *Leander* an- swered him in the most obliging Terms in the World, and so they parted.

Hypolitus had by this time got his Equipage in readiness to go along with *Leander* and *Lucilia* as far as *Moulins*, from whence they continued their Journey to *Lyons*, and so to *Florence*; but he staid behind at *Moulins*, which is no more than four Leagues from *Bourbon*.

During their Journey, all the Satisfaction *Hypolitus* observed in this new Marry'd Couple, was not able to make him sensible of any; he continued in the same melancholy Humour as before; they would sometimes blame him for it, but he told

told them with a ſad Countenance; 'Be ſatisfy'd 'to ſee me be an Eye-witneſs of your Happineſs, 'without being diſturbed at it, believe me, this 'is the moſt real proof I can give you of a ſin-'cere Friendſhip. Alas! can you imagine, but 'that that Felicity you enjoy does recal into my 'Mind the Misfortunes I ſuffer? You have not 'met with the leaſt Obſtacles in your Paſſion, 'and *Hymen* has crown'd your Love; you have 'had no time to fear, to hope, to be jealous, to 'dread your Rivals; no pain, no ſiniſter Acci-'dents: But poor I, what have I not been forced 'to undergo? And how ſlender a Proſpect have I 'at this very time, to ſee an end of my Suffer-'ings? Theſe Reflections caſt him ſometimes into ſuch Agonies, as is ſcarce to be expreſſed. They all arrived happily at *Moulins*, which being the place where they were to part Companies, this Separation proved one of the moſt tender and moſt painful they had ſeen in a great while before; for *Lucilia* could not ſo much as flatter her ſelf, that ſhe ſhould ſee her dear Brother again, unleſs it were after a great while; and as for *Leander*, *Lucilia* was the only Perſon in the World he loved beyond *Hypolitus*. This Unfortunate Lover had the deepeſt Senſe that could be of the many Obligations he ow'd them; his Love for *Julia* proved no diminution to his natural Inclinations, and his Acknowledgment. He begg'd of them, not to omit any thing to learn ſome News of the Earl of *Warwick*, and to acquaint him with what they could learn, he having received no News from him ſince he left *Marſeilles*; he moſt earneſtly enjoyn'd them to ſend him a Letter to *Venice*, and make him acquainted with his Daughter's Misfortune; he had ſometime before got *Leander* to write one to him whilſt they were at *Calais*,

and

and he was much troubled to have received no Answer to it.

Hypolitus went to *Burbon*, a place but of an indifferent Aspect, the Buildings are very mean, the boyling Water Springs are the only things that makes this Place noted among those, who twice in a Year drink them for their Health, and at those Seasons you see a great Concourse of good Company there; but this was of no use to him, he being most at ease, or at least less uneasie when he was alone, because he was then at full liberty to give way to his Afflictions, a thing he could not do so conveniently in the Company of others, whose Presence put a check upon his Inclinations.

Thus he pass'd away his time at *Burbon*, without seeking for the least Acquaintance, but spent his time for the most part in Walking, and that in such places, as he thought were fartheſt from Company; and if he happened to meet with any in his Walks, there appeared such visible marks of Grief in his whole Countenance, that, tho' according to the Custom of this Place, even Strangers take the freedom to accost one another when they meet abroad; and that every Body makes it his Business to divert themselves with the variety of Company, yet no Body thought fit to interrupt a Man, whom they saw overwhelm'd in his Melancholy Thoughts.

One Day walking abroad early in the Morning, and taking the first Path, he found it was not so much beaten as the rest, this brought him insensibly to a Wilderness which might be said to contain all the Beauties of a pleasant Countrey. He stop'd on the descent of a Hill covered by the Branches of fine Trees which afforded a most agreeable Shade; he remain'd very pensive for some time

time in his Solitude, till at last he ingraved, with a Pen of Steel he had about him, divers Lines on the Bark of a Tree, under which he had seated himself; they contained in substance,

That *neither the Meadows, nor Rivulets, nor Woods, nor Plains, nor Vales, were able to afford him the least Delight, unless he could see them without thinking on* Climene; *whereas she being absent, they served only to augment his Pain.*

His whole Mind being taken up with these Thoughts, it was a considerable time before he cast his Eyes upon a piece of Paper that lay on the Ground not far from him, and when he saw it, he thought it not worth his while to take it up, believing it to be a Letter; and having not the least Curiosity to be acquainted with its Contents: But it being a pretty windy Day, and seeing the Paper often moved by the Wind, a certain Sentiment of Goodness which was natural to him, for the Person unto whom the Letter might belong, at last prevailed with him to take it up, least it should fall into the Hands of Strangers. He soon perceived there was something wrap'd up in it, and found it to be a Case of Chagreen. He opened it, but Good God, guess at his Surprize, guess at his Joy, when he saw it to be the Pourtraiture of *Julia!* of his dear *Julia*; for at first sight, he thought no otherwise, than that it had been hers; but viewing it more attentively, found it to be the Countess of *Warwick*'s Picture, which he had seen frequently in his beloved Mistress's Room: His Eyes were fix'd with the utmost attention on this Piece, which recalling to his Mind many sad and so many tender Passages, he could not imagine what hazard had put it into his Hands. 'It belongs to

'*Julia*,

'*Julia*, *ſaid he*, 'tis not likely ſhe ſhould have 'parted with it to any Body, perhaps it is ſtol'n 'from her: I uſed to ſee it in a Caſe ſet with 'Diamonds, and now it is in a Chagreen Caſe; 'but if it be ſtol'n, was it ſtol'n in *England* or '*France*? However, *ſaid he*, 'tis probable the 'Thief is ſomewhere in this part of the Country. Whilſt he was ruminating upon the matter, he ſees a Man of an indifferent good Appearance coming that way, who ſeeing him hold the Picture in his Hand, fetch'd a great Cry for Joy; 'I will freely 'own to you, Sir, *ſaid he*, *accoſting him with Re-* '*ſpect*, I was almoſt Mad, becauſe I knew not 'what I had done with the Picture you have found, 'I beg of you, reſtore it to me. Pray then do 'me firſt the Favour, *ſaid* Hypolitus *to him*, to 'let me know where you had it. Sir, *ſaid he*, I 'am a Picture-drawer; I come every Year to '*Burbon*, to ſell Pictures, becauſe there being a 'great Concourſe of People here, I can ſell them 'eaſier and dearer than in any other Place. I of-'ten go to an Abby not above 2 Leagues from 'hence, it is called St. *Menoux*; the Lady Ab-'beſs has a very fine Cloſet, which ſhe intends 'to adorn with all manner of Pictures, ſhe ſhew'd 'it me the other day, and ask'd me, whether I 'would ſtay and work there for ſome time? 'Whilſt I was with her, I ſaw a certain Lady 'come into her Cloſet, who by her Accent ſeem'd 'to be a Foreigner; ſhe was handſome to Admi-'ration, notwithſtanding ſhe look'd ſo pale, that 'I could gueſs no otherwiſe, but that ſhe had been 'very ill lately. She ask'd me, whether I could 'mend the Drapery of a certain ſmall Picture, 'upon which, by miſchance, ſome Water had 'been caſt; ſhe call'd for it immediately, and ta-'king it out of a Caſe ſet with Diamonds, gave

'it

'it into my Hands, and I put it into this Cha-
'green Case, which I happened to have about
'me, and promised her to go to work upon it
'immediately. I did so accordingly, and was to
'carry it to her this very day; but happening to
'sell some Pictures to a Person of Quality, whom
'I expected to meet hereabouts. I have, doubtless,
'pull'd it out of my Pocket, with some other
'things, and so dropt it.

Hypolitus was so surpriz'd and overjoy'd at what he heard the Picture-drawer tell him, that he was not able to give him the least interruption, looking upon it at first rather like a Dream than a real Truth. At last fetching a very deep sigh, 'If 'you would be faithful to me, *said he to him*, 'I will take care you shall be very well paid for 'your Journey. I am a Grateful Man, and have 'wherewithal to reward your Fidelity; but I 'must tell you, I expect you should inviolably 'keep my Secret. The Picture-drawer imagining no otherwise, than that he was to draw the Picture of some Lady, with whom he was fal'n in Love at *Burbon*, told him, That his Fidelity was put to the Tryal almost every day, and that hitherto no Body in the World could say he had been the worse for confiding in him; that he had so strong an Idea, that provided he could see a Person but once, he could draw the Features exactly; and that in case it was impossible to come to the sight of her, he need only describe her Features to him, and that by the strength of his own Imagination he would draw the Picture like her. *Hypolitus* could not forbear smiling at the Picture-drawer's good Opinion of his own Capacity; 'The Point 'in question, *said he to him*, is not concerning the 'Drawing of a Picture; but whether you can 'contrive a way to introduce me into the Abby

'of

'of St. *Menoux*, when you go thither? I think 'it will not prove very difficult for you so to do; 'I am known by no Body living here; I may ve- 'ry well pass for one of your young Scholars; 'and I have learned to design and make a Draught 'of a piece, enough to make me act that part 'pretty well. You may say I am an *Italian*, be- 'cause my Accent is foreign, and undertake the 'Work the Abbess offers to you, at her own 'Price, and don't trouble your self any further, I 'will take care of all the rest. The Picture-drawer thought he had no reason to refuse so advantageous an offer, which would be so gainful to him, without running any hazard.

It being resolved to put this Project in Execution the same Afternoon, *Hypolitus* left all his Servants at *Burbon*, he told the Picture-drawer, his Name should be *Hyacinth*, as long as they staid at St. *Menoux*, and having changed his Cloaths, they took Coach, (because *Hypolitus* durst not as yet venture to go on Horseback) and drove as hard as they could to St. *Menoux*, for Love is a swift Guide, and drives on apace.

When he entred the Abby Gate, he was seized with such a Trembling, as scarce to be able to keep himself upright, or to walk into the Parlour where the Abbess expected the Picture-drawer's coming. She ask'd him immediately, who he was he had brought along with him? And that not without much reason; for tho' he affected a more than ordinary Plainness both in his Cloaths and Deportment, yet his Graceful Mien, his Noble Air, his Regular Features; and in short, his whole Person had something in it so extraoadinary, that he struck with Admiration, all those that saw him. The Picture-drawer told her, he was an *Italian*, who having an Inclination for Painting,

Painting, had been his Scholar for ſome time: The Abbeſs anſwered, ſhe had a mind to have her Picture drawn, that they ſhould begin to morrow, and that ſhe had Work enough to employ them a whole Year.

This was very welcome News to *Hypolitus*, he got out of Bed before Day-light, and made the Picture-drawer riſe likewiſe, who was not in the leaſt ſurprized thereat, being ſenſible it was for weighty Reaſons he was ſo eager to come to St. *Menoux*; and no ſooner was the Abbeſs awake, but ſhe ſent for them to the Abby. *Hypolitus* look'd every where round him, whether he could not ſee *Julia*, he was ready to die with impatience to get ſight of her; his Heart and Mind were in ſuch a Confuſion, as is ſcarce to be expreſs'd; but he was forced to conceal his Paſſion, for fear of being taken notice of, and making himſelf to be ſuſpected; neither was he under leſs apprehenſion, in reſpect of his Miſtreſs, leaſt ſhe ſhould not be able to hide her Joy and Surprize at the firſt ſight of him, which alone would be enough to ruin their whole Project.

The Lady Abbeſs having ſeated her ſelf in a certain place in her Cloſet, where ſhe intended to ſit for her Picture: *Hypolitus* to make them believe he was not there for nothing, began to manage and mix the Colours, (under pretence that they ſhould want a conſiderable quantity for ſo long a Time as the Abbeſs propoſed they ſhould Work there) 'tis true, he did it at a very ſcurvy rate, being little acquainted with that Art, but it was enough for him not to ſeem Idle. Alas! he was far from being idle, every Hour was a Year to him whilſt he work'd in continual Expectation of ſeeing his dear *Julia*.

The

The drawing of a Picture is not to be performed without a Serious Thought; for the Abbeſs began to be tired, and fearing leaſt it might do a prejudice to her Picture: 'I think I have heard 'ſay, *ſaid ſhe*, that Picture-drawers have com-'monly ſome pleaſant Story or other, wherewith 'they divert thoſe that ſit for their Pictures; but 'you have not yet told me the leaſt thing that 'may make one Merry, and I am ſenſible my Face 'will not look long very pleaſant, unleſs you 'find out ſomething that may divert me. Madam, '*ſaid* Cardini *to her*, (*this was the Painter's* '*Name*) I am too much taken up with your Pi-'cture at preſent, to diſcompoſe my Thoughts; 'and after all, I own I have not Wit enough to 'tell you what may be pleaſing or diverting to 'you, but there is *Hyacinth*, whom I commonly 'carry along with me, chiefly to divert the La-'dies; I aſſure you, his Converſation is very di-'verting. Pray then, *ſaid ſhe*, Hyacinth, *caſting* '*a very obliging Look at him*, pray do you tell us 'a Story, becauſe you ſee *Cardini* enjoyns you ſo 'to do. *Hypolitus* bluſh'd for Vexation, being ſo far from being in a Humour to Talk, that he had much ado to tell them very coldly, he did not know what to ſay; but my Lady Abbeſs urging the Matter more and more, he began to fear he might diſoblige her, if he perſiſted in his Refuſal; and conſidering it was in her power to exclude him from a Place which contain'd the only Object of all his Wiſhes, he thought it beſt to overcome himſelf, and then recalling to his Mind a certain Story not unlike one of the old Tales of the Fairieſſes, he began to ſpeak thus with a moſt ſurprizing graceful Air.

'*Ruſſia* is a Country ſo cold, and ſo ſubject to
'Tempeſtuous Weather, that it is a great Rarity
'to ſee a fair Day there. The Hills are for the
'greateſt part of the Year covered with Snow,
'and the Trees are ſo much covered with Ice, that
'when the Sun begins to caſt his Beams upon
'them, you would believe their Branches to be
'one ſolid piece of Chryſtal. In this Country
'are Foreſts of a moſt prodigious Extent, wherein
'they hunt white Bears, which is ſometimes not
'done without great trouble and danger; this is
'the moſt noble Exerciſe the *Ruſſians* are acquaint-
'ed with, and which is moſt frequently uſed among
'them. This Nation had once a King named *Adolph*,
'a Prince ſo Beautiful, ſo Polite, and ſo Active
'both in Body and Mind, that it ſeems almoſt
'incredible, that ſo Savage and Unpoliſh'd a
'Country as this is, ſhould produce ſo accom-
'pliſh'd a Perſon. Before he was full 20 Years
'of Age, he was already engaged in a War a-
'gainſt the *Muſcovites*, wherein he ſhew'd an e-
'qual ſhare of Courage and Intrepedity, and of
'Conduct. When his Army halted in ſome place
'or other, he was nevertheleſs always in Action,
'and often would follow that dangerous Sport of
'Hunting the Bears. One Day being abroad a
'Hunting, with a numerous Retinue, he follow'd
'the Chace with ſo much eagerneſs into a great
'Foreſt thro' different Roads and Paths, that on a
'ſudden he ſaw he had loſt both his way and all
'his Company. The Night began to draw near,
'he was unacquainted with the Place he was in,
'and ſaw a moſt furious Tempeſt was likely to
'ſurprize him in this Solitude, ſo he thought it
'his beſt way to take, with his Horſe, to the next
'great Road, and there to ſound the Horn; but
'all this to no purpoſe. Immediately after, the

'ſmall Remainder of the Day became more dark
'than the darkeſt Night it ſelf; he could not di-
'ſcern the leaſt thing, unleſs it were by the Light-
'ning; the noiſe of the Tunder claps ſounded
'moſt dreadfully among the vaſt Trees and the
'adjacent Mountains, the Winds and Rains en-
'creaſed every moment. He endeavoured to
'ſhelter himſelf under ſome Trees, but by the vi-
'olence of the Rains, the Ground thereabouts
'being ſoon overflow'd, he was under a neceſſity
'of getting out of the Foreſt, in hopes to meet
'with ſome conveniency or other to ſhelter him-
'ſelf againſt the Tempeſt. With much ado he
'got at laſt out of the Foreſt into the open Field;
'but finding himſelf there more expoſed to
'the fury of the Rains and Wind, than he
'had been before, he caſting his Eyes about
'him on all ſides, and at laſt eſpying ſome
'Light on a high Hill, he turned his Horſe that
'way, and with unſpeakable Difficulty reach'd
'the Foot of an almoſt Inacceſſible Mountain,
'ſurrounded with ſteep Precipices and craggy
'Rocks. He went forward for two Hours toge-
'ther, ſometimes on Foot, ſometimes on Horſe-
'back, till he came to a very ſpacious Cave, thro'
'the opening of which, he could diſcover ſome
'Light, (being the ſame he had ſeen before at a
'diſtance.) He ſtop'd a little before he would en-
'ter into it, believing it to be a Neſt of Thieves
'and Robbers, who frequently infeſt that Coun-
'try, and who, in all probability, would mur-
'ther him, to commit their Robbery with leſs
'danger. But as moſt commonly Princes have
'more noble and more daring Souls than other
'People, he reproach'd himſelf with his fear, and
'going directly to the Entrance of the Cave,
'clap'd his Hand to his Sword, with a Reſolution

'to

'to defend his Life, in caſe they ſhould aſſault 'him: At the very Entrance of the Cave, he was 'ſeized with ſuch a violent Shivering, that he 'thought this very moment would be his laſt.

'At the noiſe he made in entring into the 'Cave, an Old Woman, whoſe White grey 'Hairs and Wrinkles ſufficiently diſcovered her 'great Age, came forth from under the craggy 'Rock, and with a ſeeming Amazement, you 'are the firſt of all Mortals, *ſaid ſhe to him*, that 'ever I ſaw in theſe Regions: Do you know, Sir, 'whoſe Dwelling-place this is? No, *ſaid* A-'dolph, Good Woman, I know not where I am. 'This is, *reply'd ſhe*, the Seat of *Eolus*, the God 'of the Winds; this is the place of Retire-'ment for himſelf and his Children; I am 'his Mother, and am left alone at home at this 'time, becauſe they are all abroad; ſome to do 'Good, ſome to do Miſchief upon Earth. But, '*continued ſhe*, I ſee you are wet to the 'Skin by the violent Rains, I will make you 'a Fire, that you may dry your ſelf; but, Sir, 'what moſt vexes me, is, that your Fare will 'be very hard here; the Winds live upon light 'Food. but Men want more ſolid Nouriſhment. 'The Prince thank'd her for the kind Reception 'ſhe gave him; he got to the Fire, which was 'lighted in an inſtant, becauſe the *Weſt* Wind 'juſt coming in, blew it up immediately. He 'was no ſooner come in when the *North-Eaſt*, 'and ſeveral other Northerly Winds arrived in 'the Cave; *Eolus* follow'd them in Perſon, at-'tended by *Boreas*, *Eaſt*, *South-Weſt* and *North* 'Winds; they were wet all over, and their Hairs 'all clogg'd together; they were not in the leaſt 'civiliz'd, but very rough in their Carriage; and 'when they began to ſpeak to the Prince, he

'thought he ſhould have been kill'd by the cold-
'neſs of their Breath. One told them, how he
'had diſperſed a whole Fleet of Men of War; a
'ſecond, how he had ſent ſeveral Merchants to
'the Bottom of the Sea; a third related, he had
'ſaved many Veſſels from falling into the Hands
'of Pirates; but they all agreed in this, that they
'had torn up a vaſt number of Trees by the Roots,
'and overturn'd Walls and Houſes; in ſhort, e-
'very one brag'd of what Feats he had done.
'The Old Woman hearkened to them with much
'attention, but on a ſudden ſeeming to be very
'uneaſie; What, *ſaid ſhe to them*, did you not
'meet with your Brother *Zephyrus* in your way?
'It is already very late, and he is not come home
'yet, I am uneaſie at it: They told her they had
'not ſeen him, when Prince *Adolph* ſaw come
'in to the Cave a young Lad, as Fair as they
'paint Love it ſelf. His Wings were of White
'Feathers, intermix'd with Carnation Colour,
'and ſo thin and fine, that they ſeemed to be in
'a continual motion; his fair Hair curled up into a
'thouſand Buckles hanging down careleſly below
'both his Shoulders; on his Head he had a Gar-
'land of Roſes and Jeſſamy, and his whole Air
'was pleaſing and agreeable.

'Where have you been ſo long, you little Li-
'bertine, *cry'd the Old Woman with a harſh Voice?*
'All the reſt of your Brothers have been here a
'good while; you alone take the priviledge of
'indulging your ſelf, without troubling your
'Head what diſturbance you cauſe me by your
'long Abſence. Oh! Mother, *ſaid he*, I was
'very much troubled to come home ſo late, be-
'cauſe I knew you would take it ill; but I have
'been in the Garden of a Princeſs call'd *Felicity*;
'ſhe was walking there with all her Nymphs;

'ſome

'ſome of them imploy'd themſelves in gathering 'Flowers, others lay aſleep on the Graſs diſco-'vering their Necks, to give me an opportunity 'of drawing near to, and kiſſing them; ſome of 'them Danced, others Sang, the Princeſs her ſelf 'diverted her ſelf in a Walk of Orange Trees; I 'did blow my Breath into her very Face, I play'd 'all round about her, and I now and then gently 'lifted up her Veil: *Zephyrus, ſaid ſhe,* how 'pleaſant and agreeable art thou? As long as thou 'continueſt here, I ſhall ſcarce leave this Walk. 'I muſt confeſs, that ſuch engaging Words as 'theſe, coming from the Mouth of ſo Charming 'a Lady as ſhe was, had ſuch an influence upon 'me, that being no longer Maſter of my ſelf, I 'could willingly have reſolved not to leave her, 'had it not been that I feared to diſpleaſe you. 'Prince *Adolph* liſtened to him with ſo much ſa-'tisfaction, that he was heartily ſorry he left off 'ſpeaking ſo ſoon. Give me leave, *ſaid he,* love-'ly *Zephyrus,* to ask you where that Country is, 'over which this Princeſs has an abſolute Sway? 'In the Iſle of *Felicity, reply'd* Zephyrus; no Bo-'dy is ſuffered to come there, tho' every one goes 'in queſt of it; for ſuch is the Fate of Mankind, 'that they are not able to find it out: 'Tis true, 'abundance of them go round about it, and ſome 'flatter themſelves to be there, becauſe they are 'caſt ſometimes into ſome neighbouring Ports, 'where they enjoy the Fruits of a Calm and Tran-'quillity: Here moſt of them would be glad to 'continue, but theſe Iſles, which after all, bear but 'a ſlender proportion to the Iſle of *Felicity* it ſelf, 'are floating Iſlands, they ſoon get out of ſight; 'and Envy, which will not ſuffer Mortals to en-'joy even the Shade of Tranquillity, conſtantly 'chaſes them from thence; and I have ſeen a 'great number of Perſons, of uncommon Merits,

'periſh in that attempt. The Prince ask'd him 'many more Queſtions, all which he reſolved 'him with more than ordinary exactneſs and vi- 'vacity of Wit.

'It was now very late, ſo the good Woman 'ordered her Grandchildren to retire each to his 'Hole. *Zephyrus* offered the Prince a place in 'his little Bed, which was very neat, and not 'near ſo cold a corner as the reſt of the Concavi- 'ties of this vaſt Grotto, being covered with 'Herbs and Flowers. *Adolph* lay that Night with 'Zephyrus, but ſpent the greateſt part of it in 'talking of the Princeſs of the Iſle of *Felicity*. 'How delirous ſhould I be to get ſight of her, '*ſaid the Prince*, and is this a thing impoſſible, as 'not to be attained to, even with your Aſſiſtance? '*Zephyrus* told him, the Enterprize was full of 'Danger, but that if he had Reſolution enough 'to commit himſelf entirely to his Conduct, he 'had thought of a way to accompliſh it; that he 'would take him betwixt his Wings, and thus 'carry him through the vaſt Regions of the Air; 'I have, *continued he*, a Cloak, which I will 'give you, which, as often as you put it the green 'ſide outwards, you will be Inviſible; which 'will prove abſolutely neceſſary for the Preſer- 'vation of your Life: For if thoſe that guard 'this Iſle, which are the moſt dreadful Monſters 'you ever heard of, ſhould happen to ſee you, 'you would infallibly be loſt, were you braver 'than *Hercules* himſelf. Prince *Adolph* was ſo 'eager to ſee an End of this Adventure, that not- 'withſtanding all the danger he foreſaw would 'attend it, he embraced his Offer with all ima- 'ginable ſatisfaction. No ſooner began *Aurora* 'to appear in her Chariot, but the Prince full of 'impatience, rouzed *Zephyrus*, who ſlumbered

'a little. I can't let you be at reſt, *ſaid he em-*
'*bracing him*; but my moſt Generous Hoſt, me-
'thinks 'tis time we ſhould be going. Come,
'come, let us go, *ſaid he*, inſtead of taking it ill,
'I return you Thanks for it; for I can't but own
'to you that I am in Love with a certain Roſe,
'which is lively and ſomewhat mutinous; ſo
'that perhaps it might occaſion a bitter Quarrel
'betwixt us, ſhould I not come to ſee her as ſoon
'as it is day; ſhe grows in one of the Gardens of
'the Princeſs of *Felicity* He had no ſooner ſpoke
'theſe words, but he gave the Prince the Cloak
'he promiſed him, and was taking him up be-
'twixt his Wings; but finding that way ſome-
'what incommodious, I will carry you the
'way, *ſaid he*, as I did *Pſyche*, by the Command
'of *Love*, when I carry'd her to that Beautiful
'Palace he had cauſed to be erected for her; ſo
'he took him under his Arms, and reſting a lit-
'tle at the Point of a Rock, to make the Ballance
'equal in his motion, he ſtretch'd forth his Wings
'and ſo ſoared up into the Air. Notwithſtand-
'ing all the Prince's Intrepidity, he could not
'forbear to feel ſome Symptoms of fear, when
'he ſaw himſelf carry'd up at ſo vaſt a height,
'under the Arms of ſo young a Lad; ſo that to
'revive his drooping Spirits, he thought it muſt
'be a God, knowing that *Love* himſelf, who
'appears ſo ſmall, and the moſt feeble of all the
'reſt, is nevertheleſs the ſtrongeſt and moſt terri-
'ble. So leaving himſelf intirely to his Deſtiny,
'he began to recollect himſelf, and to look with
'attention upon all the Places over which he
'paſſed. Who is able ſo much as to enumerate
'all theſe Places, Cities, Kingdoms, Seas, Rivers,
'Plains, Deſarts, Foreſts, unknown Countries,
'and different Nations! He was ſtruck with ſuch

'an Amazement at the ſight of all theſe things, 'that having quite loſt the uſe of his Tongue, '*Zephyrus* took care to acquaint him with the 'various Manners and Cuſtoms of all the Inhabi-'tants of the Earth. He flew but gently, and they 'reſted a little upon the dreadful Mountains of '*Caucaſus* and *Athos*, and upon ſeveral others 'that fell in their way. Were I ſure, *ſaid* Ze-'phyrus, that that fair Roſe I adore, ſhould prick 'me with her Thorns, I can't ſuffer you to tra-'verſe ſo vaſt a Tract of Ground, without allow-'ing you ſome time, to have the ſatisfaction of 'contemplating thoſe Wonders you ſee. Prince '*Adolph* returned his Thanks for all his Good-'neſs, but at the ſame time told him, he was 'much afraid leaſt this *Princeſs of Felicity* ſhould 'not underſtand his Language, and that he ſhould 'not be able to ſpeak to her. Don't trouble your 'ſelf on that account, *ſaid the little God to him*, 'this Princeſs has an univerſal Knowledge, and it 'will not be long before you both ſpeak the ſame 'Language.

'At laſt they got ſight of this deſireable Iſland, 'which appeared ſo beautiful and delightful to 'the Prince, that he thought no otherwiſe than 'that he had been in an Enchanted Place. The 'Air was all perfumed, the Dew and Rain ſmel-'led like Roſe and Orange Water, the Spring 'threw out the Water to the very Skies, the Fo-'reſts were full of the rareſt Trees that can be 'ſeen, the Grounds coloured with the moſt De-'licious Flowers; Rivulets, clearer than the fineſt 'Cryſtal, gently run through the Plains, making 'an agreeable noiſe; the Birds made a moſt har-'monious Melody, exceeding all that the beſt 'Maſters of Muſick ever could attain to; the 'Earth produced her Fruits without any Labour

'of

or Cultivating, and, with a Wiſh only, you ſaw your Tables covered and ſerved with all the delicious Meats you could think of. The Palace it ſelf far exceeded every thing has been mentioned as yet: The Walls were of Diamonds, the Floor and Wainſcoting all of Precious Stones; Gold was as common there as Stones are with us; the Moveables and Furniture, were the Workmanſhip of the *Faries*, and that of the moſt curious Pieces; every thing being ſo nicely done, that it was hard to diſtinguiſh, whether Magnificence or Contrivance had the greateſt ſhare in it.

'*Zephyrus* ſet the Prince down in a pleaſant Bowling-Green: Sir, *ſaid he*, I have performed my Promiſe; 'tis now your Buſineſs to do your part, ſo they Embraced one another. *Adolph* return'd him a thouſand Thanks, and *Zephyrus* impatient to ſee his Miſtreſs, left him to himſelf in a very delicious Garden. He took ſeveral Turns in divers agreeable Walks, and ſaw a great number of curious Grotto's, ſo charming and beautiful, that it ſeem'd as if they were made on purpoſe for Delight and Pleaſure. In one of theſe he ſaw a Statue of White Marble, repreſenting *Cupid*, a Piece of moſt excellent Workmanſhip, caſting out of his Flambeaux a Stream of Water inſtead of Fire, leaning againſt an artificial Rock; he ſaw the following Words engraven on a Stone:

He that is ignorant of the Pleaſures of Love, has never taſted any real Happineſs; 'tis ſhe alone that can gratify our Deſires, and render this Life agreeable to us; without her all other Felicities loſe their Charms, and every thing is fading and fainting.

'*Adolph*

'*Adolph* eſpying an Arbour ſo cloſely covered 'with Greens, that the Sun Beams could not pe-'netrate into this dark and retired place, ſeated 'himſelf on the Pedeſtal of a Fountain, and af-'forded ſome Hours reſt to his Body, not a lit-'tle tired by the Fatigues of ſo vaſt a Jour-'ney.

''Twas almoſt Noon, before he awakned, and 'being much vex'd he had loſt ſo much time in 'vain, to make himſelf amends for it, he made 'all the haſte he could towards the Palace. As 'he drew nearer, he took a full view, and admi-'red, at his own leiſure, all the Beauties there 'of, with much more attention than he could do 'at a greater diſtance; and it ſeem'd as if all the 'Artiſts in the World had joyn'd their Skill and 'Labour to make it the moſt magnificent and 'moſt perfect Structure that could be imagined. 'The Prince had all this while kept the Green-'ſide of his Cloak outward, ſo that he could ſee 'every thing without being ſeen; but after all, 'he look'd a long time without being able to ſee 'the Entrance into it; whether the Doors were 'ſhut, or whether they were on the oppoſite ſide, 'before he could find them, he ſaw a Lovely La-'dy opening a Window of one entire piece of 'Cryſtal, and at the ſame time a little Female 'Gardiner running towards the Window; ſhe that 'was at the Window, let down thence a Basket 'of Filligree-Work of Gold, faſtned to ſeveral 'Strings and Knots of curious Ribbons; ſhe bid 'the Gardiner to gather ſome Flowers for the 'Princeſs, which ſhe did in an inſtant, and put 'them in the Basket: *Adolph* got upon the Flow-'ers, and ſo was drawn up into the Window by 'the Nymph. You muſt imagine, that the ſame 'Green Cloak, which had the Vertue of making

'him

'him inviſible, muſt alſo make him very light, 'for without this Circumſtance, it would have 'proved a very hard Task for the Lady to have 'drawn him up to the Window; through which 'he got into a very ſpacious Apartment, and his 'Eyes were ſurprized with ſuch an amazing 'Light, as is paſt all imagination. Here he ſaw 'whole Companies of Nymphs, the eldeſt of 'which appear'd not to be above 18 Years of Age, 'and a great many of them much younger; ſome 'were Fair, others Brown, but all of a fine Com-'plexion, white, freſh colour'd, exactly featur'd, 'with glorious white Teeth; to be ſhort, there 'was not one among all theſe Nymphs but what 'might paſs for a Compleat Beauty. He would 'have ſpent the whole Day in admiring their Per-'fections, and had not the power to ſtir out of 'this Charming Apartment, had it not been for 'a moſt agreeable Harmony of Muſick, as well 'of Voices, as of the choiceſt Muſical Inſtru-'ments, that raiſed his Curioſity to ſee from 'whence it came; ſo drawing near to an adjacent 'Room, he no ſooner enter'd it, but heard them 'ſing theſe Words.

Prove Tender, prove Faithful, be conſtant to the laſt, 'tis that that will Conquer the Heart of your Fair One; Time brings every thing to paſs: You that are inſpired with a mutual Paſſion, if your cruel Deſtiny ſhortens your happy Moments, you muſt hope for fair Weather, Time brings every thing to paſs.

'Whilſt the Prince was in the great Apart-'ment, he thought nothing could have ſtood in 'Competition with thoſe he ſaw there; but he 'ſoon found himſelf moſt agreeably deceived in 'his Opinion; theſe Female Muſicians far ſur-

'paſſing

'passing those Nymphs he had seen before in 'Beauty; and what was almost prodigious, he 'understood every thing he heard, tho' he was not 'acquainted with the Language of that Isle. He 'stood behind one of the Fairest of these Nymphs; 'she happened to drop her Veil, and he, without 'considering that he should put her into a fright, 'took it up from the Ground and gave it to her, 'she squeek'd out on a sudden, and I believe this 'to be the first time they ever knew what fear 'was in these happy Mansions: All the rest of 'the Nymps flock'd about her, asking, what was 'the matter with her? I believe you think me 'to be in a Dream, *said she to them*; but I am 'sure I let my Vail fall to the Ground, and some-'thing that is invisible put it into my Hands a-'gain. They all fell a Laughing, and some went 'into the Princess's Apartment, to divert her with 'this Story.

'Prince *Adolph* followed them by the help of 'his Green Cloak; he pass'd through spacious 'Rooms, Galleries and Chambers without num-'ber, till at last he came into the Apartment of 'the Sovereign Lady of the Isle. She was seat-'ed on a Throne made out of one intire Carbuncle 'Stone, brighter than the Sun it self, but the Prin-'cess of *Felicity*'s Eyes carry'd still a more surpri-'sing Lustre than the Carbuncle it self; she was 'so perfect a Beauty, that she appeared more like 'a Favourite of Heaven, than of a Terrestrial Off-'spring; she was very Young, and a certain 'Sprightly but Majestick Air appeared in all her 'Actions, which inspired both Love and Respect: 'Her Apparel had more of Neatness than Magni-'ficence in it; her Fair Hairs were adorn-'ed with Flowers, she had a Scarfe on, and 'her Gown was Gauze flower'd with Gold.

'She

'She was ſurrounded with a great many Cupids, 'who danc'd and play'd a thouſand little divert-'ing Tricks; ſome kiſs'd her Hands, others climb-'ing up on both ſides of the Throne, put a Crown 'on her Head; the Pleaſures were alſo Playing 'and Courting her on all ſides; to be ſhort, all 'that can be thought or imagined to be Charm-'ing, is much below what the Prince feaſted his 'Eyes with there. He was like one in a Rapture, 'he was ſcarce able to bear the Luſtre of this Prin-'ceſs's Beauty; and under this Agitation of his 'Heart, all his Thoughts being taken up with that 'Object he already adored, he dropt his Cloak 'and ſhe ſaw him. She had never ſeen a Man be-'fore, and therefore was infinitely ſurprized at 'the ſight of him. *Adolph* ſeeing himſelf thus 'diſcovered, threw himſelf at her Feet with the 'utmoſt Reſpect: Great Princeſs, *ſaid he to her*, 'I have traverſed the Univerſe, to come hither to 'admire your Divine Beauty; I am come to make 'you an Offer of my Heart and all my Deſires; 'will you not pleaſe to accept of them? The Prin-'ceſs was a Lady of a ſingular Vivacity of Wit, 'notwithſtanding which, her Surprize was ſuch 'that ſhe could not ſpeak one word. Hitherto 'ſhe had never beheld any thing that appear'd 'more amiable to her Eyes than this Creature, and 'believing him to be the only one of his Kind, 'ſhe imagined he muſt needs be the ſo much cele-'brated *Phœnix* of the Ancients, but ſcarce ever 'ſeen by any Body; Lovely *Phœnix*, *ſaid ſhe to 'him*, (for I judge you are the ſame by your Perfe-'ctions, there being nothing comparable to you 'in this Iſle) I am infinitely pleas'd to ſee you 'here; what pity 'tis you ſhould be the only one 'of your Kind, many more ſuch Birds as you are, 'would make a moſt glorious Shew. *Adolph* could

'not

'not forbear ſmiling at what ſhe told him with a 'moſt graceful Air, full of natural Simplicity; 'but being unwilling that this Lady for whom he 'felt already a moſt violent Paſſion, ſhould be 'detain'd in Ignorance, in a matter he judged ſhe 'ought to be acquainted with, he took care to 'inſtruct her in every thing of this nature, and ſhe 'proved ſo apt a Scholar, and of ſuch a natural 'Vivacity of Wit, that ſhe even anticipated her 'Maſter in his Leſſons; ſhe loved him beyond 'her ſelf, and he loved her more than himſelf; 'all thoſe ſweet Enjoyments Love is able to give, 'all the Beauty and Vivacity of Wit, all the Ten-'derneſs a Heart is capable of feeling, were cen-'tred in theſe two tender Lovers; nothing could 'diſturb their Tranquillity, every thing con-'curr'd to increaſe their Pleaſures; they knew 'not what Sickneſs was, nay, they felt not ſo 'much as the leaſt Inconveniencies or Decay; 'their Youth was not impair'd by a long Courſe 'of Years, becauſe in this delicious place, they 'drink of the Water of the Fountain of Youth. 'They were unacquainted with Amorous Inquie-'tudes, with Jealous Surmiſes; nay, not ſo much 'as with theſe little Wranglings, which common-'ly end in a happy Accommodation and Renew-'ing of Love; I ſay, they knew nothing of all 'theſe things; they were inebrietated with Plea-'ſures, and till that day never had any Mortal En-'joy'd ſo great and ſo conſtant Felicity. But this 'is the Condition of us Mortals, that even that 'Happineſs has its ſad and doleful Conſequences, 'nothing is everlaſting on Earth, but always ſub-'ject to Change.

'Prince *Adolph* being one day entertaining the 'Princeſs, it came into his Head to ask her, how 'long it was ſince he had enjoy'd the Pleaſure of

'ſeeing

'ſeeing him? The Time paſſes away ſo faſt 'where you are, *ſaid he*, that I ſcarce ever look'd 'backward, or thought of the Time when I came 'here. I will tell you, *ſaid ſhe*, provided you 'frankly confeſs to me beforehand, how long you 'really think it has been. He pauſed a while, 'and then ſaid; When I conſult my Heart, and 'think of the ſatisfaction I feel within my ſelf, I 'am almoſt apt to believe, I have not been here 'above a Week, my dear Princeſs; but when I re-'cal to my Mind certain things that are paſt ſome 'time ago, I think it can't be much leſs than 'three Months. She burſt out a Laughing; Dear '*Adolph*, *ſaid ſhe*, *with a very Serious Air*, you 'muſt know it is no leſs than three hundred Years. 'Alas! had ſhe known how dearly ſhe was likely 'to pay for theſe Words, ſhe would never have 'ſpoken them. Three hundred Years, *cry'd the* '*Prince*, how muſt the World ſtand by this time? 'Who muſt be the Univerſal Monarch there? I 'wonder what they are a doing there? When I 'come there again, who will know me? Or 'how ſhall I know any Body? My Dominions 'are, doubtleſs, fal'n into the Hands of ſome 'ſtrange Family? I can't ſuppoſe there will be 'any left for me; ſo that I am likely to be a 'Prince without a Principality; every Body will 'ſhun me as if I were a Spectre, and I ſhall be 'altogether unacquain'ed with the Manners and 'Cuſtoms of thoſe among whom I am to live. 'The Princeſs beginning to be impatient, *Adolph*, '*ſaid ſhe interrupting him*, what is it you repine 'at? Don't you ſet no more value than ſo upon 'all the Favours I have ſhewn you, and all the 'Love I bear you? I have given you admiſſion 'into my Palace, you are Maſter here, I have 'preſerved your Life for three Ages, without the

'leaſt

'leaſt decay or regret till this moment; whereas, 'had it not been for me, where would you have 'been by this time? I abhor Ingratitude, Fair 'Princeſs, *reply'd he in ſome Confuſion*, I know, 'and am ſenſible how much I am indebted to you? 'But after all, had I been Dead before this time, I 'ſhould perhaps have perform'd ſuch great Acti- 'ons as would have render'd my Name famous 'for ever to Poſterity; I can't, without ſhame, 'ſee my Courage to lie dormant, and my Name 'buried in Oblivion. Such was the brave *Rey- 'nold* in the Arms of his *Armide*, but Glory 'ſnatch'd him thence. So that Glory is likewiſe 'to ſnatch you out of my Arms, Barbarous Man, *'cry'd the Princeſs ſhedding a Rivulet of Tears*, 'thou haſt a mind to leave me, and therefore art 'unworthy of the Pain I feel for thee. She had 'no ſooner ſaid theſe Words, but ſhe fell into a 'Swoon: The Prince was highly afflicted there- 'at, becauſe he loved her extreamly, but at the 'ſame time could not forbear upbraiding himſelf 'for having ſpent ſo much time with a Miſtreſs, 'without any thing that might raiſe his Name 'among the Rank of the Great Heroes: In vain 'he indeavoured to reſtrain his Sentiments, 'or to conceal his Diſſatisfaction, he was ſoon 'ſeized with ſuch a Languiſhment, as quite al- 'ter'd his whole Diſpoſition; ſo that whereas hi- 'thereto he had miſtaken Months for Ages, he 'thought now every Month as long as an Age. 'The Princeſs, who perceived it, was afflicted 'thereat to the higheſt degree; but notwithſtand- 'ing this, would not engage him to ſtay barely 'out of Complaiſance; ſo ſhe told him, He ſhould 'be Maſter of his own Deſtiny, and might de- 'part whenever he thought fit; but that ſhe much 'feared ſome great Misfortune would befal him.

'Theſe

'These last Words caused much less Dissatisfaction in him, than he had found Satisfaction in the first; and tho' the very Thoughts of parting from his Princess, nearly affected his Mind, yet hurry'd on by his Destiny, he bid farewel to her he had adored, and by whom he was no less tenderly beloved; He protested to her, that so soon as he had performed any Glorious Actions to render himself more worthy of her Favours, he should never be at rest till he could return and pay his Homage to her, as his Sovereign Lady, and as the only Felicity of his Life. His Eloquence, which was natural to him, supply'd the defect of his Love, but the Princess was too clear sighted not to dive into the bottom of the Matter, and her Mind presaged her, she knew not what Misfortune which would rob her for ever of the Satisfaction of seeing again, what was so dear to her.

'Whatever Violence she put upon her own Inclinations, she was overwhelm'd with Grief past all expressing: She presented *Adolph* with a very rich Armour, and with the best and finest Horse the World afforded. *Bichar* (that was the Horses Name) will conduct you, *said she to him*, thro' all Danger, and make you come off with Honour in your Combats; but have a care not to touch the Ground with your Feet, before you come into your own Country; for by Vertue of that Spirit of the *Fairies*, the Gods have bestow'd upon me, I foresee, that if you slight my Advice, *Bichar* will not be in a condition to Reprieve you. The Prince promised he would follow her good Counsel, and kissing her Hands a thousand times, went away, but in so much haste, that he left his Wonder-

'ful Cloak behind him. Coming to the Shoar of 'the Isle, *Bichar* swam over Rivers and Seas with 'his Rider, ran over Mountains and thro' Vales, 'thro' Forests and Fields, and that with so much 'swiftness, as if he had been a Wing'd Horse.

'One Evening coming to a small crooked and 'Stone Lane, with Hedges on both sides, he saw 'a Cart overthrown in the middle of the Road, 'which hinder'd his Passage. The Cart was laden 'with Wings of divers shapes and sizes, and un-'der the Cart lay a very Old Man, who was the 'Carter. His bald Head, his trembling Voice, 'and his Misfortune, moved the Prince to Com-'passion. *Bichar* was ready to leap over the 'Hedges, when the Old Man call'd to *Adolph* in 'a most pitiful manner; Pray, Sir, pity my con-'dition; unless you will help me, I must perish 'here. The Prince, not able to resist the Entrea-'ties of the Old Man, and his own Inclinations 'to help him up, alighted from his Horse, and 'reach'd his Hand to him; but alas! guess at his 'Surprize, when he saw the Old Man arise with-'out his Assistance, and that so suddenly, that he 'lay'd hold of him before he was aware of it. 'At last, Prince of *Russia*, *said he with a dreadful 'threatning Voice*, at last I have met with you; 'my Name is *Time*, I have been in search for you 'these three Ages, I have worn out all these 'Wings wherewith you see this Cart is loaded, to 'fly all over the Universe to find you out; you 'see, that notwithstanding all your care to hide 'your self from me, nothing in this World can 'escape me: At these Words he struck him with 'his Hand upon his Mouth, with so much Vio-'lence, that he beat the Breath out of his Body, 'and so stifled him upon the Spot.

'*Zephyrus*

'*Zephyrus* happening to come by juſt at that fa-
'tal Minute, was forced to be an Eye-witneſs, to
'his great regret, of his dear Friend's Misfor-
'tune; and ſo ſoon as the Old Barbarous Fellow
'had left him, he try'd whether he could blow
'freſh Breath into his Body; but finding all his
'Endeavours in vain, he took him under his Arm,
'as he had done before, and weeping bitterly car-
'ry'd him to the Garden of the Palace of *Felicity*;
'there he laid him in a Grotto upon a Rock that
'was flat at top, covering his dead Body with
'Flowers: He erected a Trophy of his Arms,
'and a Column of Jaſper next to it, on which he
'engraved theſe Words.

Time is the Maſter of every thing; Time brings every thing to paſs; Beauty paſſes away with our Time; Man frames to himſelf a thouſand new deſires; and his Mind is diſcompoſed even in the midſt of his Enjoyments; If he thinks his Pains rewarded, if he appear contented for ſome time, and values himſelf upon the Conqueſt he has made; he will ſoon be convinced by ſome unfortunate Turn of Affairs, that there is no Love that laſts for ever, nor any perfect Felicity.

'The diſconſolate Princeſs uſed to come every
'day to this Grotto, ſince the departure of her
'Lover, there to bemoan his Abſence, and to aug-
'ment the Torrents of the Rivulets by a Deluge
'of Tears. Gueſs at her Satisfaction, when ſhe
'found him ſo near her at a time when ſhe thought
'him at a vaſt diſtance; ſhe thought, that being
'much fatigued in his Journey, he had laid him-
'ſelf down to reſt there; ſhe was conſidering
'whether ſhe had beſt to awake him, or not; and

'at laſt the tender Motions of her Heart over-'ballancing all the reſt, ſhe was opening her 'Arms to embrace him; then it was, that being 'made ſenſible of her Misfortune, ſhe cry'd out, 'ſhe wept, ſhe made ſuch doleful Moan, as would 'have moved even a Stone; ſhe cammanded im-'mediately the Gates of her Palace to be kept ſhut 'for ever. Certain 'tis, that ſince that fatal day, 'no Body has been able to boaſt, that he has got 'ſight of her; for ſhe ſeldom appears abroad 'ſince this Misfortune; and whenever ſhe does, 'Inquietudes and Vexations are her fore-runners, 'and Uneaſineſs and Diſſatisfaction her Follow-'ers. Theſe are her ordinary Attendants. The 'whole World is ſufficiently convinced of this 'Truth, by woful Experience, and ſince this de-'plorable Adventure, it has been a conſtant Say-'ing; *That Time brings every thing to paſs,* 'and that there is no Felicity in its full Perfe-'ction.

Hypolitus having finiſh'd his Story, ſhe told him, ſhe was at this Moment a living Inſtance of what he had ſaid; becauſe the fear ſhe was in, of hearing the pleaſing relation to be brought to a period, had not a little diſturbed the Pleaſure ſhe enjoy'd in hearing it related to her; ſhe highly commended his way of repreſenting it with ſo good a Grace, and was returning her Thanks to him, when *Julia*'s Waiting Woman came into the Abbeſs's Cloſet; after the firſt Compliment from her Miſtreſs (who was ſtill in Bed, being troubled with the Head-ach) ſhe deſired her to lend her ſome Books, wherewithal to divert her Miſtreſs; *Iſabella, ſaid the Abbeſs,* I have no time at pre ſent to look for Books; but I would have you conduct

conduct *Hyacinth* into her Chamber; he will divert her much better than all the Books can do; he has just now related to me a very pleasant Story, and I don't question, but he will have so much Complaisance, as to tell it over again before your Mistress: So she desired *Hypolitus* to go along with *Isabella*; and you may easily imagine, he was not very backward to obey the Abbess. He took care to hide part of his Face with his Handkerchief, least the Abbess might perceive the Alteration this unexpected News produced in his Countenance; besides, that it prevented *Isabella* from being surprized at so unexpected a sight, which might have made her to discover more of Fear, than was convenient to their present purpose.

She conducted him to *Julia*'s Chamber, where *Hypolitus* finding himself at liberty, kneeled at her Bed-side, and being unable to speak one word, took hold of one of her Hands, which he Kiss'd, with such excessive Transports of Joy, as is scarce to be conceived. The Curtains of her Bed being drawn, and that part of the Room where the Bed stood being pretty dark, and her Head laid close within the Pillow, *Julia* could not know him, and therefore did all she could to pull her Hand back. *Hypolitus* putting a wrong Interpretation upon this Coyness, which he look'd upon as an effect of her aversion to him, let it go; but at the same time turn'd Pale, a Trembling seized him, and he was ready to drop down for Grief: He had scarce so much strength left, as to tell her with a most tender and engaging Air; 'Julia you hate me, you 'hate me; you lay your Misfortunes at my 'Door, and tho' you know I am only the inno-'cent Cause of them, you have conceived such 'an Antipathy against me, that you will not so

'much as ſuffer me to come near you. Oh!
'what do you ſay, my dear *Hypolitus*, *ſaid ſhe to*
'*him* (*for ſhe knew his Tongue immediately*) how
'little are you acquainted with my true Senti-
'ments! And then embracing him with much Ten-
derneſs, this proved the moſt effectual Juſtifica-
on that could be to *Hypolitus*, who was tranſport-
ed with Joy, at ſo kind a Reception. They look'd
upon one another for a conſiderable time, without
ſpeaking one Word; their Eyes being the ſole In-
terpreters of the Agitations of what they felt
within themſelves; they could not forbear to min-
gle their Tears, occaſioned partly by Joy, partly by
Sadneſs, their Minds being then divided betwixt
theſe two Paſſions; till at laſt Joy got the Victory
for that time: Nothing can be imagined more ten-
der or more engaging, than what they told one ano-
ther, during thoſe firſt Emotions of their Hearts;
you may be aſſured they had no time to talk ſe-
riouſly of their own Affairs. When People meet
with great Diſappointments, if two Perſons Love
to the higheſt degree, if they are parted, if they
meet again, the Heart is ſo full, their Minds are
quite taken up with their preſent ſight, they are
in ſuch a confuſion, that they are, as it it were,
Tongue-ty'd; and if they utter a few Words,
they are incoherent, or interrupted with Sighs;
and they begin to talk of many things, without
making an end of any one. Every thing puts them
in mind of their preſent Happineſs of being toge-
ther; and from this Reflection, which adds new
Vigour to their Love, they run upon mutual Aſ-
ſurances of loving one another for ever: and thus
the time paſſes away inſenſibly; a great many
Hours ſeem to be no more than a few Minutes.
Thus it happen'd with the Amiable *Julia* and her
Faithful *Hypolitus*; ſo that it would be next to

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an impoſſibility to inſert here what they told one another at this firſt Interview; but ſuch as are of a tender Diſpoſition, and have felt the effects of this Paſſion, may eaſily imagine it.

Immediately after the Abbeſs's Dinner was over, ſhe went attended by *Cardini* to viſit the Fair ſick Lady in her Bed-Chamber; ſhe ordered her Picture to be brought, to ſhew it to *Julia*, and to have her Opinion, Whether the firſt Draught thereof was well done. After their Diſcourſe had run for ſome time upon the Picture; 'I can't 'queſtion, Madam, *ſaid ſhe to* Julia, but that 'you are ready to pay me your Acknowledg-'ment for the care I have taken to ſend up *Hya-'cinth* to you. I am ſure you can't deny, but 'that he has a great ſhare of Wit; and that he 'can tell a Story, better than the *Fairies* them-'ſelves could have done, whereof he has given 'you a Relation. *Julia* underſtood not the Ab-'beſs's meaning; but, at a hazard, told her in 'general Terms, That ſhe ſhould look upon it as 'an unpardonable thing in her ſelf, to have neg-'lected to return her Thanks for this Favour, but 'that ſhe had been ſo intent upon ſeeing and hear-'ing him, that, if ſhe thought fit, ſhe ſhould be 'very well pleaſed, to underſtand a little of the 'Art of Drawing and Deſigning; which, ſhe ho-'ped, might prove a means to divert her Melan-'choly Thoughts. The Abbeſs told her, ſhe would not be againſt it; and that, whilſt *Cardini* was employ'd in Painting for her Cloſet, *Hya-cinth* might come to teach her, provided he would now and then ſpare time to tell her a Sto-ry. *Hypolitus* was ſilent, whilſt they were talk-ing together; but could not but be infinitely plea-ſed, to underſtand that he was likely to ſee his Miſtreſs every Day; and that very moment he

would not have changed his Condition with the greateſt Monarch upon Earth.

Matters being thus agreed betwixt them, he fail'd not to viſit his Miſtreſs every Afternoon, and to ſpend, at leaſt, two or three Hours with her. He told her of *Leander*'s Marriage with *Lucilia*; it would be difficult to repreſent the Satisfaction ſhe felt at this good News; her Tenderneſs for this Friend, had not ſuffered the leaſt Diminution; and ſhe eſteem'd her Spouſe for his extraordinary Merits, and for his being an entire Friend of her dear *Hypolitus*; ſhe told him all that poſſibly ſhe could think on to teſtifie her Joy on this account; and he laying hold of this Opportunity; 'If it be ſo, dear Lady, *ſaid he*, that 'you are ſo very ſenſible of *Lucilia*'s good For-'tune, you ought to endeavour to encreaſe it, 'by ſecuring mine; Go to live with her, you'll 'find every thing ready to obey you there; I will 'follow you thither, and there I may ſee you 'without either trouble or fear: Conſider with 'your ſelf, how ſoon I may be diſcovered here; 'and with what ill conſequences, to our Affairs, 'this Diſcovery would be attended: Take my 'Advice, Let us make uſe of our preſent good 'Fortune, I will ſafely conduct you thither; and 'when we are at liberty, we will then conſult 'what is further to be done in our Affairs. My 'Honour, dear *Hypolitus*, my Reputation, *cry'd* '*ſhe in a melancholy Tone*, what muſt become of 'them? What! would you have me make my Eſ-'cape along with you? All the Vexations my 'Husband makes me undergo, owe their Origi-'nal to the Opinion he has conceived, that I love 'you; this is certainly the Cloak wherewith he 'covers his ill Temper; and to confirm him, and

'the World in these Surmises, to justify his Pro-
'ceedings, and to cut out my own Destruction,
'you would have us go away together? Oh! dear
'Brother, 'tis impossib e to be done; I had better
'die here. How unjustly you deal with your self
'and me, Madam, *reply'd he in a most disconso-*
'late manner; Can any Body blame you for break-
'ing your Chains, for getting out of a Prison, un-
'to which you have been so undeservedly and un-
'worthily confined? If you insist upon my not
'going along with you, I will come after you;
'and is there any thing in this World more natural
'or more common, than to endeavour to regain
'one's Liberty after it is lost? My dear *Julia*, if
'ever your Inclinations were for me; if my Pas-
'sion, if my Constancy is able to touch your Heart;
'grant that to my earnest Prayers, and to my
'Tears, which perhaps you would refuse to your
'own Desires. Urge me no more, *Hypolitus, said*
'she to him, I am reduced almost to despair, to see
'my self necessitated to refuse what you would
'have me to do: It seems to me, that if you lo-
'ved me more you would be the sooner inclined
'to agree with me in my Sentiments, and share my
'Pains with me. He continued lying at her Feet
'sighing without intermission, but return'd no An-
'swer for some time; at last breaking silence first,
'What then must become of me, Good God,
'cry'd he? What must I do cruel Lady? I am
'not capable of convincing you; you delight in
'your Troubles; you reject a Remedy which will
'infallibly meet with the Approbation of all the
'World; Is not this an effect of your Aversion
'to me? No, no, my dear *Hypolitus, said she with*
'a most Tender Look, giving him her hand; no, I
'have not the least Aversion to you; and I don't
'believe you can think so, for above one Minute:

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'I am ſtill the ſame *Julia*, who prefer'd your Re-
'poſe to hers, who would not live, but for your
'ſake: but I am alſo the ſame *Julia*, who loves
'Vertue and her Duty beyond you, and beyond
'her ſelf: Do you think me ſo inſenſible of my
'preſent Circumſtances, as not moſt paſſionately
'to wiſh for my Liberty? And do you think I
'am leſs apprehenſive than you, of the danger of
'your being diſcovered here? I foreſee all the
'ill Conſequences that would attend it, and the
'very thoughts thereof make me infinitely unea-
'ſie; but I have an Expedient to offer, which, I
'hope, will put me in a condition to gratify you
'without blame: Let us write to my Father, and
'perſwade him to come hither; when I am once
'with him, I can then bid defiance to ill Tongues

Hypolitus repreſented to her, how long a time this was likely to take up; and that in the mean while they might be expoſed to a thouſand ſiniſter unforeſeen Accidents; but to little purpoſe: ſhe perſiſted immoveable in her Reſolution; but to obey her Commands, and forward as much as lay in his Power, his own Happineſs, he ſent their Letters to *Leander*, deſiring they might be diſpatched to the Earl of *Warwick*; *Julia* writing concerning her Sufferings, and *Hypolitus* let him know, by what lucky Chance he had met with her, when he leaſt of all hoped for any ſuch thing.

In the mean while the Abbeſs had taken care to caution *Cardini*, that it was of the utmoſt conſequence, that neither he, nor his Scholar, ſhould take any of the Fair Stranger's Letters, to ſend them into her own Country: *Cardini* promiſed upon his Word, he would accept of none; or if he did, he would deliver them into her own Hands.

Hands. He told her, he would be anſwerable for *Hyacinth*'s Fidelity, which ſhe eaſily believed; having already conceived a very favourable Opinion of this Stranger, on occaſion of his pleaſing Relation of the Prince of *Ruſſia*; and ſhe did not in the leaſt queſtion, but that he would prove more obliging to her than to *Julia*. At the ſame time 'tis impoſſible to repreſent to you the high Satisfaction of theſe two Lovers; they ſaw one another every day, they paſs'd away their time in this delightful Deſert with more Pleaſure, than if they had lived in the moſt ſplendid Court of *Europe*, and had enjoy'd all the Favours of the greateſt Monarch on Earth. 'Tis certain, that it is one of Love's Secrets, to cure us of Ambition, and of a thouſand other Paſſions, which tyrannize over thoſe that are incapable of Tenderneſs. *Hypolitus* related to her every thing that had befal'n him during her Abſence; as ſhe, on the other hand, told him all that had happened to her; they would ſometimes recal to their Minds, the firſt beginning of their Paſſion, with the ſecret mutual Pleaſures that attended it; ſometimes they would frame Projects for the time to come, and endeavour to concert meaſures about future things, which depended on many Uncertainties, ſo that ſix Months paſs'd away thus inſenſibly, they thinking all this time as ſhort, as if they had ſpent it in the *Palace of Felicity*.

Cardini took effectual care (as it had been agreed betwixt *Hypolitus* and him) not to work too faſt, and the Abbeſs took notice of it, becauſe ſhe had agreed with him for the Whole; nay, ſhe judged that the more time he beſtowed upon the Work, the better it would be done. All this while *Hypolitus*'s Servants remaining at *Burbon*, without ſeeing their Maſter, it was fear'd this might afford

afford ſome cauſe of ſuſpicion to ſome who love to dive into other People's Concerns, he ordered them to go to *Nevers*, and not to tell any Body that they belonged to him. He received frequently Letters from the Earl of *Suſſex* and *Lucilia*, unto whom he had communicated his preſent Happineſs; and writ to the Earl of *Douglas*, that it was the Phyſicians Advice, he ſhould make uſe of the Waters during both the Seaſons, ſo he remain'd undiſturbed where he was, and his Friend urged not his return from *Burbon*.

Among other things, he received with all the Satisfaction imaginable the News concerning the Earl of *Warwick*, whoſe coming was expected every day by all his Friends and Relations, who were all overjoy'd to underſtand that he was not ſlain, as had been reported, and that *Julia* was his Daughter; the Earl of *Bedford* was the only Man who appear'd much diſturbed thereat, being under a great uncertainty what courſe he had beſt to take; and *Hypolitus*'s Satisfaction was ſoon diſturbed with another piece of News, which came much about the ſame time, for the Counteſs of *Douglas*, in her Letter to him, told him, That if he intended to ſee his Father alive, he muſt come quickly, he being ſo ill, that his Life was quite deſpaired of. Upon this occaſion it was, that Nature and Reaſon got the better of Love and Tenderneſs. *Julia* declared to him, it was her abſolute Will he ſhould go where his Duty call'd him; and back'd her Counſel with urgent Reaſons, 'Remember, *ſaid ſhe to him*, that this 'will prove a means to bring my Father hither a-'long with you, at your return; that you will 'reap the Fruits of this Journey, and that I ſhall 'have a conſiderable ſhare in it; and that upon 'that account alſo, it is worth all your Care.

Not

Not that ſhe was much concerned whether ſhe had a great or ſmall Eſtate, every thing of that Nature was indifferent to her; for, provided ſhe could but live with her *Hypolitus*, ſhe had enough to ſatisfie both her Love and Ambition; ſhe thought all the reſt not worth her Care and Wiſhes; but at the ſame time ſhe knew he could not be ſatisfy'd to ſee her live in a condition below her ſelf, and that he would ſtand in need of ſomething no leſs conſiderable than theſe to get him away from St. *Mcnoux*; we might rather have ſaid, to ſnatch him away: Good God! what a deplorable Condition was he not reduced to? What Pangs, what Anguiſh did he not feel within his Soul, at this doleful parting with *Julia*; nay, what a miſerable State were they both entangled in? Such a one, in effect, as made them ready to expire; whatever can be thought or ſaid, that is Tender and Paſſionate, they told one another upon this occaſion; and when their Tongues fail'd, the Language of their Eyes, and their Sighs ſerved for the true Interpreters of the Anxiety of their Hearts, and of that Grief which had penetrated to their very Souls. Oh! how, upon ſuch Occaſions as this, we ſtand in need of all our Vertue and Courage, to counter-ballance the Frailties of our Heart and Mind; however ſupported, by hopes, they flatter'd themſelves to meet again before it was long, and they had very good reaſon to hope it.

Cardini promiſed *Hypolitus* at parting, to take care *Julia*'s Letters ſhould be diſpatch'd ſafely to him, and his to *Julia*; and he, to reward his Fidelity and encourage him to continue ſo for the future, made him a conſiderable Preſent. The Abbeſs being told by *Cardini*, that *Hyacinth* was recall'd by his Father into *Italy*, was very ſorry thereat;

thereat; but poor *Julia*, notwithſtanding ſhe put all poſſible violence upon her ſelf to hide part of her trouble, was not able to overcome it: He was no ſooner got out of ſight, but ſhe ſhut her ſelf up in her Chamber, and threw her ſelf upon the Bed, where ſhe remained like one at the laſt Gaſp; at laſt a Torrent of Tears ſeem'd to eaſe her a little in her preſent Anguiſh; ſhe pretended to be ſick, the better to indulge her melancholy Thoughts, and to avoid being ſeen: But in ſome time after, ſhe began to afflict her ſelf afreſh, beyond all meaſure, becauſe ſhe had not heard the leaſt News from *Hypolitus*. She writ to the Earl of *Suſſex*, to know whether he were come to *London*, and whether her Father was arrived in *England?* He return'd her an Anſwer, intimating, that they were very uneaſie at *London*, at their not coming, having heard no Tidings of either of them of late; that my Lord *Douglas* being lately dead, *Hypolitus*'s Preſence was abſolutely neceſſary there, to ſettle the Affairs of his Family. Nothing being more natural, than to take things as we are apt to conceive them to our ſelves, the Unfortunate *Julia* would not be perſwaded, but that her Lover was loſt at Sea: At their parting, ſhe imagined that nothing could be able to encreaſe her Affliction; but alas! She ſoon found to her coſt, that ſhe was not come, as yet, to the depth of her Miſeries; and that ſhe her ſelf was too too ingenious in cauſing to her ſelf new Afflictions; for it was not long, before ſhe ſaw her ſelf entangled in more Troubles than ever.

One day my Lady Abbeſs coming to ſee her, happened to drop a Letter, out of Careleſſneſs, in her Chamber, which ſhe had received that very Morning; ſhe was no ſooner gone out of the Room,

but

but *Iſabella* took it up, and gave it to *Julia*; ſhe ſoon knew it to be the Earl of *Bedford*'s Hand, ſhe opened it trembling, and found in it theſe Words.

I am obliged, for very urgent Reaſons, to leave London *immediately, in order to remove* Julia; *and to put her into a Place, where ſhe may be more ſecure and private than with you. I have got notice that her Father will ſoon be at* London, *and that* he has got Intelligence *of her being at St.* Menoux. *However,* Madam, *I ſhall keep the Obligations I owe you, in conſtant remembrance; and be ready to return them, as I ought to do. I am,* Madam, *with all poſſible Reſpect and Acknowledgment, at your Devotion.*

The Fair *Julia* was quite diſtracted with Thoughts, at the ſight of this Letter; however, after having pauſed upon it for ſome time, ſhe judged ſhe ought not to ſtay any longer in a place where ſhe was likely to be expoſed afreſh to the violent Treatment of her Husband. Purſuant to this Reſolution, ſhe deſired *Cardini*, by *Iſabella*, to come into her Chamber, under ſome Pretence or other, which he did; ſhe deſired him to go to *Moulins*, to ſell ſome of her Jewels, to buy with ſome of the Money, a Coach and Horſes; charging him to keep the Buſineſs ſecret, and to bring her an ordinary Habit, the better to diſguiſe her ſelf in her Flight, and ſome Saddle-horſes, wherewith ſhe intended, in the Night time, to go to *Moulins*. The chief difficulty was, how to get out; but her Chamber looking into the Garden, it was agreed, ſhe was to deſcend out of the Window, by the help of a Ladder made with Cords, which *Cardini* promis'd to procure her; and

and as good Fortune would have it, part of the Wall of the Garden being, a few days before, tumbled down, they did not queſtion but ſhe might eaſily get out that way.

Every thing ſucceeded without much difficulty, juſt as they had laid the deſign betwixt them; for *Cardini* having full Liberty to go in and come out of the Abby, as he pleaſed, he diſcharged his Truſt with the utmoſt Zeal and Fidelity, and ſafely conducted her in the Night, with *Iſabella*, to *Moulins*. *Julia* made no ſtay there, ſhe preſented the Picture-drawer with a rich Jewel, and enjoyn'd him to go to *London*, to tell the Earl of *Warwick* and *Hypolitus* what had obliged her to make her Eſcape with ſo much Precipitation; that ſhe was going to *Florence* to her Siſter *Lucilia*, where ſhe deſired they ſhould let her hear from them. She did not think fit to commit all theſe things to a Letter, for fear it ſhould be loſt, or that by ſome miſchance or other, it might fall into my Lord *Bedford*'s Hands; for ſhe ſuſpected he had intercepted ſome of her or *Hypolitus*'s Letters; and that this had occaſioned the Rumour of her being at St. *Menoux*.

Whilſt ſhe was making the beſt of her way towards *Italy*, and took all poſſible Precautions to retire *incognito*, and to avoid the ſight of all ſuch as, prompted by their Curioſity, might be inquiſitive after her Perſon (for being ſo extreamly Beautiful, ſhe uſed to meet with as many Adorers as ſhe met with Perſons that ſaw her) and *Cardini* having conducted her ſome part of the way beyond *Moulins*, return'd ſtrait to St. *Menoux*, leaſt he ſhould be ſuſpected of having had a Hand in *Julia*'s Eſcape. He went to his ordinary Employment, expecting every moment to hear what noiſe this unexpected Accident would

make

make in the Abbey. It was already pretty late in the Morning, when one of the Religious Ladies belonging to this Abbey, came to tell the Abbeſs, that the Door of *Julia*'s Apartment, was not opened yet; that ſhe had call'd ſeveral times *Iſabella*, but that neither the Miſtreſs, nor the Woman, had return'd any anſwer to her; and that ſhe was afraid there was ſomething more than ordinary in the matter. The Abbeſs not a little ſurprized and diſturbed at what ſhe heard, immediately order'd the Door to be broke open; but coming into *Julia*'s Chamber, and finding ſhe had made her Eſcape out of the Window, ſhe was almoſt diſtracted what to do; ſhe ſent ſome in queſt after *Julia*, ordering them to take the Road to *Paris*, not queſtioning but that this was the place ſhe would have recourſe to; ſhe knew not whom to charge with being acceſſory to her Flight, till at laſt thinking it could be no Body but the Picture-drawer, ſhe had him ſeiz'd; they ſearch'd him, and put him into a Dungeon, but all in vain, they could not make him tell one word that might tend to the Prejudice of *Julia*. 'The Earl of *Bed-*
'*ford* is expected here every day, *ſaid the Lady*
'*Abbeſs to her Confidents*, he will ask me, what
'is become of his Lady? What muſt I tell him?
'How will he exclaim againſt my Neglect?
'And not without reaſon, ſince I have been ſo
'careleſs in keeping what he committed to my
'care. She was thus tormenting her ſelf, when one of her Confidents put her in the Head of an Expedient, which would, at leaſt, put a ſtop to the Earl's coming, and ſecure her againſt his Reproaches, for ſome time. 'If you will follow
'my advice, Madam, *ſaid ſhe to her*, I would
'have you write to him immediately, that *Julia*
'being ſeized with amoſt violent Diſtemper, ly'd

'within a few days after; that you not only 'took all poſſible care of her in her Illneſs, but 'alſo provided for her Funeral Obſequies accord- 'ing to her Quality; that ſhe had given all her 'Jewels to her Waiting-Woman, and that there- 'fore you had nothing you could ſend to him, of 'what ſhe had brought along with her to the Ab- 'by. This Contrivance was very well reliſh'd by the Abbeſs, who reflected not much upon the Conſequences thereof; ſhe being a Woman of very good Quality, but Miſtreſs of no great ſhare of Senſe, being ruled, in moſt things, by this young Religious Woman, who gave her this Advice. So ſhe writ a Letter, the ſubſtance whereof was according to what they had agreed upon; but poor *Cardini* was never the better for it; they kept him a great while ſo cloſe a Priſoner, that he had not the leaſt opportunity either of juſtifying himſelf, or of writing to any Body, to let them know what a Condition he was in. *Julia* had the good fortune to get to *Florence*, without any ſiniſter Accident, but judging it abſolutely requiſite, not to go to *Lucilia*'s Houſe, before ſhe had ſeen her, and taken ſuch meaſures with her, as they ſhould think moſt ſuitable to her preſent Circumſtances; ſhe ſent a Letter to her, by *Iſabella*. 'Tis impoſſible to expreſs the ſatisfaction of *Lucilia*, when ſhe underſtood that her Siſter was ſo near her, ſhe had not patience to ſtay one moment, but immediately went to ſee her: They imbraced one another a thouſand times, they told one another every thing that can be ſaid or thought the moſt tender and obliging; and at laſt agreed, *Julia* ſhould go for a young Widow, and a Kinſwoman of *Lucilia*'s, who was to ſtay with her ſome time; ſhe was to go by the Name of *Howard*,

Howard, which being one of the beſt and moſt numerous Families in *England*, it would be a hard matter to find her out by that Name. She got a Mourning Dreſs, ſuch as Widows wear immediately after their Husband's Deceaſe, and ſhe made the Exceſs of her Love, a pretence for her Journey into *Italy*, not being able to ſtay in a place where ſhe had loſt what was ſo dear to her.

But what was the oddeſt Chance of all in this Adventure, was, that at the ſame time ſhe was in Mourning for her pretended deceaſed Husband, he wore his Mourning Apparel for her. The Abbeſs of St. *Menoux*'s Letter came time enough to my Lord *Bedford*'s Hands to ſtop his Journey for that time: He was at firſt much concern'd at the loſs of a Wife, whom once he loved ſo paſſionately; but her Abſence for ſome time, the cauſe of Complaint he thought he had againſt her, and his inconſtant Temper, ſoon made him forget *Julia*. Her Death was ſoon known all over *London*; the Counteſs of *Douglas*, and the Earl of *Suſſex*, were moſt ſenſibly afflicted thereat; and the Earl of *Warwick*, who came into *England* not long after they received this ſad News, was no leſs grieved thereat, than if he had been fully acquainted with all his Daughters Merits, Vertues and Beauty. 'Am I not to be pity'd, *would he* 'ſay to his *Friends*, after ſo long and rigorous a 'Captivity, I have been forced to undergo, after 'ſo long an Abſence from my Native Country, to 'return thither on purpoſe, as it were, to be in-'form'd of my Daughter's Death; the only one 'I had in the World, of whom I have heard ſo 'much ſpoken to her Advantage, whom I loved 'ſo tenderly, both for her Mother's and her own 'ſake, whom I had promiſed as a Reward to that 'very Perſon, I owe the higheſt Obligations to

'in the World, and who is ready to die for 'Grief, on account of the ill Treatment ſhe re-'ceives at her Husband's Hands.

The Earl of *Bedford* ſent to deſire him to let him have the Honour of paying him a Viſit, but he would not admit of it, becauſe he retain'd a very violent Reſentment againſt a Perſon whom he look'd upon as the Author of his Daughter's Misfortune. Thus Matters went in *London* when *Hypolitus* arrived there, being ſtop'd by the way by an unfortunate Accident: For riding Poſt from *Paris* to *Calais*, he fell with his Horſe, and endeavouring to diſengage himſelf out of the Stirrop, put his Foot out of Joynt, which proving extreamly painful, he had much ado to get, by the aſſiſtance of his *Valet de Chambre*, (becauſe he had ſent his other Servants by another way for *England*) into the neighbouring Village to have it put into its right place again; but the Country Surgeon, proving an ignorant Fellow, made it rather worſe than better; and the violence of the pain throwing him into a moſt violent Fever, he was forced to tarry two Months, before he could continue his Journey.

All this while he did not think it expedient to write to *Julia*, for fear of affording her freſh Matter of Grief, tho' what he did for her Repoſe, ſerved only to encreaſe her Inquietudes; his ſilence almoſt reduced her to deſpair; but alas! it was now his turn to pay dearly for what he had made her ſuffer on that account; for he no ſooner came to *London*, but was inform'd, at the ſame time, both of his Father's and his Miſtreſs's Death. He could not, in the leaſt, call in queſtion the Loſs of his *Julia*; my Lady *Douglas* had got the Abbeſs of St. *Menoux*'s Letter, which ſhe ſent to her Son, in hopes this might cure him

of

of a Paſſion, which hitherto had cauſed all the Misfortunes of his Life, at the Expence of all his Tranquillity, and prevented him from making his Fortune in the World.

Hypolitus had been long enough at St. *Menoux*, to be well acquainted with the Abbeſs's Hand-writing; ſo that at the ſight thereof, he could not doubt any longer of the Death of his Miſtreſs, and conſequently extinguiſh'd that very ſpark of hopes that remain'd hitherto in his Heart. Where ſhall I ſearch for Words capable to repreſent to you the deſpair the moſt Amorous and moſt Faithful of all Lovers was reduced to? All that had been ſaid hitherto concerning a thouſand Accidents of his Life, and his ſucceeding Pains and Grief; the Marriage, the carrying away, the Abſence of *Julia*; all theſe, I ſay, bore not the leaſt compariſon to what he felt at this moſt deplorable Conjuncture; he would ſee no Body, nor ſpeak to any Body, but to the Earl of *Warwick*, and the Earl of *Suſſex*, and they were forced to have recourſe to my Lady *Douglas*'s Aſſiſtance; who by her Authority, and moſt preſſing Inſtances, prevail'd upon him to take ſome Nouriſhment; he was ſo far from taking any reſt, that he ſcarce ever would go to Bed, and on a ſudden fell into ſuch a Languiſhment, that every Body thought he would never have overcome it.

One day he communicated to the Earl of *Suſſex* his Reſolution of fighting the Earl of *Bedford*; this being the only thing which ſeem'd both to ſupport his Courage and his Life. He deſired him, to go to the Earl of *Bedford*, and to engage him to appoint a certain Time and Place where they might be at liberty once more to meaſure their Swords, and to put an end to a Quarrel

which could not be decided but with the Loſs of the Life of one of the two. The Earl did all he could to put *Hypolitus* in mind, that he ought not to hazard his Perſon thus, at a time when he was ſcarce in a condition to ſtand upright; he told him again, he was ſufficiently ſenſible what he was capable of doing, and that Deſpair would furniſh him with as much ſtrength as he ſhould have occaſion for; that let things come to the worſt, he could but fall in the Combat, and that that was not the thing that would frighten him; and he urged the matter ſo home, and with ſo much earneſtneſs to the Earl of *Suſſex*, that ſeeing no means to refuſe any longer his Requeſt, he went to the Earl of *Bedford's*: When he ſaw him, he found him under no ſmall irreſolution, what Anſwer he had beſt to give him. It was not very long ſince he was well cured of his Wounds *Hypolitus* gave him at *Calais*; he had made tryal of his Courage, and knew what violent Motives induced him to Challenge him. He told the Earl, that their Majeſties had forbid all manner of Duels, that he was ready to give him any Satisfaction; but that to make the thing appear in the Eyes of the World like an accidental Quarrel, he would decide their Quarrel the firſt time *Hypolitus* and he ſhould meet.

No ſooner was the Earl of *Suſſex* gone to carry his Anſwer to *Hypolitus*, but the Earl of *Bedford* got every thing in readineſs, and left *England* under pretence, that he had a mind to go abroad to Travel. *Hypolitus* did all he could to find him out, but found too late, that he was gone, to his infinite diſſatisfaction, becauſe he had flatter'd himſelf with hopes of ſacrificing him to the Memory of his adorable *Julia*. After this Diſappointment, ſeeing himſelf in a place, where every

thing

thing ſeem'd to conſpire to revive in him his deadly Grief, by recalling to his Mind the remembrance of his ſo dearly beloved Miſtreſs, he reſolved to leave *England*, and to carry his Fortunes along with him to ſome Place or other, where he hoped he might put an end to them by a Glorious Death.

The Earl of *Warwick* ſeeing him abſolutely reſolved to leave his Native Country, offer'd to take him along with him to *Maltha*, whether he intended to go along with the *Grand Conſervator* of *Montſerrat*, who was not long before come into *England*; and who, at the interceſſion of Cardinal *Pool*, had obtained from her Majeſty the reſtitution of all the Revenues belonging to the *Maltheſe* Knights. *Hypolitus* was very glad to accept of this Opportunity of ſignalizing himſelf, and to run the ſame Fortune with a Man, whom he loved like his Father, and honoured with a moſt peculiar eſteem for his great Qualifications.

The Earl of *Suſſex* was alſo inclined to make this Campaign with them, having ſome particular Reaſons to keep for ſome time at a diſtance from Court, becauſe the Queen would not hearken to his Petition, and of ſeveral other Lords, who earneſtly ſollicited, that the Counteſs of *Northampton* might be received again into Favour; but the Queen continued to ſhew her hatred to the very Memory of her Unfortunate Spouſe, in the Perſon of this Fair Widow; and being not ignorant that the Earl of *Suſſex* loved her moſt infinitely, and was very deſirous to Marry her, ſhe made it her Buſineſs to croſs this Match; and told the Earl, ſhe ſhould be very well pleaſed to ſee him Marry'd to the Daughter of the Viſcount *Montague*, whom ſhe had ſent her Ambaſſador along with

the Biſhop of *Ely* to *Rome*. This Lord being upon his Departure, had recommended his Daughter to the Queen, deſiring ſhe would ſee her well Marry'd; and the Queen, who had a great kindneſs for her, and knew both the Merits, Birth and Eſtate of the Earl of *Suſſex*, thought ſhe could not beſtow her better than there; but he reſolving not to ſacrifice his Paſſion to his Fortune, choſe rather to abſent himſelf for ſome time, till the Queen might alter her Sentiments, being very well pleaſed to take this opportunity to enter into a ſtricter Tye of Friendſhip with him who was his intimate Friend before, and either to acquire Glory, or die together; ſo they prepared every thing for their Voyage.

Hypolitus was unwilling the Counteſs of *Douglas* ſhould know any thing of his intended Voyage, being ſenſible, that the Tenderneſs of a Mother, would not very well agree with ſuch a deſign; and that it might prove the occaſion of new Vexation to him, not to comply with her Deſires, ſo he kept every thing private, which he might eaſily do, having his whole Eſtate in his own Hands. He left *England* in Company of the Earl of *Warwick*, and the Earl of *Suſſex*, without letting any Body know whither they intended to go, and *Hypolitus* was reduced to ſo Languiſhing and Unfortunate a State, that wherever he went, he expected nothing elſe but to lead a moſt deplorable Life. Upon their arrival at *Maltha*, they found things in no ſmall Confuſion there, becauſe by a late moſt dreadful Tempeſt, ſome Galleys, beſides ſeveral other Ships, were caſt away in the Harbour: an Accident which would have moved the greateſt Stranger to Compaſſion, conſidering the great number of Knights, of other Perſons of Note, and of Slaves that loſt their Lives upon

this

this Occaſion; however a good number of *Malteſe*, whom they call *Bonnevoglies*, becauſe they ſerve for very ſlender Pay at the Oars, offered their Service upon this neceſſitous Occaſion. Not long after *Francis* of *Lorain*, Grand Prior of *Maltha*, came thither with two moſt magnificent Gallies, curiouſly painted and gilt. This Prince made an appearance, in all reſpects, ſutable to his Illuſtrious Extraction, he was (as indeed all the reſt of the Houſe of *Lorain* are) very Liberal, extreamly Handſom, Gallant, Brave and Magnificent. General *Valette*, upon his Arrival there, reſign'd his Command to this Prince; and the Earls of *Warwick* and *Suſſex*, and *Hypolitus* meeting with a very Friendly Reception from the Great Maſter, he preſented them to the Prince of *Lorain*, unto whom they offered their Services, and were received by him aboard the *Capitana*, or Admiral Galley, with all the Marks of diſtinction they could expect from their Merits, and the Goodneſs of ſo diſcerning a Prince. He had three Gallies, beſides his own, under his Command; they ſail'd to the Coaſt of *Barbary*, in queſt of *Dragut Rais*; but they met and took a Brigantine of *Tripoli*, commanded by one *Aſſan Baby*, who informed them, that *Dragut Rais* did not intend to put to Sea this Year, becauſe he was buſied in the Siege of *Tripoli*; upon this News they ſaw themſelves obliged to alter their Courſe, and to ſeek for further Opportunities of ſignalizing themſelves elſewhere, which they did accordingly, and theſe three Brave *Engliſh* Lords, ſhew'd ſo much Courage and Conduct in all their Actions, that the Prince being extreamly taken with their Perſons, beſtow'd upon them ſuch Employments as were worthy their acceptance; and in which they met with frequent Opportuni-

ties

ties of expoſing their Perſons; which they did upon all Occaſions that offer'd, eſpecially *Hypolitus*, who at all times was the foremoſt, if any dangerous Attempt was to be made; but whilſt they are endeavouring to Sacrifice their Lives, let us ſee how Matters went in other Places.

The Abbeſs of St *Menoux*, perceiving by the Earl of *Bedford*'s Anſwer to her laſt Letter, that he actually believed his Lady to be dead, and had laid aſide his Journey into *France*, thought beſt not to keep the Picture-drawer any longer in Priſon, his Impriſonment being ſo far from having made him to confeſs any thing relating to *Julia*'s Eſcape, that they found him every day more and more obſtinate. His Reſolution proved the Occaſion of his Liberty; and he had no ſooner obtained it, but remembring his Promiſe made to *Julia*, to go into *England*, he undertook that Journey without delay. Coming to *London*, he made Enquiry after *Hypolitus*, and the Earls of *Warwick* and *Suſſex*; but was told, they had not appear'd at Court for ſome time paſt; and notwithſtanding all his Endeavours to find them out, he could not ſo much as learn where they were. He then enquired after the Earl of *Bedford*; and was inform'd, that ſince *Julia*'s Death, he led a very retired Life. *Cardini* was moſt ſenſibly afflicted at the Death of ſo Handſome and Generous a Lady, he imagin'd no otherwiſe, than that ſhe dy'd in her way to *Italy*, overwhelm'd with Grief, and overburthened with the Fatigues of ſo long a Journey; ſo that finding he could do no further Service at *London*, he went back to *Paris*. Poor *Julia*, at the ſame time, lingred in expectation of ſome Letters, with the utmoſt impatience, without the leaſt probability of receiving any; becauſe all thoſe, from whom ſhe might expect

them

them with any probability, thought her to be before that time in the other World, and never thought of her, except when they bewailed her Death.

She lived with her dear *Lucilia*, and pass'd for a young handsome Widow, who had resolved to lead a retired Life, without much Conversation in the World; and to speak the Truth, had it been in her own Choice, she would never have stirr'd out of her Room, and conversed with no Body but *Lucilia*. The Inquietudes she laboured under, as well for her Father, as for her dear *Hypolitus*, produced in her Eyes a certain Languishment, which encreased her Charms. 'Madam, *said the Senator* Alberti *to her*, will you 'be always bewailing the Dead? And at the same 'time will you shew no Compassion for those 'you make to die for you? He seconded these Words, with so passionate an Air and Look, that she fix'd her Eyes on the Ground to avoid the sight of him. 'My Lord, *said she in a very Melan-'choly Tone*, I wish you would leave me to the 'Enjoyment of my Troubles, for I take a sort of 'Pleasure in afflicting my self: and in effect, the Senator's Amorous Addresses furnished her with fresh matter of Vexation.

He was not so far advanced in Age, as not to be capable of an Amorous Passion; he had been a very handsome and gallant Gentleman; he was a Man resolute and positive in his Opinion, and had more than once been inclined to Marry again, but that loving his Son dearly, and knowing he could not do it, without its proving prejudicial to him, that consideration had made him not to pursue that design; but *Julia* appeared to his Eyes so Handsome, a Lady of so much Sense and Discretion, that from the first Minute he saw her, he fell

fell moſt paſſionately in Love with her. His Addreſſes were extreamly troubleſome to her, which made her ſometimes take a Reſolution to treat him ſo ſcurvily, as to cure his eagerneſs of making his Addreſſes to her: For this purpoſe, ſhe would ſometimes ridicule thoſe of an advanced Age, who had Vanity enough to imagine themſelves ſufficiently capable of making a young Woman fall in Love with them: 'What can they 'pretend to, *ſaid ſhe*, but either to meet with a 'Refuſal from a Woman of Honour, or to be 'Jilted by thoſe who are of a contrary Stamp? 'For my part, I muſt own, that were I capable 'of receiving an Amorous Impreſſion, there muſt 'be ſomething of Surprize in the caſe, my Eyes 'muſt be dazled, my Fancy muſt be enchanted 'to ſuch a degree, that my Heart muſt be mutinous againſt my ſelf; and that before I could 'have leiſure ſufficient to reflect ſeriouſly upon 'the matter: Theſe are things which don't belong to thoſe that are in their Decay, and the 'Impreſſions they give, are too weak to turn to 'any conſiderable account to them: 'Tis therefore my Opinion, they can't expect, with reaſon, 'to be belov'd, unleſs it be after a long Acquaintance, and a perfect knowledge of their Merits: And, after all, I can't conceive how People ſhould, in cool Blood, expoſe themſelves to 'the greateſt of Dangers for ſuch a like Love to 'be. If we will but never ſo little give ear to 'Reaſon, what monſtrous things does not ſhe ſet 'before our Eyes? So that it is a kind of Chimera for a Man who is paſs'd his youthful days, 'to think himſelf capable of raiſing a Paſſion in 'a Woman, who is ſcarce well arrived to an Age 'of Maturity; but what is much more inſupportable, is when an Old Woman pretends to

'inſpire

'inſpire Love Paſſion into a young Man; ſhe 'then goes beyond her own Element; Love, 'which is a wanton Child, loves Pleaſures and 'Enjoyments, and a Woman muſt be Miſtreſs of 'a great ſhare of a pleaſing and engaging Wit; 'who, without making her ſelf ridiculous, can 'pretend, in an advanced Age, to attain to the 'true Character of Love. An Old Woman who 'laughs heartily in hopes to render her Conver-'ſation more pleaſing and agreeable, ſhews moſt 'commonly a Set of Teeth enough to frighten 'any Body; nay, ſometimes ſhe has none at all 'to ſhew: and it happens ſometimes with a 'doating old Lover, that by a miſchance his Pe-'ruke drops off, he ſhews his Bald Scull, and ſo 'looſes all the advantage he had got before by 'his fair and long Wig. The Senator hearkened to her Diſcourſe with the utmoſt Impatience: 'You have ſuch an Averſion, *ſaid he to her*, for 'every thing that has not as much Youth and 'Beauty as your ſelf, that it is very probable you 'will never be in Love. Oh! How is it poſſible 'for a Man to hope to pleaſe you upon ſuch hard 'Terms, eſpecially in reference to Beauty? But 'Madam, will you give me leave to tell you, 'theſe unhappy Men, in whoſe Caſe you make 'your ſelf both a Party and a Judge, knowing 'how to make their Choice with the moſt Diſ-'cretion, are conſequently more Reſpectful, more 'Conſtant, more Diſcreet, and more devoted to 'that Object they love? After having felt the 'Effects of a thouſand trifling Engagements, they 'found unworthy to challenge a place in their 'Hearts, they at this Age make their Choice for 'good and all; what ſatisfaction is there in lo-'ving and being beloved, if the Flame is of no 'longer continuance than your Wild-fires or Me-

'teors,

'teors, which make a great ſhew, but never hold, 'and are no ſooner ſeen, but loſt again. Thus they entertain'd one another; and in ſpite of *Julia*'s harſh Expreſſions (without, however, applying them to him in particular) in ſpite of his Deſpair, cauſed by her Indifferency, and his ſecret Reſentment, it was not in his Power to pull out of his Heart that fatal Dart that had wounded him.

Julia, at firſt, foreſaw not all the danger that was likely to attend it, and when ſhe perceived it, and would fain have ſtop'd the Progreſs of a Paſſion, ſhe had given Birth to, ſhe found it was too late, and it was not till then ſhe began to be ſenſible of all the danger ſhe was likely to be expoſed to; for the Senator, quite tranſported with his violent Paſſion, declared to her, That unleſs ſhe would conſent to Marry him, he was reſolved and muſt die: She did all that lay in her Power, to repreſent to him the Prejudice ſuch a Marriage would do to *Leander*, what reaſons ſhe had to refuſe a Match, which muſt prove ruinous to her Kinſwoman, and the beſt Friend ſhe had; and that ſhe was fully reſolved not to change her Condition as long as ſhe lived; all whatever ſhe could ſay, ſerved only to afflict, but not to convince him. He told her at laſt, ſhe might do as ſhe pleaſed, but that he was reſolved to diſinherit his Son; becauſe it was the Conſideration of his Intereſt, that prov'd the Obſtacle of his Happineſs; he back'd his Words with ſuch heavy Threats, and ſuch other Extravagancies, as ſufficiently ſhew'd, that his Paſſion was arrived to the higheſt Pitch, and that being unable to keep himſelf within his due Bounds, *Julia* ought to fear every thing at his Hands.

He

He was no ſooner gone, but ſhe went into *Lucilia*'s Chamber, her fair Cheeks bathed all over with Tears: 'Oh! dear Siſter, *ſaid ſhe to her*, 'you are not acquainted with all my Misfortunes 'yet. Your Father-in-Law puts me ſo cloſe to it, 'that I am ready to run diſtracted at it. You 'know you and I uſed now and then to laugh at 'his Paſſion; but, alas! 'Tis no jeſting matter, 'he has conceived a Paſſion, which, I fear, will 'oblige me to leave you. He would have me 'Marry him; nay, he poſitively ſays, he will; 'and ſpeaks of it to me, with as much Boldneſs 'as a Tyrant would to his Slave. He knows what 'Authority he has here, and I am afraid, I ſhall 'be obliged to go from hence, rather than put his 'Violent Temper to a further Tryal. Now judge 'of my Trouble; I have had not the leaſt News 'neither from my Father, nor from *Hypolitus*, 'theſe fourteen Months, ſince I have ſhelter'd 'my ſelf here with you; all that I have been 'able to learn hitherto, amounts only to this; 'That neither my Father, nor your Brother, are 'at *London*: But, Great God! where can they 'be! Is it poſſible, that after what Intelligence I 'ſent them from St. *Menoux* by *Cardini*, I ſhould 'be abandon'd by both of them at once? What 'ought I not to fear for them? What ought I 'not to fear from my Husband? And what 'ought I not to fear at preſent from the Senator? At theſe Words ſhe found her ſelf ſo far oppreſs'd with Grief, that ſhe was forced to ſtop. 'Don't, 'my dear *Julia*, *ſaid* Lucilia *to her*, don't give 'way to your Afflictions, beyond what you ought 'to do; your Misfortunes are, thanks to Hea-'ven, not paſt all Remedy; I am ſatisfy'd, it 'was for weighty Reaſons, and ſuch as we are 'not able to conceive yet, that the Earl of *War-*

'*wick*,

'*wick* and my Brother left *London*. My Mother, 'who is unacquainted, perhaps, with the whole 'Matter as yet, will, doubtleſs, find it out, 'and give us Advice of it before long: Nay, I 'dare almoſt be confident, they will come hither 'to conſummate your Deliverance. As to what 'concerns your Spouſe, you need not ſtand in fear 'of him, as long as you are with me, and for him 'who is ſo importunate to be your Husband, he 'muſt be acquainted with what invincible Ob-'ſtacles lie in the way, by that means you will 'put a ſtop to the Carreer of his Paſſion. You 'are under a miſtake, Siſter, *ſaid* Julia *interrupt-'ing her*, the Senator will certainly give not the 'leaſt Credit to what we can ſay upon that Head; 'every thing that comes from us, will be ſuſpect-'ed by him of Falſhood, and be look'd upon as a 'cunning Contrivance of ours, to diſappoint him 'in his Deſign; ſo that I am ſure, that the re-'vealing of this Secret, which perhaps might 'prove a means to be diſcovered to the Earl of '*Bedford*, would prove of no effect in reſpect of 'your Father-in-Law. The beſt way to avoid his 'Importunities, ſeems to me to be, to ſeek for 'ſhelter for ſome time in a Nunnery, and that 'with ſo much Privacy, that he may not know 'whither I am gone.

This Expedient ſeeming the beſt and eaſieſt to *Lucilia*, they went immediately to a Nunnery, where ſhe had a great Intereſt; but the Amorous Senator, who dreaded the loſs of his Miſtreſs, and who gueſs'd by what ſhe had told him, that ſhe might eaſily take ſuch Meaſures as were not agreeable to his Intentions, failed not to keep a watchful Eye over all her Actions, and thoſe of *Lucilia*, and for that purpoſe, had, by Preſents, gain'd one of her Waiting-Women, whom ſhe

not in the leaſt miſtruſted, ſo that he had immediate notice given him of *Julia*'s deſign to retire within a few days to a Nunnery.

He thought he ſhould have been ſtruck dead upon the Spot at this piece of News; he was convinced, by the Reſolution ſhe had taken, that ſhe had a great Averſion to him, and endeavoured with all his might, to vanquiſh a Paſſion which muſt needs put him to unſpeakable Torments; but in vain did he call his Reaſon, his Courage, nay, even his Reſentment to his aid; they ſtood him in no ſtead, againſt the Tyrannick Power of the moſt cruel and moſt violent Paſſion that ever was known: The very Thoughts of loſing *Julia*, rekindled thoſe Flames he intended to extinguiſh, and rekindled them with ſo much Violence, that he reſolved to have recourſe to all the moſt violent Remedies, ſince neither his Conſtancy, nor his ſubmiſſive Addreſſes, had been able to gain any thing upon her to his Advantage; and his eagerneſs ſoon furniſh'd him with means to put it in execution.

Julia's Lodging-Room being below Stairs, look'd into the Garden, and had a double Glaſs-Door, facing the middle Walk; *Iſabella* uſed to lie in a large Cloſet within her Room, but was then abſent, being detain'd, on purpoſe, by the ſame Woman of *Lucilia*'s, who betray'd all their Secrets; for *Iſabella* knowing that her Lady loved not to go to Bed, till it was very late, was not ſo forward to be with her at that time. The Door that look'd into the Garden being ſet open on purpoſe to let in the freſh and cool Air, *Julia* ſat down to write to her *Hypolitus*; for tho' ſhe knew not whither to ſend it, ſhe ſcarce ever miſs'd a day without writing one for him, intending to ſend them all in one Packet, ſo ſoon as ſhe

ſhould know how to direct to him. She was writing the following Words.

I *At thoſe ſilent Hours, when all the World ſeeks for reſt, I break mine, my dear* Hypolitus, *to eaſe my ſelf in telling you my Pains. Alas! they are exceſſive, and touch me to the Heart. I cannot learn the leaſt News of you; I know not what is become of you; and, tho' I can't think your heart capable of Inconſtancy, I am ſenſible the aſſurances thou haſt given me of thy Fidelity, are abſolutely neceſſary for the Preſervation of my Life! I would not take care of this Life, no longer than I have it to tender to you; this being the only thing that makes it ſupportable to me; and ſince the Senator* Alberti *has declared his Paſſion to me, I*

Here ſhe was ſurprized to ſee come into the Door, three Men in Masks, who taking her in their Arms, while a fourth more carefully diſguiſed than all the reſt, ſtopt her Voice, by putting a Handkerchief into her Mouth, carry'd her away, in ſpite of all the reſiſtance ſhe was able to make; they croſs'd the Garden with all imaginable expedition, and it being late and very dark, no Body in the Houſe perceived any thing of it; *Julia* being put into the Coach, they carry'd her out of the *Gate of the Croſs*, making the beſt of their way towards *Siena*; they thought fit to take their Road thro' the Mountains, which being very troubleſome and uneven in many Places, the Axel-tree of the Coach happened to break: The Nights being very ſhort in the Summer in *Italy*, Day began to appear, when one of thoſe that were along with *Julia*, and who ſeem'd to have an Authority over the reſt, ſeeing the Coach broke

in

in pieces, ordered them to put her before him, he being on Horſeback; ſhe ſtruggled, and kept them off with more Courage and Strength, than could be expected from one of our Sex; 'no, *ſaid ſhe*, 'Barbarous Wretch, thou ſhalt not make me ſtir 'from this place, as long as I am alive: Thou 'haſt violated the Law of Hoſpitality. I ſought 'for ſhelter in thy Houſe, as in a Sanctuary; 'and after all this, thou carrieſt me away by force, 'and art my Perſecutor. She had ſcarce finiſh'd theſe Words, pulling away, all this while, her Arms, and ſtruggling with thoſe that were for ſetting her upon the Horſe; and the Reſpect they bore her, together with her extraordinary Beauty, which ſcarce any Body living was able to withſtand, inclined them not to uſe her too roughly, or to make uſe of all their ſtrength to force her upon the Horſe; when they ſaw eight Men well mounted and arm'd coming in a full Gallop towards them; and the firſt ſhe caſt her Eyes upon, was the Senator *Alberti*; they advanced with their Piſtols ready cock'd, which was a ſufficient warning to thoſe that had carried away *Julia*, to think of ſtanding upon their own defence.

Whilſt they were engaged, ſhe took the opportunity of making her Eſcape; and following a By-Path that led her down from the Mountain into a Vale, ſhe walk'd a good pace, and, as you may imagine, not without a great deal of pain; and even after ſhe was got ſo far off, as not to hear the noiſe of their Piſtols, and had all the reaſon to believe, they had now other Work upon their Hands, than to ſeek after her, yet ſhe was under continual Apprehenſions, leaſt ſome one or other of them might follow and overtake her: 'I muſt 'fear every thing, *ſaid ſhe to her ſelf*, as well from thoſe that came to my relief, as from thoſe

'that carry'd me away; But who could theſe be? 'I verily believed it had been the Senator, where-'as it was he that came to reſcue me, and gave 'me this opportunity of making my Eſcape. She had no other Companions, but theſe diſmal Reflections, whilſt her tender Body being quite tired out with the Fatigues of the rough and almoſt unpaſſable ways, ſhe had almoſt ſpent her Breath; and as the leaſt noiſe ſhe heard, put her into ſuch a Conſternation, that without the leaſt regard to her ſelf ſhe ran among the neareſt Buſhes and Briars, to hide her ſelf; this poor Lady's Face was all covered with Blood, her Hairs hung quite looſe, her Cloaths were miſerably torn; to be ſhort, ſhe was an Object worthy the Compaſſion of a Barbarian; ſo that now quite reduced to deſpair, without being able to think what to do, ſhe caſt her Eyes on all ſides, and by good fortune eſpying in the Valley a Shepherd's Hut, ſhe made all the haſte ſhe could thither.

In the Hut ſhe found a Woman buſie at Work, who ſeeing her in ſo miſerable a condition, ran towards her, and received her with ſuch marks of Compaſſion, as afforded ſome Conſolation to the Fair *Julia*, under her preſent Circumſtances. If you will do me a piece of Service, which I will keep in perpetual Remembrance, *ſaid ſhe to this good Woman*, find out as ſoon as poſſibly you can, a place where I may hide my ſelf, being ſenſible that it will not be long before they will be here, to take me away by force. The Shepherdeſs carry'd her up, without loſing one Minute, into an old Granary, where they had laid up Proviſions for their Houſe; and having ſhew'd her a dark hole, where no Body could poſſibly find her out, ſhe went down to Work again. Soon after, two Horſemen came at full ſpeed up to the Door of her

her Hut, and ask'd her abundance of Queſtions concerning *Julia*, whom they deſcribed to her, and would needs tell her, they were ſure ſhe had ſeen her, threatning her, in caſe ſhe did not tell them what was become of her; but, the Shepherdeſs anſwered them with ſo much calmneſs, and an apparent ſimplicity, that they went their way.

So ſoon as they were gone, ſhe went into the Granary to comfort poor *Julia*, almoſt half dead with fear, becauſe ſhe had heard the Senator *Alberti*'s Voice: But being told by the Shepherdeſs, they were quite gone, ſhe gave her ſome Milk and Bread, waſh'd the Blood from off her Face, and attended her with a great deal of Zeal and Charity. *Julia* did not think fit to leave this little Sanctuary, but rather reſolved to tarry there for ſome days, being uncertain what courſe to take; ſhe dreaded, not a little, the Senator; but much more that unknown Enemy of hers, who kept his Mask on, even after they carry'd her off; ſhe judged, not without good reaſon, that ſhe might much eaſier ſtand upon her Guard againſt one ſhe knew, and that ſuch a Misfortune as that, was much the leſſer, in compariſon of ſtanding in fear of all the World; 'For, *ſaid ſhe* 'her ſelf, as long as I don't know the Perſon 'that uſed me with ſo much Violence, I ſhall al-'ways be in fear of putting my ſelf undeſignedly 'in the Power of thoſe I ought to ſhun.

Theſe different Reflections cauſed ſuch a Confuſion in her Mind, as proved a great addition to her Troubles: The Shepherdeſs's Husband coming home at Night, *Julia* was obliged to give her Conſent to make him a Partaker in the Secret: He was an old Labourer, but of good Natural Parts, and ſoon gueſſing by the Beauty and Ap-

parel of his new Gueſt, that ſhe was a Perſon of Quality, he was touch'd with Compaſſion at her Affliction. She ask'd him, whether he had ſeen any Horſemen abroad? He told her, he had ſeen ſeveral paſs by, and ſome Mask'd and wounded, riding full ſpeed; that one of them rid, on purpoſe, out of his way to ask him, Whether he had not ſeen a young Lady all alone; and that he told them, he had not; ſo he went on with the reſt. *Julia* not queſtioning but that they would go in queſt of her, had one of the worſt Nights of it that can well be imagined. By good Chance ſhe had her Purſe and ſome Jewels about her, being not as yet undreſs'd when they carry'd her away; ſo ſhe gave ſome Money to her Hoſts, to engage them, for their own ſakes, to keep her ſecret, and be ſerviceable to her. She told them, *crying moſt bitterly*; 'You ſee what a condition I 'am in, I muſt not ſtay here, but look out for 'ſome place of Security; but pray adviſe me, 'what I had beſt to do, to keep my ſelf from 'being known, for I am ſo much overburthen'd 'with Grief, that I am not capable of taking any 'Reſolution. I would adviſe you, Madam, *ſaid 'the Shepherdeſs*, to put on my Cloaths, and 'under that Diſguiſe, you may be long enough 'without being taken. She approved of her Counſel, and willing to try what a Figure ſhe was likely to make under that Diſguiſe, ſhe dreſſed her ſelf like a Shepherdeſs, but appear'd ſo handſome, notwithſtanding all the care ſhe took to conceal her Air and her Face, that both the Labourer and his Wife, were then of Opinion, that it was impoſſible, under that Dreſs, to diſguiſe her Quality. At laſt, after ſome further conſiderations, the good old Man adviſed her to diſguiſe her ſelf under a Man's Habit, and to paſs

for

for a Pilgrim; for, being very tall, she might pass for a young Man; looking upon this as the most sure and most feasible way, she desired him to go to *Siena*, and to buy for her what was necessary for that purpose, and he went accordingly. But whilst our Shepherd is on his short Journey, let us see how Matters were carry'd on at *Florence*.

That same Night *Julia* was carried away by these unknown Persons, the Senator *Alberti* intended to have seized her by force, thereby at least to secure to himself her Person, since he found it impossible to gain her Heart. *Isabella*, as I told you before, had staid something longer than ordinary with one of *Lucilia*'s Women; but fearing her Mistress might be ready to go to Bed, she went to her Bed-chamber, at the very Minute after she had been carry'd off; she found her Veil torn in pieces, her Table, Candles and Candlesticks upon the Ground; and not seeing her Mistress, immediately suspected something of an ill Accident to have befaln her; she set up most deplorable Outcries, which alarmed the whole House; but especially the Senator, who was then just preparing every thing to put his design in execution. Coming into the Room, and not seeing *Julia* there, he was ready to run distracted, not questioning but that she was carried away; and all his Men appointed, for his before mentioned purpose, being ready at hand, he went without delay in pursuit of those that had carried her away.

When they came to the *Gate of the Cross*, they were informed by the Guards, that they had given them some Money to keep it open, under Pretence, that a Coach with six Horses, was to go out there that Night, to avoid travelling in the

heat of the Day. The Senator *Alberti*, accompany'd by Signior *Leander*, who was got out of Bed, and attended by thoſe that were to be made uſe of on the ſame account, purſued and overtook them; they fought and ſoon put them to flight, being much more in number than they; their Leader with his Followers made their Eſcape croſs the Mountains, except one, who being mortally wounded, was not likely to go far, nor live long. *Leander* ſeeing him drop from his Horſe, upon the Ground, pulled off his Mask, and did all he could to make him give him ſome inſight into this Adventure. But all he could get out of him was, that he believed his Maſter being in Love with *Julia*, had, for a conſiderable time, been reſolved to carry her away by force; but what had made him haſten to put his deſign in execution, was, that one of the Senator *Alberti*'s Servants, whom he had debauched by Money to facilitate his Entrance into the Houſe, had inform'd him, how the Senator, his Maſter, intended to ſeize her by force the ſelf ſame Night. *Leander* ask'd him the Name of his Maſter; unto which he returned no Anſwer, but only told him, with a weak and incoherent Voice; 'Sir, I am at the point of 'Death, pray leave me a few Moments to think 'of my Conſcience; and ſo he dy'd within a Quarter of an Hour.

The Senator *Alberti*, upon his return to *Florence*, found himſelf reduced to ſuch a degree of Deſpair, as cannot well be expreſſed; at laſt he remembred that he had taken up a piece of Paper not folded up, in *Julia*'s Room, which he thought was written with her own Hand; he looked for it and found it in his Pocket; and having peruſed it, was convinced, to his great grief, that ſhe loved ſome Body elſe, and that it was probable

this

this was the motive that induced her to receive his Addreſſes with ſo much Scorn. 'I hoped at 'leaſt, *ſay'd he to himſelf*, that ſhe had an indifference for all the World; and that conſequently 'my Caſe was not worſe than others; but alas! I 'find my ſelf deceived! This deep melancholy 'that appeared in her Countenance and Actions, 'was occaſioned only by the Abſence of her Lover; 'and all the ſevere and ill Treatment I received 'at her Hands, were as many Sacrifices offered to 'him. He was ruminating a long while, who this dear *Hypolitus* could be, he ſaw mentioned in her Letter; and recalling to his mind *Lucilia*'s Brother, the ſame *Hypolitus* whom he knew to be ſo Handſome, ſo full of Wit, made to love and to be beloved, he began to fear leaſt he ſhould be his Rival. 'How ought I to treat him, *ſaid he*, 'Good God! Can't I, at this Age, have the Con'fidence to diſpute ſo Fair a Conqueſt with him? Tranſported with theſe furious Reflections, without heſitating any longer upon the matter, into *Lucilia*'s Chamber he goes, and accoſting her; 'Set my Heart at eaſe, dear Daughter, *ſaid he*, 'you have a Brother, whom I have ſeen here, 'pray tell me, Is it he that Loves the Fair *En'gliſh* Lady that was carry'd away? I conjure 'you to tell me the Truth without the leaſt diſ'guiſe. *Lucilia* pauſed a while upon what Anſwer ſhe was to give him, which making the Senator ſuſpect ſome Myſtery in the thing, he urged her ſo far home, that ſhe could not refuſe any longer to give him the whole Relation of *Julia*'s Affairs. He was ſo much ſurprized, as to be almoſt inconſolable, for having importuned her with his Paſſion; 'You would have ſaved me abundance of Trouble, ſaid he to *Lucilia*, had you thought me ſooner worthy of being your Con-

fident;

'fident; you were acquainted with the beginning 'of my Paſſion, as well as with the ſlender Pro- 'greſs I was likely to make, and at the ſame time 'you have not ſtop'd the Current of my Paſſion, 'which you ſee is now upon the point of ſwal- 'lowing me up into an Abyſs of Miſery. He loaded her with bitter and ſharp Reproaches, and left her abruptly, ſo far overwhelm'd with Love, Anger, Jealouſie and Pain, that he took his Bed immediately, being ſeized with a burning Fever, which in a few days time put an end to his Life, being much regretted by his Son and all his Friends.

Whilſt they were bewailing the Senator's Death at *Florence*, the Unfortunate *Julia*, now diſguiſed under a Pilgrim's Habit, having given a ſufficient Reward to her kind Hoſts, and enjoyn'd them to deliver a Letter to *Lucilia*, wherein ſhe gave an account of her intended Journey, left her Shepherd's Hut, and took the Road towards *Bologna*, with an intention to go from thence to *Rome*, and ſo further to *Venice*, in hopes to be ſo happy as to meet there with her Father, or at leaſt, with ſome of his Friends; who, upon his account, would afford her ſome ſhelter in a Convent, where ſhe might ſtay till ſhe could appear abroad without danger. All this while the four Horſemen in Masks, who had ſeized and carry'd her off by force, were conſtantly in her Thoughts: After a thouſand Reflections, ſhe began to think it might perhaps be the young Marqueſs of *Strotzi*; he was deſcended of one of the moſt Illuſtrious Houſes of *Florence*, his Father had ſent him abroad a Travelling, and upon his return, happening to ſee *Julia*, he was ſtruck with an Admiration beyond what is commonly obſerved in Men, when they have only a general Inclination for a handſome

ſome Woman. He was a Perſon of Merit, he was Brave and Daring; and *Julia* had heard certain Stories told of him, which had ſome reſemblance to her Adventure; beſides, that being a *Florentine*, he needed not ſo much fear the ill Conſequences of carrying away a Stranger, who being out of her own Country, was not likely to have Friends enough there to revenge her Quarrel, So ſhe concluded, it muſt be the Marqueſs of *Strotzi*, that was the Author of her preſent Calamities.

She appeared ſo very Fair and Handſome, even in this Pilgrim's Habit, that ſhe had enough to do to hid her Face from being taken notice of by every Body that ſaw her. She had cut her Hairs in the ſame way as the Men wear them, hanging careleſly in Locks over her Shoulders, and not in the leaſt changed by the heat of the Sun, no more than her Complexion. She made but ſlender days Journeys, becauſe her tender Feet were not able to bear long the Fatigues of a long one on Foot; ſhe had already paſſed the *Fieroſola*, ſeated on the great Road of the *Appennin* Mountains, and was going on towards *Bologna*, when coming into a moſt delicious Wood of Orange and Pomegranate Trees, when it was pretty near Sun-ſet, much tired with that Days Work, ſhe was invited, by the murmuring noiſe of a moſt pleaſant Brook, to take a little Reſt upon the Green and Sweet-ſcented Herbs that grew in great plenty near it; ſo laying her Head upon the Root of a Tree, the Branches whereof ſerved her inſtead of an Umbrello, ſhe took off her Broad Hat, and her Wearineſs made her inſenſibly fall into a ſound Sleep; but it was not long before ſhe was awakened with no ſmall Surprize, and much more Pain; for ſhe felt a Dart ſticking in one of her Legs, and at the ſame time heard the noiſe

noiſe of the Horſes, Dogs and Hunters. She made a doleful Outcry, endeavouring at the ſame time to pull the painful Dart out of the Wound, when ſhe ſaw coming that way, three Ladies on Horſeback, ſo Handſome, of ſo goodly an Air, and ſo gallantly and nicely dreſs'd, that ſhe ſeem'd not to be ſenſible of her Pain, for ſome time, whilſt ſhe had the Satisfaction of contemplating them. One among them had a Bow faſtned to her Girdle, and a Quiver with Darts upon her Shoulders, ſo that one would have taken her for *Diana* amongſt her Nymphs. This Charming Lady ſeeing the Pilgrim's Wound, told him, ſhe was much concern'd, and greatly diſturbed at his Misfortune, it being, queſtionleſs, her that gave it, becauſe ſhe knew the Dart. 'What Fatality 'brought you in my way, juſt when I only in-'tended to divert my ſelf and theſe Ladies, in 'ſhewing of them my Dexterity? Certainly we 'are both very unfortunate Perſons; you to ſeat 'your ſelf in this Place, and I to wound you thus 'by meer chance. Your Compaſſion, Madam, '*ſaid* Julia *with a Languiſhing Air*, is ſufficient 'to allay my trouble on account of the Wound 'you gave me. I can't tell, *reply'd the Fair Lady*, 'whether it may prove a comfort to you, but am 'ſenſible I feel a great deal of pity for you, and 'to make, in ſome meaſure, a reparation for the 'Ill I have done you, pray come and ſtay at my 'Houſe till you are fully cured. She then order-ed one of her Attendants, to bind up the Wound as well as he could, to put him in her Charriot and carry him home.

Julia, conſidering her preſent Circumſtances, judged ſhe could not do better, than to accept of her offer; ſo ſhe returned her Thanks to the La-dy for her Generoſity, and the before mentioned

Servant

Servant being with her in the ſame Chariot, told her, his Miſtreſs had been Marry'd but lately; that ſhe was of the Family of *Becarello*, well known at *Bologna*; that ſhe being the only Child her Father had, and he being unwilling to ſee his Name extinct with his Death, had reſolved to pitch upon one, who would take both his Name and his Arms, for his Son-in-Law, and ſettle a conſiderable Eſtate upon them. 'The Lady that gave 'you this Wound, *continued he*, is a Lady of 'Merit and Wit; her Husband, who at preſent 'is known by the Title and Name of the Mar-'queſs of *Becarello*, having been abſent for ſome 'time, his Lady uſed to divert her ſelf with 'Hunting, and other ſuch like Diverſions practi-'ſed among Perſons of her Quality; and that 'thoſe Ladies, he ſaw with her, were either her 'Kinſwomen or Neighbours. He then asked *Julia*, whither ſhe was going? 'You ſeem, *ſaid* 'ſhe to him, to be ſomething beyond what your 'Habit diſcovers; I dare be certain, you are of 'Noble Extraction. I ſcarce know what I am, '*reply'd* Julia *ſighing*; but to ſatisfie your Curi-'oſity, I am willing to let you know, that my 'Name is *Sylvio*, that I am going to *Loretto*; 'and that my ill Fortune has reduced me to ſuch 'a Condition, as not any more to fear its Inſults 'hereafter. You tell me all in a few Words, '*ſaid the other*; but, according to my Judgment, 'a Perſon ſo Handſome as your ſelf, can ſcarce 'have ſufficient cauſe to appear ſo much afflicted 'as you do. Thus they entertain'd one another till they came to the Country-Houſe, where this Stranger was lodged in a very handſome Apartment.

The Marchioneſs had a *Valet de Chamber*, who being a tolerable good Surgeon, dreſs'd *Sylvio*'s Wound, (for ſo we muſt call *Julia*, at leaſt for

ſome

ſome time) the Wound was very deep and painful, but without any danger of Malignant Symptoms. The Marchioneſs no ſooner return'd home, but ſhe went with the two Gentlewomen that were a Hunting with her, into the Pilgrim's Chamber, and the Servant having told her their Diſcourſe upon the Road, ſhe agreed with him in Opinion, that there was ſomething ſo Noble and Great in his Phyſiognomy, as made her imagine he muſt be a Perſon of Quality. She ſtaid not long with him at that time; but ſhe carry'd away within her Heart, his Idea in ſo lively a ſhape, that under pretence of Hoſpitality, ſhe ſoon came again to ſee *Sylvio*. 'Are you ſome-'what better, *ſaid ſhe, with a very obliging Air*, 'and have you ſo much Goodneſs as to pardon 'me for the ill I have done you. Oh! Madam, '*ſaid he to her*, how little are you acquainted 'with my Temper, if you think I can be con-'cerned at ſo inſignificant a Wound? I declare 'to you, I think my ſelf happy to have received 'it by your fair Hands. The Marchioneſs did as if ſhe had not underſtood theſe laſt Words; but theſe Gallant Expreſſions touch'd her to the Heart, imagining ſhe had made as deep an Impreſſion on her handſome Stranger's Heart, as he had on hers. She had a young Woman who was both her Companion and Confident, named *Eugenia*; 'Did you 'ever ſee any thing ſo Beautiful and Charming 'as this young *Sylvio*? *ſaid ſhe to her*, Do you 'take notice what Looks he caſts at me? I read 'it in his Eyes; and the Confuſion he has raiſed 'within my Heart, puts me under ſo much per-'plexity, that I am reſolved to ſee him no more. And ſhe actually ſo far prevailed over her Inclinations, as not to come into *Sylvio*'s Chamber for ſeveral days after, under pretence, that ſhe was

not

not very well, for fear her Servants ſhould take notice of it; but tho' ſhe did not ſee him in Perſon, her Thoughts were always with him.

She became very melancholy, and delighted in ſolitary Places only; ſo that my Lord *Becarello*, her Father, who liv'd at *Bologne*, and came frequently to ſee her, was not a little ſurprized and diſturbed to ſee ſuch an alteration in her. Two or three days paſs'd, when at laſt the Marchioneſs paſſing accidentally by *Sylvio*'s Chamber, had not power enough to forbear going in; ſhe found him in Bed, and obſerved by his red Eyes and Voice, that he had been weeping, and believing no otherwiſe, than that it was her long ſtay that had cauſed his Pain, ſhe ſoon found ſhe had gained but little ground, by not ſeeing and ſpeaking to him; but that her Heart was loſt paſt relief, as ſoon as ſhe found ſhe had ſo tender a part in his Remembrance. 'How do you do *Sylvio*, *ſaid* '*ſhe*, you ſeem to be overwhelm'd with Sadneſs. 'Madam, *reply'd he*, it is becauſe I am not yet 'accuſtomed to my Misfortunes, they ſeem No-'velties to me every day: But, *continued ſhe*, I 'am afraid, you are too Ingenious in framing 'your own Misfortunes in your Thoughts. No, 'Madam, *reply'd he*, I don't invent any, but what 'I actually am very ſenſible of; but I muſt alſo 'confeſs to you, that on the other hand, I don't 'love to flatter my ſelf. They remained both very penſive for ſome time; the Marchioneſs quite taken up with her Paſſion, verily believed *Sylvio* to be in Love with her; and *Sylvio*, without taking notice of the Languiſhing Looks and Sighs of the Marchioneſs, thought of nothing but her own Misfortunes and her dear *Hypolitus*.

The Fair Marchioneſs returning to her own Appartment, became more and more ſenſible, that

Sylvio

Sylvio was infinitely dear to her; which put her under no ſmall Perplexity. 'When I reflect upon my preſent Condition, *ſaid ſhe to* Eugenia, I find nothing but what muſt cauſe me the higheſt of Afflictions: The worſt of all is, my Frailty of Loving him; my Frailty, I ſay, who being now no more my own Miſtreſs, can't ſo much as ſigh for another Man, but for my Husband, without committing a Crime both againſt him and his Honour; beſides, pray, dear *Eugenia*, conſider what other diſgraces are likely to attend it. I know not who this *Sylvio* is, he is a Stranger whom I met accidentally in a Pilgrim's Habit; he may perhaps, be of mean Birth, and altogether undeſerving of thoſe tender Sentiments I have for him; but what is moſt certain, is, that I muſt loſe him, and muſt loſe him for ever. Oh! fatal Dart, *cry'd ſhe*, the Wound thou gaveſt, will ſooner be heal'd, than that which this Lovely Stranger has made in my Heart.

The Marchioneſs forbore, for ſeveral days, going into *Sylvio*'s Appartment; but ſo ſoon as he found himſelf in a Condition to ſtir a little, he judged it his Duty to go and pay her his Reſpects: He obſerved her to colour ſeveral times, when he ſpoke to her, and imagined ſhe was out of order; but out of Reſpect durſt not ask her; ſhe deſired him to ſit down by her, and having look'd upon him for ſome time without ſpeaking, at laſt ſaid ſhe; 'Sylvio, you will ſoon be in a condition to leave us; but before that time comes, will you not be ſo Complaiſant, as to let us know the Name of him whom I wounded; and on whoſe Account I have been ſo much diſcompoſed? Madam, *ſaid he*, I am an Unfortunate Perſon, unworthy your moſt obliging

care

'care and curiosity. My Birth and my Fortune
'are both of no great Consideration, you see me
'in my true Station. I am no more than what I
'appear to you to be. You say a great deal,
'whilst you say nothing, *reply'd the Marchioness*;
'If you are such as you appear to me, I scarce
'know any thing that is above you; and since, per-
'haps, certain Reasons oblige you not to disco-
'ver your true Quality, pray tell me, at least,
'whether you are in Love? I don't ask you this
'Question, to engage you in any particular Ac-
'count, any further than you are inclined to give
'it. However, tell me sincerely, whether you
'have not some peculiar Consideration for me?
This Question reviving in *Sylvio*'s Mind his past
Misfortunes, she fetch'd a deep Sigh; 'Yes, Ma-
'dam, *said he with a Tender Air*, I must confess
'I Love, but 'tis without hopes; and am by Fate
'design'd to be the most Unfortunate Person on
'Earth. The Marchioness, by these words, be-
ing confirm'd in her former Opinion, that he loved
her, blush'd, but would not lift up her Eyes, nor
return an Answer. After having paused a while,
'Then are you to leave us, *Sylvio*, *said she*, and
'will you sometimes think of me, after you are
'gone? I shall sooner not remember my self, *re-*
'*ply'd he*, Madam, believe me, your Goodness
'towards me, will never be rased out of my
'Heart. So, fearing he should be troublesome,
he return'd to his own Apartment.

'Alas! I am upon the point of losing you, Love-
'ly *Silvio*, *cry'd she*, *so soon as she saw her self*
'*at Liberty to bemoan her Fate*; you are just
'ready to leave us; and, after all, I am very
'much deceived, if you don't Love me: But
'why won't you find out some pretence or other,
'to stay somewhat longer in the same place
'where I am? The reason is, because you think

'me not frail enough to Love you; and you fear 'leſt you ſhould engage too deep in a fruitleſs 'Paſſion: Well, avoid the ſight of me, charm-'ing *Sylvio*; fly from me, I am contented you 'ſhould; your Preſence ſerves only to encreaſe 'my Misfortune; and, perhaps, when I ſee you 'no more, I may ceaſe to Love you. She ſaid no more, her Tears ſtop'd her Voice, and detain'd her in her Cloſet for ſome time after. *Sylvio* did not viſit her the next day, nor did meet with any opportunity of ſpeaking to her for ſeveral days after; but then finding himſelf well enough to continue his Journey, he paid her a Viſit, to return his moſt humble Thanks to her for all the Favours he had received at her hands, and to take his leave of her: He told her, he was not in a Capacity to return her any effectual Thanks, and ſhew his Acknowledgment, but that he would make it his Buſineſs to make known to the World, in all places wherever he ſhould travel, that her Generoſity was not interiour to her great Deſerts and Beauty. The Marchioneſs put an almoſt unſpeakable Conſtraint upon her ſelf, to conceal the Pain ſhe felt within her ſelf at this cruel ſeparation: 'Go, '*Sylvio*, go, *ſaid ſhe to him*, diſcharge your Vows; 'I promiſe you, I will ſend up mine to Heaven, 'for the Proſperity of your Life. He told her, he intended to go away to morrow Morning at Day-break; and they parted in a few Minutes after.

It being an exceſſive hot Night, he threw himſelf upon his Bed, without pulling off his Cloaths, in hopes of getting a little reſt to purſue his next day's Journey with the more eaſe; the young Marchioneſs, at the ſame time, having not reſolution enough to let him go away without ſeeing him once more, and bidding him farewel, got out of her Chamber; and it being a bright Moon-light Night, ſhe made no uſe of a Candle; be-

ſides

ſides that, being ſenſible ſhe ſhould be apt to ſay ſomething very tender to *Sylvio* at parting, ſhe ſhould be the leſs aſhamed, when he did not ſee her Bluſh; ſhe alſo reſolved to preſent him with her Picture, in hopes that this tender Teſtimony of her kind Sentiments, would prevail upon him, to keep her always in his Remembrance. The Curtains of *Sylvio*'s Bed being not cloſe drawn, ſhe ſaw his Hair ſpread careleſly over his Shoulders; he was faſt aſleep, and his Beautiful Face put the Marchioneſs in mind of that of *Cupid*, when *Pſyche* came to make him a Viſit. 'Oh! *Sylvio*, 'ſaid ſhe, *caſting her Amorous Looks at him*, 'were it ſo, that I had made ſome Impreſſions of 'Tenderneſs in thy Heart, thou couldſt not ſleep 'ſo ſoundly at a time when thou art juſt upon 'the point of leaving me! Is it poſſible, that at 'the ſame time thy departure is likely to coſt me 'ſo dearly, thou ſhouldeſt lie at thy own eaſe, 'without the leaſt diſturbance? However, wanting Courage to awaken him, ſhe drew nearer, and by the brightneſs of the Moon, having a ſufficient opportunity of viewing his Charms, and contemplating all his Perfections, 'What is it can ſtand 'in Competition with thee in the Univerſe? *ſaid* '*ſhe with a low Voice and full of Admiration*; 'Who can repreſent all thy Beauties? Who is 'able to avoid their force? Thus ſhe ſwallow'd by degrees the Poiſon which this Fair Stranger's Charms convey'd inſenſibly into her Heart. She put her Picture into his Pocket, flattering her ſelf that he would be moſt agreeably ſurprized, when he ſhould find there ſo dear and precious a Preſent at a time when leaſt of all he expected it: At laſt, quite overcome by her Paſſion, ſhe could not forbear to put her Mouth to his, and to embrace him with ſo much eagerneſs, that it ſeem'd as if ſhe would never let go her hold again: But Good

God, gueſs at her Amazement, when ſhe felt her ſelf wounded with a Dagger by a Man, whom ſhe ſoon knew to be the Marqueſs *Becarelly*, her Husband, and who no ſooner left her, but went towards *Sylvio* to revenge himſelf upon him. Being throughly awakened at the noiſe, and not a little frightned at the approaching danger, he got up as faſt as he could, in order to make his Eſcape, but received a Wound in the Arm, by the ſame Hand that had wounded the Lady. This Man, turn'd quite furious with Jealouſie, was a going to ſecond his Blow, had he not been prevented by two Gentlemen, who being his Confidents, ſtop'd his Hand, and put him in mind of what Project had been concerted betwixt them, which he was not likely to effect, if he ſhould kill this young Stranger; ſo they ſent *Sylvio* a Priſoner to a ſtrong and dark Tower. The Unfortunate Marchioneſs, in the mean while falling into a Swoon, and ſwimming in her own Blood, her Husband ordered her to be carry'd to her own Apartment, and to be watch'd cloſely like a Priſoner there. You may judge of the Anxiety of her Heart; and after all, ſhe felt leſs pain at her own Misfortune, than at what was likely to befal him ſhe loved. She fear'd, not without reaſon, leaſt her Husband ſhould have ſacrificed this Innocent Victim to his Jealouſie; and what was worſe to her than all the reſt, ſhe durſt not ſo much as ask what was become of him, partly becauſe ſhe dreaded ſome fatality, partly becauſe ſhe knew not whom to truſt, being ſenſible ſhe had been betray'd. *Eugenia*, whom ſhe had made her Confident, was indeed the Perſon that had done her Buſineſs; being engaged to watch all her Steps by the Marqueſs *Becarelly*, before he went on his Journey, a thing not very difficult to be done, if you joyn great Promiſes to your preſent Liberality. He had enjoyn'd

joyn'd this young Woman to give him an exact account, by Letter, of his Lady's Conduct in his Abſence; and ſhe had been ſo punctual as to communicate to him every word ſhe heard her ſay concerning *Sylvio*, and her Paſſion for him. The Marqueſs enraged at this News, came home with all poſſible ſpeed, and knowing himſelf concealed for two days, by *Eugenia*'s Aſſiſtance, in his own Houſe, till he ſhould have an opportunity of ſurprizing his Spouſe with her Lover, his Intention was to have her ſhut up like a Priſoner, for the reſt of her Life, to have all her Eſtate adjudged to himſelf, and to proceed againſt *Sylvio* as the worſt of Criminals; but when he ſaw her ſeated upon the Bedſide of this Stranger, he was ſo far from being Maſter of his Anger, that during the firſt motions of his Jealouſie he wounded them both.

In the mean while *Julia*, under the Diſguiſe of a Pilgrim, and under the Name of *Sylvio*, being ſhut up in a dark Tower, remain'd in ſo deplorable a Condition, as would have touch'd the worſt of her Enemies with Compaſſion: She was wounded in the Arm, quite dejected by the long Series of her Misfortunes, diſturbed at her hard fate, without any hopes of aid, and in the greateſt Perplexity in the World what to do under her preſent diſmal Circumſtances. She was once inclined to diſcover her Sex, as the neareſt means to juſtifie the Marchioneſs, and to obtain her Liberty, and was juſt upon the point to ſpeak to her Guards to tell the Marqueſs *Becarely*, that ſhe wanted to ſpeak with him; when reflecting more ſeriouſly upon the matter, ſhe began to fear, leaſt the Expedient ſhe intended to make uſe of, to obtain her releaſement, might cauſe the loſs of her Life: For conſidering, that if her Husband, quite diſtracted with Jealouſie and Choler, who had wounded her with a Dagger, ſhould be convinced

of her Innocence, and conſequently dreading the effects of her and her Families Reſentment, might ſo far tranſgreſs all bounds of Humanity, as to have her Poiſon'd; to prevent, by this means, the diſcovery of the whole matter; ſo that upon ſecond Thoughts, ſhe judged it more for her ſafety, to let Juſtice take its courſe, by which means ſhe ſhould free her ſelf out of her Enemies hands.

She had the worſt Night of it that can well be imagined; after the Wound given her with the Dagger was dreſs'd, they ſearched her, and found the Marchioneſs's Picture in her Pocket; which they intended to make uſe of as a corroborating proof againſt them both. *Julia* was infinitely ſurprized to find this Picture about her, which ſhe had not ſo much as ever ſeen before; neither could ſhe imagine how it came into her Pocket; ſo they conducted her in a Coach to *Bologna*. It would prove a very difficult Task to repreſent the various Troubles this Fair and Unfortunate Lady laboured under at that time. 'My dear *Hypolitus*, 'cry'd ſhe ſighing, if you were ſenſible at this 'very Minute, that your Faithful *Julia* is loaden 'with Irons, under a Man's Diſguiſe, that ſhe 'has been carry'd away by force, made her Eſcape 'twice, and has twice been wounded, and that 'now ſhe is going to a Priſon: Alas! what would 'you do? But rather, *continued ſhe*, what muſt 'I expect from you? Having not received the 'leaſt News from you in ſo long a time, what 'reaſon have I to imagine, that you ſhould 'ſo much as remember me? And is it my hard 'Lot, to have this additional Affliction, to 'think you love me no more? She cry'd bitterly all the time ſhe was upon the Road, tho' her Tears ſtood her in no ſtead, but only to expoſe her to the Scorn of thoſe that conducted her, who look'd upon them as an effect of her fear,

and

and want of Courage. The Marchioneſs being likewiſe carry'd to *Bologna*, her Husband urged to have her committed to the Common Priſon, notwithſtanding the Wound ſhe had received; but her Father, who, as well by his Extraction as his Eſtate, made a conſiderable Figure in that City, prevail'd ſo far with the Governour, as to have her confined in the Caſtle. So uncommon an Adventure, which had happen'd betwixt Perſons of the beſt Quality, made no ſmall noiſe in thoſe Parts, each Party engaging all the Friends they could to maintain their Cauſe; what ſtood the Marqueſs in the greateſt ſtead, to perſwade the World that his Accuſation was ill grounded, was the irreſiſtible Charms of *Sylvio*; moſt of the Ladies who had the Curioſity to viſit him in Priſon, left their Hearts captivated with him; and there were but few among them all, but what felt the ſame tender Sentiments for him, as the Fair Marchioneſs had done: But after all this, tho' moſt People thought her not Innocent, yet her Father's Intereſt was ſuch, as was thought would incline the Ballance on his ſide, and the Marqueſs had certain Intelligence given him, that the Commiſſioners appointed to try this Cauſe, were for the moſt part inclined to acquit the Marchioneſs and *Sylvio*. He was under the greateſt Perplexity and Trouble that can well be imagin'd, for knowing his All lay at ſtake, he found himſelf reduced to an abſolute neceſſity of maintaining to the utmoſt of his Power, what he had begun with ſo much Violence, and ſo little Circumſpection. At laſt it came into his Head, that to counterpoize his Wife's Party, he would petition the Governor, that the Commiſſioners ſhould not be all *Italians*; but that he being a Foreigner, one half of them ſhould be his Countrymen, according to the Law of that Country, it being a thing

that had frequently, and not without very good reaſons, been practis'd in the *Bologneſe*. The Count of *Bentivoglio*, Governor of *Bologna*, granted his Requeſt, and at the ſame time, both the Father and the Husband of the Fair Marchioneſs, left the choice of them to the Governor's diſpoſal.

The whole Town appear'd at the Caſtle at the day of this Tryal, in expectation of the Iſſue thereof, (for the Marchioneſs being all this while detain'd a Priſoner there, the Governor thought this the moſt convenient place for it) there was ſo numerous an Aſſembly of all Degrees and Ages, that the like had not been ſeen in many Years before. The Fair Marchioneſs was brought in clad in Mourning, a Dreſs ſhe judged moſt ſuitable to her preſent Unfortunate Circumſtances; ſhe look-ed very pale, by reaſon of her Wounds and Troubles; but ſhe appear'd nevertheleſs Charming to all that beheld her: Her Father, a Perſon venerable for his Age and his goodly Mien, conducted her by the Hand, follow'd by a good number of Gentlemen belonging to the ſame Family. *Sylvio* was brought in thro' another door, loaden with Irons and Chains, but moſt of thoſe that took a full view of him, thought him (even in this diſmal condition) more qualify'd to make others wear his Chains, than to carry them himſelf. Both theſe pretended Criminals coming before thoſe that were to be their Judges, with Eyes full of Tears, and their Hearts ready to break with Sighs, 'My 'Lords, *ſaid the Marchioneſs*, I implore both 'your Juſtice and Compaſſion; I am Unfortunate 'without being Guilty; Heaven is Witneſs of my 'Innocence, he that proſecutes me at this time 'with ſo much Violence, and with ſo little Re-'ſpect to my Honour and Reputation, has at the 'moſt, nothing but bare Surmiſes to found his 'Accuſation upon.

Before

Before *Sylvio* could begin to ſpeak in his own defence, the Marqueſs *Becarelli* ſtood up, as did alſo the two Gentlemen, who had ſeen his Lady in *Sylvio*'s Bed-chamber, and holding the Picture ſhe had put into his Pocket, and which they had found upon him, in his Hand; 'Look here, *ſaid* 'he, an undeniable Evidence of a criminal Cor-'reſpondence betwixt them; no Vertuous Wo-'man would have beſtow'd her Picture upon a 'miſerable Pilgrim; and he himſelf can't deny, 'but that it was found in his Pocket. *Sylvio* (whom now we muſt call again *Julia*,) *Julia*, I ſay, ſtruck like as with a Thunderbolt at the ſound of this Voice, turn'd as pale as Aſhes, trembled all over her Body and fell into a Swoon. Every Body there preſent came to her Aſſiſtance, and among the reſt, a Foreigner, who was to be of the number of her Judges, who knowing and embracing her with the higheſt Tranſports of Joy, that can be conceived, cry'd, 'O *Julia*, O my A-'dorable *Julia!* Is it you or a Viſion I behold? 'Is it poſſible I ſhould meet with you again, af-'ter having bewail'd you ſo long, thinking you 'had been in your Grave! There was ſcarce any Body there preſent, but what believed the Gentleman to have been out of his Wits; however, his Voice had ſuch a powerful Influence upon *Julia*, that it ſoon revived her Spirits; ſhe opened her Eyes, and the firſt Object ſhe ſaw was her dear *Hypolitus* on one ſide, and the Earl of *Bedford* on the other. At the confuſed noiſe of the Aſſembly, who often repeated the Name of *Julia*, another of the intended Judges aroſe from his Seat, and coming towards her, 'Look here is 'your dear Daughter, *ſaid* Hypolitus *to him*, my 'Lord, 'tis *Julia*. The Earl of *Warwick* (for it was he) embracing his Daughter, was ready to die for Joy, and ſhe throwing her ſelf at his Feet,

bathed

bathed his Hands with Tears, and ſuch were their mutual Tranſports at ſo unexpected a Meeting, that never any thing was ſeen comparable to it.

The Earl of *Bedford* acted but a ſcurvy part in this Scene; the Marchioneſs of *Becarelly*, her Father, the Count *de Bentivoglio*, and in ſhort, all that could come near them, ſurrounded theſe three Friends with their repeated Acclamations, without knowing fully the true cauſe thereof. *Julia*, in ſpite of her Husband's Preſence, declared in open Court, who ſhe was, and finding her ſelf ſeconded by a pleaſing noiſe and the clapping of Hands of the Aſſembly, as ſoon as ſhe thought ſhe might be heard, told them, that the Earl of *Bedford*, who was both the Proſecutor and Husband of the Marchioneſs of *Becarelly*, was likewiſe hers, and had both theſe Qualifications, and that conſequently he had two Wives. The Earl could not deny it to be matter of Fact; ſo that whereas he had hitherto proſecuted theſe two Ladies, they thought it now their turn to Proſecute him; and the Marchioneſs's Father, as well as *Julia*'s Father, preſſing the Count *de Bentivoglio* to have him ſeized, in order to his Proſecution; according to the Laws of the Land, he was committed to Priſon, where he made this voluntary Confeſſion.

That confiding in the Abbeſs of St. *Menoux*'s Integrity, who had given him Advice of *Julia*'s Death, in her Letter, he left *England* with an intention to travel; that he had an Inclination to go into *Italy* firſt, becauſe he had ſome Relations there he was willing to be known to; that my Lord *Becarelly*, being one of them, he went to *Bologna*, where being fal'n deſperately in Love with Madam *Becarelly*, he had obtain'd her Father's Conſent to Marry her, on Condition, that he ſhould take both his Name and Arms. That ſome time after coming to *Florence* with his Father-in-Law,

and

and one day seeing *Lucilia* along with *Julia* in a Widow's Apparel at the *Repurata* to hear Mass there, he thought he should have been struck into the Ground at so unexpected a sight; that he thought it not convenient at that time to take any further notice of it, for fear of my Lord *Becarelly*, who was along with him; but resolved to try one of the Senator *Alberti*'s Servants, whether he could engage him in the design he had laid of carrying away *Julia* by force; that having obtain'd his Consent he came back to *Bologna*, where he staid for some time with the young Marchioness his Wife; but that he could never be at rest, for fear least *Julia* being so near, might one time or other find out his second Marriage, and take that opportunity of revenging her self for what he had made her suffer before. That it was upon this consideration, he took care to secure a Nunnery at *Siena*, where he intended to shut her up for the remainder of her days, and then return'd to *Florence*. That the same Servant of the Senator *Alberti*, whom he had made his Confident, came to tell him, that he must not lose one moment to put his Design in execution, because his Master had ordered him to keep himself in a readiness, in order to carry her off; that thereupon he and three more putting on Vizard-Masks, carry'd her away; but being soon after pursued and forced to fight those that overtook them, he was wounded by a Pistol Ball, and was forced to stay for some time at *Siena*, where he used frequently to receive Letters from *Eugenia*, the Marchioness's Confident, who being bribed by him, gave him an account, that his Spouse was fal'n in Love with a Pilgrim, whom she had brought to her House in the Country; that thereupon being almost distracted with Jealousy, he had push'd on the matter to that Extremity, they saw his Affairs in at this time.

The

The Earl of *Bedford* quite diſtracted with Rage, Jealouſie and Deſpair, ſoon after found himſelf ſeized with a moſt violent Fever, which at the beginning was judged Mortal; beſides, that the Wound he had receiv'd when he was carrying away *Julia*, opening afreſh, put him to the moſt exquiſite Pains; for want of patience to ſee the Cure accompliſh'd before he would ſtir abroad to take Revenge for the ſuppoſed Infidelity of his Wife. So whilſt amongſt the continual Torments of Body and Mind, he lived only in expectation of his Death; *Julia*, the Earl of *Warwick*, and *Hypolitus* taſted all the Sweets of an entire Satisfaction, the higheſt that can poſſibly be conceived upon ſo favourable and ſo long deſired a Conjuncture. Then it was this Paſſionate Lover, and this Faithful Miſtreſs gave one another account of their mutual Pains, not without a mixture of Tears, becauſe they could ſcarce be fully ſatisfy'd as yet, that that good Fortune they enjoy'd, was either poſſible or real: 'Who is it that is able to expreſs 'my Anguiſh, dear *Julia*, *ſaid he to her*, when I 'heard the fatal News of your Death; I was 'reſolved not to outlive you long; Death was 'the only thing I wiſh'd for; notwithſtanding 'which, it ſeem'd to me ever ſince, as if Death, 'which I purſued with ſo much Reſolution, and 'courted in the greateſt danger, always expoſing 'my ſelf to the greateſt hazards, was reſolved to 'ſpare me; for I was not ſo much as wounded all 'the time I continued aboard the Galleys of '*Maltha*; ſo that ſeeing, I was not likely to meet 'that Death, I ſo much deſired, in that Service, and 'finding my Warlike Actions to produce not the 'leaſt effect in diminiſhing my Pain, I reſolved 'to go and ſee my Siſter at *Florence*, with no o-'ther Intention, than to ſpend all my Time in 'talking continually with her of you. I commu-

'nicated

'nicated my Reſolution to the Earls of *Warwick* 'and *Suſſex*; the firſt was very willing to go along 'with me, becauſe our Voyage would not take up 'much time, being call'd by Honour to Martial 'Employments: However, my Lord *Warwick* 'having received a Wound in the *Venetian* Ser-'vice, found that a little reſt would be neceſſary 'to perfect his Cure; and as for the Earl of *Suſſex*, 'he took Shipping for *London*, upon ſome agree-'able News he had lately received from the Coun-'teſs of *Northampton*, which gave him hopes of 'ſoon ſeeing their Deſtinies united by the Bands 'of Marriage; and as he had an uncommon Paſſi-'on for her, 'tis no wonder if he let ſlip no time 'to be with her as ſoon as poſſibly he could: As 'for us two, Madam, *continued he*, after having 'ſtaid ſome time at *Venice*, we began our Journey 'for *Florence*; but the Earl of *Warwick* finding 'that Travelling did not ſo well agree with him 'as yet, (becauſe he grew much worſe) we were 'obliged to tarry here ſome time: We uſed of-'ten to viſit Count *Bentivoglio*, and the Buſineſs 'of the Marchioneſs of *Becarelly* making no 'ſmall noiſe at this time, he would almoſt every 'day tell us ſome new Story or other concerning 'her Husband, or her, or the Pilgrim. Alas! my 'dear Lady, could it ever come into my Head, 'that this Pilgrim ſhould be my *Julia!* whoſe 'Death I bewail'd every Day, and at the ſame 'time was loaded with Irons in a nauſeous Priſon. 'At laſt the Marqueſs *Becarelly*, or to ſpeak more 'properly, the Earl of *Bedford*, requiring the Go-'vernor to joyn a certain number of *Engliſh* Gen-'tlemen, in Commiſſion with the *Italians*, to coun-'terpoiſe the Intereſt of his Wife's Family, he de-'ſired us to ſit with thoſe he had pitch'd up-'on before the Bench to try this Cauſe. Can there 'be a more ſad Accident than this? I was to be

'one

'one of your Judges at the Profecution of your 'Husband; I, I fay, who always reſpected you 'as my Sovereign Lady, and who am his Mortal 'Enemy. You are acquainted with all the reſt that 'happen'd, except it be the Joy, Tranſports and 'Satisfaction I feel ever ſince that happy Day. *Julia* return'd in lieu of theſe tender Expreſſions, ſuch Aſſurances as were ſufficient to convince *Hypolitus*, that he had not loſt the leaſt ground in her Heart, and that ſhe knew what value to put upon a Paſſion ſo pure and conſtant as his. What becomes in the mean while of the Marchioneſs of *Becarelly*? 'Twould be a hard Task to repreſent to you the various Troubles and Perplexities ſhe laboured under when ſhe ſaw *Julia*, and at the ſame time remembred her Paſſion for *Sylvio*; but what was worſe than all the reſt was, that ſhe had not as yet ſo much power over her ſelf as to ceaſe to love *Sylvio*; ſhe retain'd ſo lively an Idea of him in her Heart, that ſhe was a moving Object of Pity; 'I am free to confeſs to you, *ſaid ſhe to* 'Julia, that I was more ſenſibly afflicted at the 'loſs of *Sylvio*, than at all my other Misfortunes; 'and tho' I had taken a Reſolution rather to die 'than endeavour to make him eaſe my Pain, it was 'ſome ſatisfaction to me, to think he was alive, 'and that one time or other Chance might bring 'him again in my way; but now my Misfortune is 'paſt all cure, becauſe I love ſtill, and love only a 'Chimera. But my Lovely Marchioneſs, *ſaid* Julia *to her*, can't you find out a place for me in your 'Heart, ſince mine is much inclined to love you; 'you were much leſs beloved by *Sylvio*, than you 'will be by *Julia*. The Fair *Italian* return'd no Anſwer, but ſhe would often turn her Eyes upon *Julia*, and ſeldom part from her without ſhedding abundance of Teats.

The two Fathers of theſe two Ladies had puſh'd

on

on their Proſecution of the E. of *Bedford* with ſo much Vigour, that every Body expected it would go very hard with the ſaid Earl, when his Diſtemper encreaſing daily, ſoon reduced him to the laſt Extremity. 'Twas at that Conjuncture, that theſe two Ladies, being willing to let their Generoſity take place before their juſt Reſentment, got him removed into the Caſtle, where, inſtead of that hatred he had ſo much deſerved at their Hands, they ſhew'd their Pity and Duty to him in a moſt eminent degree, 'till quite overwhelmed with the remembrance of his Inquietudes, Pains and Misfortunes, Death put an end to his Life, and the Marchioneſs of *Becarelly* immediately after took her laſt farewel of *Julia*; 'I am going to leave you 'for the remainder of my days, *ſaid ſhe to her*, and 'ſince your Sex is an invincible Obſtacle to all my 'hopes of ever ſeeing you to be mine, I am reſol-'ved to be no Bodies elſe; I intend to embrace a 'Religious Life, to hide my Frailty and Paſſion 'from all the World. *Julia* left nothing unattempted to diſſwade her from purſuing this Reſolution, but to no purpoſe; the Marchioneſs was already gone away, when on a ſudden ſhe ſaw her come back into her Room; 'Don't refuſe my Requeſt, '*ſaid ſhe*, afford me once more the ſight of my 'Conqueror in the ſame Dreſs you raiſed my Paſ-'ſion firſt. *Julia* being then alone, was willing to comply with her deſire, ſoon put on her Pilgrim's Habit, and came to the Marchioneſs; but ſhe no ſooner caſt her Eyes upon her, but ſhe was ready to faint away. 'Alas! *cry'd ſhe*, I meet with my 'Diſtemper where I thought to have found a Cure. '*Sylvio*, adorable *Sylvio*, you now keep a place on-'ly in my Soul, every thing I can conceive of you, 'is a Chimera, which can neither flatter nor cure 'my Pain She aroſe, went out as faſt as ſhe could, and retired immediately into a Nunnery, to the great regret of her Father. *Julia*

Julia took the way to *Florence* with the Earl of *Warwick* and *Hypolitus*, where being informed of the Senator *Alberti*'s Death, they went to Signior *Leander*'s Houſe, whom they found in deep Mourning; but this did not hinder him from diſcovering his Satisfaction at the ſight of thoſe Perſons who were ſo dear to him, and *Lucilia* was ſcarce able to contain her Joy, becauſe the continual Inquietudes ſhe felt on account of her Brother and *Julia*, proved no ſmall allay to thoſe Enjoyments, and that Tranquillity ſhe alſo might have been ſenſible of to the utmoſt Perfection in a Husband of ſuch extraordinary merit. The Earl of *Warwick*, and they being unwilling to ſee the accompliſhment of the Happineſs of the Faithful *Hypolitus* and the moſt Admirable *Julia* delay'd any longer, the Nuptials were celebrated at one of *Leander*'s Country Houſes; never did the Sun enlighten with her glorious Beams a more pleaſing Day than this, never did two Lovers reliſh with more Satisfaction and Union what they had purchaſed at the expence of ſo much care, and of ſo many Sighs and Tears; and upon their Return to *England*, never was there a more general Rejoycing ſeen among all that knew them, on account of their happy Marriage and ſafe Arrival in their Native Country. They found the Earl of *Suſſex* Marry'd to the Fair Counteſs of *Northampton*, and *Hypolitus* took the Title of Earl of *Douglas*, by which he has render'd himſelf Famous to Poſterity, and obtained the Reputation of the moſt Polite and moſt Couragious of all the greateſt Men of his Age.

F I N I S.